

*Henry Thetford*

THE 1482aaa5

Third VOLUME  
OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

**Turkish Spy,**

Who lived Five and Forty Years,  
Undiscover'd, at

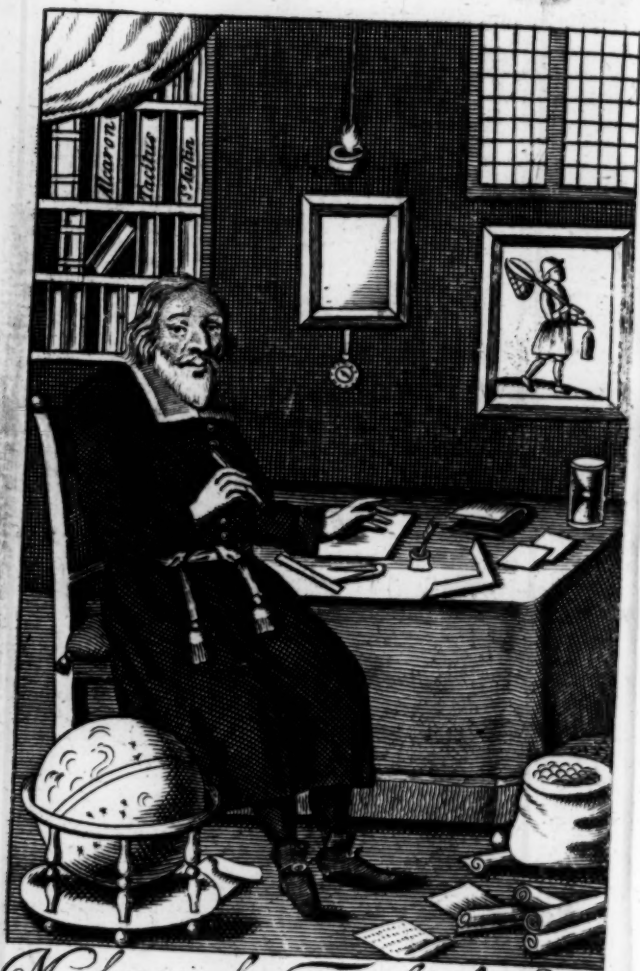
**P A R I S:**

Giving an Impartial Account to the  
*Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remark-  
able Transactions of *Europe*; And discover-  
ing several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christi-*  
*an* Courts (especially of that of *France*) con-  
tinued from the Year 1645, to the Year 1682.

*Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into  
Italian, and from thence into English, by the  
Translator of the First Volume.*

**The Fourth Edition.**

*London*: Printed for *J. Hindmarsh* at the  
Golden Ball over against the *Royal Exchange*  
in *Cornhil*; and *R. Sare* at *Grays-Inn-gate* in  
*Holborn*. 1694.



*Mahmut the Turkish Spy*  
*Etatis sue 72.*







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T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**O**UR *Arabian* having met with so kind Entertainment in this Nation: since he put on the *English* Drels, is resolved to continue his Garb, and visit you as often as Convenience will permit.

He brings along with him many Foreign Commodities, to gratifie the Various Expectations of People: His Cargo consisting of Jewels and other Rareties, which are the Genuine Product of the *East*; and some Kinds of Merchandise, which he has purchased here in the *West*, during his Residence at *Paris*.

It will be Pity to affront this Honest Stranger, by raising Scandals on him, as if he were a Counterfeit, and I know not what. This will appear Inhospitable, and Unworthy of the *English* Candor and Generosity.

To speak without an *Allegory*, in this Third Volume of *Letters*, as in the former

## To the Reader.

*Two*, you'll find an Exact Continuation of *Modern History*, acquainting you with all the Memorable Sieges, Battels and Campagnes, that were in *Europe*, from the Year 1645, to 1649. As also, with all the Remarkable Negotiations and Transactions of State, Embassies, Leagues and Overtures of Princes; the Policies and Intrigues of Publick Ministers, especially those of Cardinal Mazarini; the Great and Stupendous Revolutions and Civil Wars, in England, China, Naples, Turkey and Paris, the Prodigious Rise of a Poor Young Beardless Fisherman, to the Height of Sovereign Power; the Dismal Tragedies of an English King, and a Chinese Emperor; with the Murder of a Turkish Sultan. And, all these intermix'd with Proper and Useful Remarks, Pleasant and Agreeable Stories; couch'd in a Style, which being peculiar to the *Arabians*, cannot be match'd in any other Writings that are Extant.

If his *Philosophy* will not abide the Test of our Learned *Virtuosi*, yet it may pass Muster in a *Mahometan*; since it is taken for granted, That the Men of that Faith rarely apply themselves to such Studies; or, at least, not in the Method us'd in *Christian Schools*. They may have the same

## To the Reader.

same *Idea's* of *Natural Things* as We : but they express themselves in a different Manner.

As for his *Morals*, they are Solid and Grave, and such as could not be reprehended even in a *Christian Writer*, if we reduce what he says to *Universals*. For, abstracting from the Particular Obligations he had to his *Native Religion*, and to the *Grand Signior*, whose *Slave* he was; there will be found little Difference, between his *Ethicks* and ours. He every where recommends Loyalty, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence; and all those other Virtues, which are requisite to fill up the *Character* of a *Hero*, or a *Saint*.

And, who will not bear with him, for Patronizing the *Religion* and *Interest* in which he was bred; it being Natural for all men, to adhere to the *Notions*, they have suck'd in with their *Mothers Milk*? In this also, he shews great Moderation; and a more unbiass'd Temper, than one would expect from a *Turk*: Which may, in Part, be ascrib'd to his Studying in the *Christian Academies*, his Conversation with the Learned'st Men in *Paris*, and some of the most Accomplish'd Persons in the World. Hence it was, that he was

## To the Reader.

accus'd by his *Superiors* at the *Ottoman Port*, of Inclining to *Christianity* or *Atheism*; as he takes Notice, in his *Apology* to a *Religious Dignitary*, in the First Letter, of the Third Book of this Volume, Pag. 255, to which the Reader is refer'd for farther Satisfaction.

In his most Familiar Letters, such as this last mention'd, and others to his Intimate Friends, you will find some Expressions, discovering a certain Fineness and Strength of Thought, which is not very Common in *Christian Writers*. Which is an Argument, That the *Mahometans* are not all such Block Heads, as we take 'em for.

And, though his Picture, which we have affix'd to Our Translation, since we had the *Italian Tomes*, represents no Extraordinary Person, yet you know *Juvenal's* Remark, *Fronti nulla Fides*. And, it has been a Common Observation of one of the Greatest Philosophers in this Age, That by his Outward Aspect, no Man would guess, what an Illustrious Soul lodg'd within.

If you would know, how the *Italian* came by this Picture (for, in his Preface, he asserts it to be the True Effigies of this *Arabian*) he says, That being acquainted with the Secretary of Cardinal *Mazarini*,  
and

## To the Reader.

and frequenting his House, he saw a *Picture* hang in his *Closet*, with this *Inscription* at the Bottom, TITUS DE MOLDAVIA, CLERICUS. *Ætatis suæ* LXXII. He ask'd the Gentleman, who this *Titus* was, who inform'd him, That he was a great *Traveller*, and understood many *Languages*, especially the *Sclavonian*, *Greek* and *Arabick*; on which Account, *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Successor *Maxarini*, had made great Use of him; and, That the Latter had caus'd that *Picture* of the *Moldavian* to be drawn, and hung up in his *Closet*, from whence he had it. Our *Italian* being satisfy'd, after some Discourse about him, That this *Stranger* was the very *Arabian*, whose *Writings* he had so happily found, got leave of the Gentleman, to have a Draught of the *Picture* taken, by a Skilful *Limner*, which he afterwards plac'd in the Front of his *Translation*.

There is one of these Letters, pag. 306. wants a Beginning in the *Italian* Copy. Which the *Author* of that *Translation* takes Notice of in his *Preface*, saying, That by some Accident or other, the *Arabick* Paper had been torn asunder, and one Part was missing.

## To the Reader.

There needs no more be said, but to acquaint the Reader, That we are going forward with the *English Translation* of these *Letters*, as fast as we can. So that in all Probability, you may expect a *Fourth Volume* before *Christmas*. Wherein you will find, more Particular Remarks on our *English Affairs* with Political Discourses, on the Original and Dissolution of Governments. As also many Curious Passages during the *Wars of Paris*, which have not hitherto come to Publick View. In fine, you will there be inform'd of all the *Remarkable Events*, that happen'd at that Time, either in *Peace* or *War* on the whole *Globe*.

Adieu.

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A  
T A B L E  
OF THE  
LETTERS and MATTERS  
Contained in this *Volume*.

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VOL. III.

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BOOK I.

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LETTER I.

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LETTERS

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# LETTERS

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Writ by

A SPY at PARIS.

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VOL. III.

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BOOK I.

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## LETTER I.

Mahmut, *an Arabian at Paris*, to Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna*.

**I** Believe, the News of my Imprisonment, might fill thee with Doubts of thy own Liberty; and, make thee careful to avoid at *Vienna*, such a Misfortune as befel me at *Paris*. Yet, if thou wert much surprized at this Accident, it is an Argument, that thou art but a Novice in the

B

World,

World, and art yet to learn the first Rudiments of Useful Wisdom, which teach us, *That there is no Steadfastness in Humane Affairs.*

There has Nothing happen'd to me in this, which I was not before provided for; neither did the Suddenness of the Event, make me change Countenance. I smil'd at the fulfilling my own Prelages, and, went to Prison as unconcern'd, as I would have gone Home to my Lodging. Not, that I would have thee think, I was insensible of a Loss so afflicting as that of Liberty; but, my Chains did not appear so very formidable, having made them familiar to my Thoughts long before.

When I first came to *Paris*, I look'd on my self, but as a Prisoner at large; owing the Freedom I had to walk about, only to the Carelessness of the *State*, and the Favour of *Destiny*. So that when that Indulgence was retrench'd, no new thing happen'd to me. What I had expected for Seven Years together could not seem strange when it came to pass.

By what I have said, thou may'st learn to prepare thy self for the Worst Events, which commonly steal upon the secure and unthinking; being wrapt up in greater Darkness and Silence, than the Moments which bring them to Light. These slide away without our Advertisement; unseen, unheard: Neither can our Watches or Dials, inform us any thing of them, till they are pass'd. So, there is no *Index* to point out to us, the  
*Hidden*



*Hidden Decrees of Fate*, till they are accomplish'd; no *Ephemeris of Destiny*, but our own *Experience*.

Thou, and all thy Nation, are suspected by the *Christians*: They esteem you Enemies of their *Interest*, as well as of their *Law*. They despise and vilifie you, calling you, *The accursed of God*. Yet they admit you, as Members of their *Common-wealth*. They receive you to the Protection of their *Laws*, and entrust you with their *Secrets*, that they may serve themselves of your *Mony*. Thus are you become *Banquers* for your sworn Enemies: And, while you profess an *Eternal Obedience* to the *Injunctions of Moses*, you make underhand *Leagues* with the *Disciples of Jesus*. I do not accuse your *Commerce* with these *Infidels*; but, I say, you have Reason to be upon your *Guards*, when you are environ'd with so many *Millions of Enemies*. They are not ignorant of the *Intimacies* between the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, and those of thy Nation: It is common in the *Mouths* of the *French*, *That the Jews are the Turks Intelligencers*. Thou oughtest therefore, to have a special *Regard* to thy *Conduct*, that no imprudent *Action* may expose thee to the *Jealousie* of the *State* where thou residest. That *Court* is full of *Eyes*; and, thou hast need of a stricter *Veil*, than what thou wearest in the *Synagogue*. The very *Walls* of thy *House*, will betray thee; and, thy *Domesticks*, may prove thy greatest *Enemies*: Yet suspect none more

than thy self. This will not seem harsh Counsel, if thou reflectest Twice on it; there being nothing more certain, than, That it is not so easie to defend ones self from him in whom we confide, as from one we are jealous of: and, every Man is apt to put too much Trust in himself. I believe, thou art faithful, and abhorrest Treachery; yet, at the same Time, thou mayest be remiss and weak: What could not be extorted from thee by an Open Enemy, may be discovered by the Insinuations of a Pretended Friend. Thy own good Nature may cajole thee; and therefore, 'twill be no small Point of Wisdom, *to beware of thy self*. As for Contingencies, I advise thee not to be perplex'd about them, or be uneasie. Thou canst not avoid the Inevitable Appointments of *Heaven*: Only, be ready for the Worst that may happen: since, thou canst never be certain of any Thing.

Thy Predecessor *Carcoa*, was a Man of exquisite Fore-cast; always on his Watch, prying into the dark Orb of Futurities; yet, an Accident surprized him once, of which his strictest Caution never gave him Warning. I read it in one of his Letters to the *Kaimacham*, which thou sentest me from *Vienna*. The Story is this. As he was one Day writing *Dispatches* to the *Port*, a certain tame Bird, which he kept for his Divertisement, snatches from the Table, the Paper on which he was writing to the *Tefterdar*? and the Window being open, flies with it out into

into the Streets. The Paper was dropt in the Garden of the *Augustin Friars*, at the very Moment when the *Spanish Ambassador* was walking there with the *General* of that Order. 'Tis true, the Letter was unfinish'd, no Name subscribed, and so *Carcoa* escap'd an imminent Hazard of his Life. But, the Secrets therein contain'd, gave a vast suspicion to the *Imperial Court*, it being soon carried to the *Principal Secretary of State*, and by him communicated to the *Emperor* and *Divan*. Strict Inquisition was made throughout the City for the Author of that Letter. A Reward of a Thousand *Rix-Dolars*, promis'd to any that would discover him. The Bird was seen by many, to fly along with a Paper in her Bill; but, from whence she came, none knew. Nor had any curious Eye, attended her uncertain Motions back: No man divining, That that Paper was designed to transmit to the *Ever Happy Port*, the most important Counsels of the *German Empire*. Neither was *Carcoa's* Hand taken Notice of, having lived very privately, and used another Character in his common Dealings. But how near was he to a Discovery, when he says himself in his Letter, That he wanted but Five Words to the Conclusion, where he would have subscribed his Name! From hence thou mayest learn, That a *Mariner* in a Tempest, amongst Rocks and Sands, runs not greater Hazards, than he who acts in thy Station.

However, thou may'st now continue thy Advices to *Paris*, but observe the Directions of *Eliachim*, who brings thee this Letter. He will inform thee, of whatsoever is necessary for thee to know; taking this Journey on Purposé, to prevent the wakeful Jealousie, and active Inquisition of *Cardinal Mazarini*, from whom Nothing can be hid, that's trusted to the *Pasts*. Receive him with singular Honour; he is an incorruptible Friend of the *Ottoman Port*. From him thou shalt learn the safest Methods of our future Correspondence. He is the *Apollo* of thy Nation; and, his Wisdom and Fidelity, will be recorded in the *Register* of that *Empire*, which shall know no earlier Period, than the *Moon*, whose *Crescent* is her *Arms*, and the *Happy Omen* of her *Encreasing Lustre*.

When thou beholdest that Noble Ensign of *Mahomet*, on the Top of the Chief Temple of *Jesus* in *Vienna*, let it augment thy Veneration of our *Law*, and convince thee, That all Nations must submit to the *Messenger* of God and Seal of the *Prophets*. Be Faithful and Wise, and thou canst not miss of Happiness.

*Paris, 28th. of the 7th. Moon, of the Year 1645.*  
According to the Christian Style,

LETTER

## LETTER II.

*To the Kaimacham.*

SINCE my Release, I have inform'd my self of some Passages, to which I was a Stranger during my Restraint. The *Transylvanian Agent*, continues still at this Court; and his *Negotiation* is not now a Secret. *Monsieur Croissy* is gone *Ambassador Extraordinary* to *Prince Ragotski*, on the same Errand, from this Crown. The Subject Matter of both their *Embassies*, is a League. *Cardinal Mazzerini* suspected Tergiversation in that *Prince*, and that he would privately Treat with the *Emperor*, if the *Grand Signior* should withdraw his Assistance and Protection from him; or, if he himself should grow weary of the War. Wherefore *Monsieur Croissy*, according to the *Cardinal's Instructions*, would not sign the League, till *Ragotski* had call'd Home his *Ambassadors*, who were treating with the *Imperialists* at *Tyrne*, and sent away the *German Envoy* from his Camp.

The League being concluded, he insisted on the Necessity the *Prince* lay under, of marching his Army nearer to *Torstenfon*, the *Suedish General*, that so they might support one another against the *German Forces*.

This was the Pretence; but, in Reality,

it was design'd to engage the *Transylvanians*, beyond the Power of a Retreat, and to post them under the Eye of the *Suedish General*; who soon after possessed himself of *Tyrne*, the Place appointed for Treaty between the *Imperialists* and *Prince Ragotski*.

It is a Town in the Lower *Hungary*, not far from *Presburgh*. The *Suedes* entred this Place the 17th. of the 5th. Moon, but left a Garrison in it of Seven Hundred *Hungarian Horse*, and Three Hundred Foot, according to their *Articles* with the besieged.

These were soon forc'd to quit the Town by *Count Forgatsch*, an *Imperialist*, the *Suedes* and *Transylvanians* being march'd a great Distance off: And, 'tis said, this *Hungarian Garrison*, yielded not unwillingly to the *Imperial Arms*.

'Tis certain, *General Torstenson* puts but small Confidence in the *Hungarian Soldiers*: For, above Six Hundred of the Common Sort deserted him, the 29th. of the 5th. Moon, and the rest rais'd such frequent Tumults and Mutinies, that their Commanders stood in more Fear of them, than of their Enemies. It's reported likewise, That there has been lately no good Understanding between *Ragotski* and *Torstenson*, about the designed Siege of *Presburgh*: The former seeming too much to favour the *Hungarians* and being rather inclin'd to carry his Arms into the *Emperor's Hereditary Countries*. Yet he would not consent, that  
*Presburgh*

*Pesburgh* should be in the Hands of the *Suedes*.

The *French* say, that the *Prince* is humorous and wavering, yet of a fair Intention ; but, that the greatest Part of his Officers, are corrupted by the *Emperor* : And, that therefore, both they and the Common Soldiers, were for Peace ; only his Wife, his Son, and some few of his Counsellors, persuaded him to adhere to the *Suedes*.

They add, that the *Young Prince*, being instructed by his Mother, one Day in a full Assembly of the Chief Commanders, made the following *Oration*, *Ragotski* himself being also present :

“ **P**ERmit me, most Serene and Illustrious  
“ Prince, my Royal Father, to perform  
“ the Part of a Dutiful Son, a Faithful  
“ Counsellor, and a Loyal Subject. The *Law*  
“ of Nature and of Nations, entitles you to  
“ my Obedience ; and, the particular Honour  
“ you have done me, in admitting me to  
“ your Cabinet, obliges me to exemplifie  
“ it, in an humble Remonstrance of my  
“ Sentiments, at a Time when the Inte-  
“ rest of *Transylvania* calls for freedom of  
“ Advice.

“ It is with no small Complacency ;  
“ that I now behold you encompassed  
“ with a Circle of *Hero's*, whose Valour  
“ and Fidelity may give such a Lustre to  
“ your Victorious Arms, as shall eclipse the  
“ Glory of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Con-  
“ querors,

“querors. The *Alexanders, Cafars, Scipio's*  
“and *Hannibals*, shall no longer draw the  
“World into an Admiration of their ob-  
“solete Atchievements. The *Register* of  
“your *Deeds*, shall foil their antiquated  
“*Histories*; whilst *Plutarch, Tacitus* and *Livy*,  
“must veil to *Modern Pens*, the *Recorders* of  
“your *Matchless Actions*.

“Let not the Crafty Insinuations of the  
“*German Court*, warp your Resolutions, and  
“cajole you with the deceitful Umbrages of  
“*Peace*, only to gain Time, that they may  
“more successfully carry on the War. Nei-  
“ther suffer your selves already in Part Vi-  
“ctorious, to be amus'd with feigned Trea-  
“ties, and Overtures which you cannot but  
“suspect. We are now in a Condition to  
“give the Law; and, should *Fortune* turn  
“the Scale, it will still be in our Power  
“to make our own Terms of Composition.  
“The *Alliance* of *Sueden* and *France*, have  
“rais'd us to a Capacity of braving all *Eu-*  
“*rope*: Whilst the One with a Potent Army  
“on the *Rhine*, the Other on the *Danube*,  
“keep the *Imperialists* in such perpetual  
“Action, that it will be impossible for them  
“to Barrier *Germany* from our Conquering  
“Arms. Now is the Time to raise *Transyl-*  
“*vania* above the Title of a *Tributary Pro-*  
“*vince*, and restore this *Kindom* to her An-  
“cient Renown. If we miss this Opportu-  
“nity, we must for ever be *Slaves* to the  
“*Turks* or *Germans*. Let us not seek any  
“longer Protection, but from the Justice of  
“our



"our Cause and the Dint of our Swords:  
 "Let not *France* and *Sueden* boast of their  
 "*Turenne*, their *Torstenſon*, as if no other Na-  
 "tion could furnish the World with fa-  
 "mous *Generals* ! Whilst *Prince Ragotski* lives,  
 "and lives at the Head of ſuch an Army,  
 "your Fidelity and Courage, ſhall render  
 "his Name more terrible than that of  
 "*Tamerlain*, and his Attempts more proſpe-  
 "rous than thoſe of *Scanderbeg*. And our  
 "Poſterity ſhall be oblig'd, to raiſe *Pyra-*  
 "*mids* to your Honour ; and from, your pre-  
 "ſent Atchievements, to date a New *Epo-*  
 "*cha*, the Eternal Memoir of *Transylvania's*  
 "Redemption.

'Tis ſaid, that *Ragotski* was not very well pleas'd with his Sons Speech, ſuſpecting that he held ſome private Correſpondence with *Torſtenſon*, for whom he had no great Affection. Laſt Moon he inſiſted earneſtly on the Mony and Men promiſed him by *Rebenſtock*. But, *General Torſtenſon* thought it ſufficient, that he himſelf was ſo near him with his Forces. Yet leſt he ſhould take an Occaſion of Diſcontent, he ſent him a Supply of Mony ; though he was not without ſome Apprehenſions, that the *Prince* having receiv'd it, would underhand treat with the *Emperor*.

'Tis ſaid here, that a *Chiaus* was arriv'd in the *Transylvanian* Camp, expreſſly forbidding *Ragotski* to enter into the *Hereditary Provinces* of the *Emperor*. But, that he, truſting

trusting to the Strength of his Army (which consists of Five and Twenty Thousand Germans, Transylvanians, Hungarians and Wallachians) was resolv'd to pursue his first Resolution.

Thou knowest what Reasons the *Port* had, to send him this Prohibition. The *French* say, 'twas out of Fear, that he would join with the *Emperour's* Forces.

By this thou may'st know, what Opinion the *Infidels* entertain of the Measures taken by the *Sovereign Divan*. They descant at Liberty, whilst I send up *Vows* to Heaven, for the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 4th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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LETTER

## LETTER III.

*To the Instructed in all Knowledge, the  
Venerable Mufti.*

**H**Ail, *Holy Interpreter of the Sacred Law*; may the *Divine Light* guide thee beyond the *Errors of Humane Frailty*. I am amongst *Infidels*, Enemies to the Truth; who yet seem as certain of being in the *Right*, as thou art sure they are in the *Wrong*. They hate us with an *Inveterate Hatred*. I must dissemble my *Resentments*; whilst, with the lowest *Prostrations* to the *Unity*, I celebrate his *Glorious Mercy*, who has sent us such a *Star*, to guide our *Feet* into the *Way of Peace*.

The *Christians* scoff at the *Faithful People*, as divided into several *Sects*. Would my *Death* could wipe out these *Reproaches*, and vindicate the *Honour of the Holy Profession*. I could retort, that *Error* shews it self infinite in them; but, I must hold my *Peace*, and restrain my self, lest my *Zeal* transport me beyond *Discretion*: Remembring, I am not sent here to *Dispute*, but to act secretly for my *Great Master*, whose *Empire* be extended over all the *Habitable World*.

These poor *Wretches*, boast much of their *Traditions*, their *Sacred Synods* and *Fathers*; as if we ever wanted *Holy Men*, working *Wonders*, and penetrating into the *profoundest Mysteries*,

*Mysteries*, by only wiping their *Eyes* with the *Dust* of their *Feet*.

They talk much of *Faith* and *Reason*; at which I smile, as knowing it to be only *Education*. Yet, as the *Worst* of People have something that is *Good*; so, these are not wholly destitute of *Devotion*. They pray often, but not so often as the *True Believers*; it being, as thou knowest, a just *Exception* against a *Witness* amongst us, *That he prays not Six times a Day*. They pray to Men and Women deceased; whereas, thou knowest, there is no *Deity* but One. They fast often, but not so strictly, as the assisted with the *Vertue* of the *Supreme Dispenser* of *Graces*. They are *Charitable*; but, this hinders 'em not from excluding all from the *blest Abodes*, who are not of their *Belief*: Whereas, thou affirmest (who art the *Resolver* of all the *Problems* of *Faith*) That it will go well at the *Last Day* with all *Honest People*; seeing these have all the *same Object* of *Worship*; and, their *Different Religions*, are but as so many *Different Ways*, which lead a Man to the *same Place* of *Rest*, like *various Roads* to the *same City*.

These *Christians* whip themselves often with small Cords; which Humour, they say, was set on Foot by an *Hermit's* Preaching and Example. Not many Countries distant from that where I am, there happen'd such an odd Instance of this Extravagant Zeal (which was to be heightned, it seems, with the *Fumes* of *Wine*) as plainly justifies our  
Prophet's

*Prophet's* Wisdom, in charging the *Faithful* to avoid it. It was particularly the Custom of several People in this Place, in their *Processions* to whip themselves, till the Blood streamed down their Frocks; which were so made, as to cover their Faces, and leave only their Backs bare. One of these *Zealots*, distrusting the Firmness of his Constitution, had taken such large Draughts of this intoxicating Liquor, that reeling up and down with his Whip in his Hand, and his Head against the Walls, he was followed by all the Boys of the Town hooting after him; which so lessen'd the Reputation of this *sottish Religion*, as made 'em abstain for the future, from this pompous Usage of it. What low Thoughts have these People of the *Almighty Lord* of *All*; when, allowing him to be *Omnipotent*, yet represent Him to themselves and others, as delighting in Cruelty; Whereas, thou knowest, this Passion is only to be found amongst the Weak and Miserable.

That the *Divine Preserver* of Men, may continue thee long for the Edification of his *Eles*, are the passionate Wishes of the meanest of thy Servants, *Mahmut*.

Paris, 4th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

## LETTER IV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

Would to God, I could converse with thee Face to Face in the *Seraglio*, as in former Times. I vent many passionate Wishes to *Constantinople*, that happy Residence of my best Friends, the Nursery of my Childhood, the School of my Youth; and, I hope, the future Repository of my Old Age. When I think of that City, 'tis with a Passion hardly second to that, which I cherish for the Place of my Nativity. In *Arabia*, 'tis true, I first saw the *Light* of the *Sun*, but, 'twas in *Greece* I receiv'd the more friendly *Illuminations* of the *Moon*, the *Splendors* of the *True Faith*; which, though they disclose not to us, so clear a Prospect of the *Earth* and all its Gayeties; yet, they present us with an unveil'd Discovery of the *Heavens* and *Stars*; shewing us *Paradise*, with its glittering Inhabitants, the purpl'd *Colonies* of *True Believers*, *Champions* and *Martyrs* of the *Eternal Unity*. In the *Desart* I left my Father; or rather, he left me before I found my self, being but an Infant when he died; but, in the *City* I found Friends, which is not a less endearing Title. He gave me but my Birth, whereby I entred on the Stage of Miseries; with which he soon after left me to struggle, before

before I could distinguish Misery from Happiness. But, they gave me Education, which taught me how to shun those Evils, which are the Natural Consequences of our Birth. So that in the Main, I am more indebted to them than to him. Let it be how it will, I cannot cease to love them, and often wish my self with them. This is Second Nature. And, because I cannot have my Desires fulfill'd in that, I gratifie my self by often writing to them. Should I make Comparisons, thou wilt say, I am a Flatterer. Suffice it to tell thee, That thou art one of the Number, whose Remembrance affects me with sensible Complacency. Yet, I cannot write to thee nor any of my Friends, so often as I would; without entrenching on the Obligations I have to the other *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*. I send *Dispatches* to all by Turns, sacrificing my Private Regards, to the *Expectations* of the *State*, and the *Pleasure* of my *Superiors*.

Had I been at Liberty, I could have sent thee the earliest News, of the Slaughter which the *Germans* made *Three Moons* ago, in the *French Army* at *Mergentheim*. 'Tis not too late now to say something of it. The *Imperialists* owe that Triumph to the Candor of *Turenne*, and the degenerate Craft of the *Duke of Bavaria*; who to lull the *French* in a Fatal Security, sent an *Agent* into *France*, to negotiate a *Peace*, with deceitful *Overtures* and *Umbrages*; commanding also, that none of his *Soldiers*, should dare to call the  
*French*

*French* their Enemies. Yet, some lay the Blame of this Overthrow, on the *Suedes*: whose unseasonable Suspicion of a *Private Treaty* between the *French* and *Germans*, hindered *Torsten*son from joining the former; and, expos'd *Turenne*, with his raw and unexperienced Forces, to the Numerous Army of *Veterane Imperialists*.

'Twas a Fatal Engagement, and the *French* lost many brave Men; besides an Hundred and Fifty Commanders taken Prisoners, Fifteen Hundred of the Common Soldiers, Fifty Ensigns, with many Waggon, and Four Mules laden with Money.

It is reported, that whilst *Turenne*, in the general Retreat and Flight of his Army, betook himself to *Mergentheim*, as he lay on his Bed the first Night, one of his Officers was coming to alarm him with the News of the *Germans* Approach to that Town, but unfortunately stumbled at his Chamber-Door; With the Noise of which, *Turenne* awaked: and, fearing some Attempt on his Life, leap'd off his Bed with his drawn Sword; and, making toward the Door, just as the Officer open'd it, he run him into the Heart. By which Mistake, he himself, and the Troops that were in the Town with him, had like to have fallen into the Hands of the *Bavarians*. But receiving Notice of their Approach accidentally by some other means, he withdrew his Troops out of the Town by a contrary Road, and escaped the Pursuit of his Enemies.

This



This Victory has given new Courage to the *Imperialists*; and has not much dispirited the *French*, who are by this Loss, enflamed with greater Ardors, meditating a speedy Revenge. The *Genius* of this Court, seems to be undaunted, breathing Nothing but War.

I shall not fail to send thee such Intelligence, as will demonstrate, That *Mahmut* passes not away his Time in vain.

I pray the *Sovereign* of as many *Empires*, as there be *Worlds*, to distinguish thee, by some particular Mark of his Favour, from the Crowd of those he makes Happy.

Paris, 4th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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## LETTER V.

To Shashim Isthani, a Black Eunuch.

AT length thou hast condescended to beg my Pardon, for the Calumnies thy Tongue has loaded me with. I am not ill pleased with thy Letter. It abounds with elegant Expressions of thy Sorrow, for an Offence to which thou hadst no Provocation. Thy Submission, though late, abates my Resentment; and, if thou performest thy Promise, 'tis banish'd. The first Crime so ingeniously

nuously acknowledg'd, claims a Title to Forgiveness: Let Eternal Oblivion seal it. I am not by Nature revengeful. I rather blush for Shame, than grow pale with Anger, at him that injures me. Yet Self-Preservation will rouse our Choler; which is the most active Humour, and precipitates many to violent Courses. The Effect it has on me, is, to put me on my Guard, lest he who has wrong'd me, without any Signs of Repentance, should continue his Malice to my Destruction. But, thou hast dispers'd all my Suspicions, by thy seasonable Address; and, if I cannot pronounce thee Innocent, I will believe thou art not Incurable. The best Advice I can give thee, is, henceforwards to attend to thy own Affairs, and refrain from those of others; remembering the *Arabian Proverb*, *He that peeps in at his Neighbour's Window, may chance to lose his Eyes*. There is a great deal of Wisdom couch'd in these short Sentences. They are not the product of *one Man's* Experience, nor of a *few*; but, they are the Result of *Universal* Observation. And our Country has been happy above others in the choice of her *Proverbs*. This that I mention'd is peculiar to the *East*: Yet, I can produce an Instance, whereby 'twas lately verified in the *West*.

There is hardly a Night passes in this Populous City, wherein some Murder is not committed in the Streets. Two Nights ago, a Man was found dead on the Ground, whereupon a Tumult was gathered about his Bleeding Carcase.

kase. Amongst the rest, a Fellow came crowding in, inquisitive what should be the Matter. Those who stood by, beholding his Cloaths bloody, which he was not sensible of himself, seized on him as the Murderer. His wild Looks encreased their Jealousie; and, the incoherent Words with which he endeavoured to excuse himself, rendred him Guilty in the Judgment of the Rabble. They carried him before a *Cadi*, by whom he was strictly examin'd: He stoutly deny'd the Fact; and, no Proof could be brought against him, but his stained Cloaths. 'Tis the Custom here, to put to the Torture, Persons suspected of Capital Crimes, in Order to draw a Confession of the Truth. This they did to this poor Wretch; and, in the Extremity of his Pains, he acknowledged, he had kill'd his Wife that Evening, but was altogether Innocent of this poor Man's Death, who was Murder'd in the Streets. All the Torments they inflicted, could force no other Confession from him, save that which his real Guilt prompted him to make. For which, he was condemned to Death, according to the Laws. Thou seest by this, that had he gone about his Business, without prying into other Mens Matters, he might have escap'd a Discovery. But, that meddling Itch of the Imprudent, betray'd him (not without the particular Direction of Fate) to a Death, which indeed he merited, but not on the Score of the murder'd Man, whom he went out of his Way to see.

Thou

Thou wilt say, this Story is not applicable to thy Case; since, thou hast never yet embra'd thy Hands in any Man's Blood. I tell thee, what I have said, was not design'd as a Reflection on thy past Offence (let it be forgotten;) but, as a Caution for the future, not to engage thy self, in Matters out of thy Sphere. For, a busie Body, is never without Troubles.

Above all, I counsel thee, to practise the Government of the Tongue, which is a great Vertue, especially in the Courts of Princes. The *Arabians* say, That a Wise Man's Soul, reposes at the Root of his Tongue; but, a Fool's is ever dancing on the Tip.

Thou hast no Reason to take in ill Part, the Freedom with which I advise thee for thy Good: unless, thou thinkest thy self too Old to learn. But, I have a better Opinion of thee, than to rank thee among *Pythagoras's* Asses.

I have said enough for a Friend; too much for an Enemy. It is in thy own Choice to make me which thou pleasest. Adieu.

Paris, 4th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645,

LETTER

## LETTER VI

To Zelim of Rhodes, Captain of a  
Galley.

**T**HOU hast never vouchsafed to acknowledge the Advice I sent thee some Years ago, of a *Christian's* Design against thy Life. Perhaps he wanted an Opportunity, to put his Revenge in Execution that Way; and therefore, the Caution I gave thee look'd like a false Alarm. Thou trustest in thy Courage, the Strength of thy Vessel, the Multitude and Fidelity of thy *Slaves*, and thinkest thy self invulnerable. But, let me tell thee, That neither thy Courage, nor thy Vessel, can defend thee from the *Stroke* of *Destiny*; and thou hast no greater Enemies than those who eat thy Bread. Whether it be, the Continuance of thy Cruelty; or, the Natural Regret of Servitude has rend'ed them so, I know not; but, if what I am inform'd of be true, thou art the miserablest Man in the World. Wert thou only in danger to lose thy Life by a Stab, a Bullet, or the swift Effects of Poison, it would be a Happiness, in Comparison of the Method that is now taken to destroy thee: And, the Invisible Death which thou wert formerly to receive from a *Prayer-Book*, would have been soft as the Stroke of *Cupid's Arrow*, in Respect

spect of the *Tragical* and *Unheard of Fate*, which is now preparing for thee. Think not I go about to amuse, or, affright thee with *Chimera's* and *Tales*, such as Nurses use to awe their Children into Compliance and good Manners. What I tell thee, is Matter of Fact; and, confirm'd by many Letters from *Italy*, to several eminent *Merchants* in *Paris*. I have seen some of them, and hear that the rest agree in the same Relation.

They give an Account, That at *Naples*, on the Second of the last *Moon*, Three *Witches* were seized, and accused of practising *Diabolical Arts*; of enchanting several Persons; of doing great Mischief; and in fine, of having private Commerce with the *Devil*. They stoutly denied all at first, and made very subtle and plausible Apologies. Inasmuch, as the *Inquisitors* were almost persuaded of their Innocence; till it was suggested, That their Houses should be search'd. Officers were sent accordingly; who, after a narrow Scrutiny, found some *Magical Books*, several Vials of strange Liquors, Pots of Ointment, with an *Image of Wax*, resembling a Man, but partly melted. There were imprinted on the Breast of the *Image*, several unknown Characters, Figures and *Magical Symbols*; And, on the Forehead was to be read, *ZELIM EBEN SAGRAN*. All these were brought, and exposed before the *Inquisitors* (of whose Office thou art not ignorant.) Great Deliberation was had about this unusual Emergency. The *Imaums*  
and

and *Cheiks*, were sent for and consulted. The *Witches* were examined apart; and put to the Torture, as is the Custom in Capital Crimes. Admirable was their Constancy for a considerable time; but, at length, overcome by the Continuance and Sharpness of their Pains, they confess'd they had for some years practis'd *Magick Arts*, convers'd with *Familiar Spirits*, rais'd Tempests, Earth-quakes, and done other wicked Feats. Being examin'd about the *Image* of *Wax*, they declar'd, That it was the *Image* of a *Turkish Captain* of a *Galley*, whose Name was written on the Forehead: And, that they were hired, by certain *Italians*, who had been *Slaves* in the *Galley* of the said *Captain*, to bewitch him to Death, in the most lingering Method they could invent: That, in Order to this, they had made this *Image*; That every Night they met together, with a *Fourth* of their Gang, (who was not to be found) and made a Fire of the *Bones* of *Dead Men*, which they stole from the *Graves* and *Charnel-Houses*: That they laid this *Image* down at a convenient Distance before this Fire, repeating certain *Magical Words* and *Charms*; and, as this *Image* gradually melted, so the Body of the said *Turkish Captain*, did insensibly waste and decay. And, to add to his lingering Death an intolerable Torment, they basted the melting *Image* with the Oils, and other Liquors, which were contain'd in the Vials and Pots: That, by this Means, he was

perpetually rack'd with most pungent and acute Pains in his Bowels, Head, and all Parts of his Body; raging under most violent Fevers, insatiable Thirst, and want of Sleep. Finally, That this lingering kind of Death would continue, as long as they pleas'd to protract the Dissolution of the *Waxen Image*.

This *Confession*, though extorted from the *Witches* in the midst of insufferable Torments, yet was delivered without any Inconsistencies, and with all the Demonstrations of a real *Penitence*. And being seconded with the Testimonies of many Credible Witnesses, who had overseen them in some of their *Nocturnal Ceremonies*; the *Inquisitors*, moved with a just Horror of so nefarious Abominations, sentenc'd them, *To be burnt, and their Askes to be scatter'd into the Sea*. Which was accordingly executed, on the Sixth of the last *Moon*, in the Presence of infinite Spectators.

The News of this Extraordinary Event, is fresh in the Mouths of almost all the Inhabitants of this City; Yet, no Man, I dare say, hears it with that Concern for the *Turkish Captain*, as I do. Even those among the *Christians* who abhor *Witchcraft*, would nevertheless rejoice, if not only thou, but all the *Mussulmans* were destroy'd with *Enchantments*; since, they can never hope, it will come to pass by the Success of their Arms.

I am



I am not credulous of every Story that is related of *Witches* being satisfy'd, That *Superstition* and *Ignorance*, has list'd many in that *Infernal* Number, who were Innocent and never deserv'd it: Some having been forc'd by Racks and Tortures, to confess themselves Guilty of practising *Enchantments*, when, after their Execution, there have appear'd evident Proofs to the contrary. Yet I cannot be sure, but that there have been some in all Ages and Nations, who have entred into Leagues and Associations with *Devils*, and have been enabled thereby, to perform Things above the Power of *Nature*. However, I have a Particular Desire to hear from thee, and to be inform'd, Whether thou hast experienc'd the Effect of their *Enchantments*. If thou hast not, bless thy Stars, that thou wert born and bred a *Mussulman*, against whom the *Magick* of the *Infidels* cannot prevail; and, that thou hast swallow'd the *Impression* of *Mahomet's Seal*, which is of Force to dissolve and make invalid, all the *Charms* of Men and *Devils*. But, if thou hast felt the Force of their *Enchantments*, and pine'st away with unaccountable Pains and Languors; then, think with thy self, That thou art defective in keeping some *Point* of our *Holy Law*; That *Mahomet* is angry with thee, withdraws his Protection, and exposes thee to the Malice of *Evil Spirits*. Neither persuade thy self, That because the *Three Witches* are put to Death, thou shalt presently recover thy former *Health* and *Ease* again.

For, so long as there is a *Fourth* living; and out of the Reach of *Justice*, thou art not safe. Nay, if she were taken and Executed too; so long as thy Enemies are yet alive, who first employ'd these *Hags*, thou art still at their Mercy. They will search every Corner of *Italy*, and of all *Europe*, but they will find Instruments of their Revenge. They will rummage *Hell* it self, to gratifie their Fury. The best Counsel I can give thee in this Case, is, To pacifie thine Enemies, by extraordinary Acts of Civility to the *Christians*, wherever thou meetest them; by using thy *Slaves* mildly, and giving them their Freedom, after a limited time of Service; without exacting a Ransom, which neither they, nor their Relations and Friends can ever be able to pay. This will abate the Rancour of the *Infidels*, and turn their Revenge into Kindness and Love. Thou wilt every where be free from Dangers; and, those very Persons, who now study all Means to take away thy Life, will then hazard their own to preserve thee from Death.

Think not, that I go about to persuade thee to change Temper with thy *Slaves*, and from the Resolution and Bravery of a *True Mussulman*, to sink into the abject Timorousness of a *Christian*. Be fearful only of *thy self*, and stand in Awe of none more than of thy *con*ference. There is a *Cato* in every Man, a severe Censor of his *Manners*; and he that reverences this *Judge*, will seldom do any thing he need to repent of. Let not the *Authority* of

of thy *Station*, tempt thee to be Cruel or Unjust; but, in all things, *Do as thou wouldst be done unto*. This is a *Precept* engraven on every Man's Heart; and, he whose Actions write after this Copy, will always be at ease here, and transcendently happy hereafter. Follow this *Rule*, and thou wilt experience the Effect. Adieu.

Paris, 1st. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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## LETTER VII.

*To the Invincible Vizir Azem.*

IF One may judge of future Events, by applying to them the Symptoms of Things past; and, if a Man may compare one Kingdom with another; I should think that France will in time extend the Limits of her Empire, as far as any of the Four Great Monarchies, that have been recorded in Histories for their Universal Sway. I will not say, as far as the wide-stretch'd Empire of the ever-victorious *Osmons*: Yet, the Genius of this Nation, seems in some Manner to inspire the French with as ardent a Thirst of Glory and Conquest, as that which has in all Ages, appear'd to be the Inseparable Vertue of the *Mussulmans*. They press forward to the

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Mark,

Mark, for which they take up Arms; that is, to subdue all before them, and lay Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities at the Feet of their *Sovereign*. They are not discourag'd at Difficulties and Losses. The Checks and Oppositions they meet with, do but animate them with new and fresh Vigors. So that it is become a sure Prognostick of some great Success to that Nation, when at any time they receive ill News from their Armies. In this, their Courage seems to be of the Quality of *Naptha*; which, by pouring on of Water, takes Fire; although, thou knowest, these two *Elements* be contrary to each other. So, this Warlike People, instead of being dejected, or made timorous by any Defeat given to their Armies, are rather inflam'd with more active and valiant Resolutions; as will appear, by the Repulse given them by the *Duke of Bavaria*, not many *Moons* ago.

As soon as that News arrived in this City, one would have expected to have seen some Tokens of Fear in the People; but, it wrought a contrary Effect. No Tears of Women and Children, no compassionate Sighs for their slain Husbands, Fathers or other Relations; no down-cast Looks, or ominous shaking of Heads; no melancholy Whispers or portentous Stories, were murmur'd in the Ears of the Multitude: But, all Things appear'd lively and prosperous; the very Women exciting the Young Men to list themselves Soldiers, and the Boys in the Streets making  
all

all their Pastime consist, in imitating the *Men of Arms*, and learning the *Discipline of War*. There was no need, to force Men to the Field. No sooner was the King's Intention to raise New Forces divulg'd in the *Provinces*, but Thousands came voluntarily and took up Arms; chusing rather to seek Honourable Deaths in the Toils and Hazards of War, than to lead Inglorious Lives at Home, in the soft Enjoyments of Peace.

These Things appear'd to me, as certain Pre-  
sages of the Rising Greatness of this *Monarchy*,  
and an Evident Sign, that the *French Nation*  
in this Age, shall out-do their *Ancestors* in  
*Warlike Deeds*.

The Stage of that Bloody Combat, between the Forces of the *Duke of Bavaria*, and those under the Command of *Mareschal Turenne*, was *Mergentheim*. Since which there has been a more fierce Encounter between the *French* and *Imperialists* at *Allersheim*. Wherein the former, have recover'd the Honour they seem'd to have lost in the *Spring*, owing much to the Bravery of the *Landgrave of Hess-Cassel*; who, with his Regiments, had a considerable Share in the Actions of this Day; and therefore, has been presented with Magnificent Gifts by the *Queen-Regent*. The *Bavarians* lost in this Battel, above Two Thousand Common Soldiers, besides many Officers of Note. On the *French* side, the *Duke of Enguien* (who had newly join'd his Forces to those of *Turenne*) was wounded in the Arm, with Two

other Commanders. *Monsieur Grammond* was taken Prisoner ; but, honourably treated and sent away with Presents by the *Duke of Bavaria*, together with Instructions about a Neutrality ; who is exchange'd for a *German* of equal Quality. The *French* have also lost in this Battel, above a Thousand of the Common Soldiers ; so that their Victory cost them dear.

The *Duke of Enguien*, notwithstanding his Wounds, marches on the next day with his Army to *Norlinghen*, offering to that Town a Neutrality, and Liberty for the Garrison to march out, which consisted of Three Hundred *Bavarians*. But receiving a fierce Answer from the *Governor*, he caused the Approaches to be made in order to an Assault, which was begun that very Night, and a Breach made in the Walls ; upon which, the Inhabitants were forc'd to intercede with the *Duke*, that there might be a Cessation of Violence till the next Morning, promising that then the Soldiers should surrender at Discretion ; which was done accordingly.

There he tarried Eight Days, to refresh his Army. Then he marched to *Dunkenspule*, which was defended by a Garrison of Five Hundred *Bavarians*. He tooke this place by Storm, yet gave Quarter to the Soldiers, who laid down their Arms, and yielded themselves Prisoners. Leaving a Garrison of Three Hundred *French* in the Town, he remov'd his Forces toward *Heilbrun*. But, in regard this Place was defended by Fifteen Hundred  
Men,

Men, he forbore to assault, and only Quarter'd his Army in the Neighbouring Villages.

Since that time, which was about the middle of the last *Moon*, there has been no considerable Action between the *French* and the *Germans*. Yet, those who pretend to be vers'd in *Military* Affairs, laugh at the ill Conduct of the Arch-Duke *Leopold*; who, when he had the *French* shut up in a Narrow *Streight*, through which it was impossible for them to pass, but by single Files, neglected that Opportunity to cut them off; deferring the Victory (whereof he was too secure) till the next day, by Reason of the present Weariness of his Soldiers. In the mean time *Turenne*, with his whole Army, pass'd the *Streight* in the dead of the Night, and came to *Philipsburgh*.

This Oversight of the *General*, is much talk'd of; because, had he pursu'd his Advantage, he had not only entirely defeated the *French*, but, in all Probability, falling with the whole Force of the *Empire* on the *Suedes*, he had likewise vanquish'd them, and so put an end to the War. But, it seems, as if the *Inscrutable Providence* had determin'd to infatuate the Minds of the *Germans*, and reserve those Two Potent Nations, their Enemies, to be a farther Scourge to the *Empire*.

Adieu, Great Guardian of the *Eternal Monarchy*, and believe *Mahmut*, when he solemnly swears by *Mount Sinai*, and by the



*Tenth Night of the Moon*, that he adores thy consummate Virtue and Wisdom, which never fail thee in Extremities.

Paris, 8th. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER VIII.

To Cara Hali, a Physician at Constantinople.

I AM weary of writing News of Battels and Sieges to the *Grandeess*; and, I know, thou seldom troublest thy self with the Care of Foreign Transactions. Besides, I have no certain Intelligence of Moment to communicat. But, I can acquaint thee with something more agreeable to thy Studies and *Genius*.

— Here is a Man in this City, who was not born Blind, but by some ill Hap lost the Use of his Eyes. Yet, *Nature* seems to have recompens'd that Misfortune, in the Exquiteness of his *Feeling*. Thou wouldst say he carried Eyes in his Fingers Ends; since he distinguishes those things by his *Touch*, which are the only proper Objects of *Sight*. Believe me I think there can be no Deceit or Confederacy, whereby he might blind others,



thers, instead of being so himself. I saw him muffled up with a Napkin which cover'd all his Face, then divers Pieces of *Eastern Silks* of various Colours, were laid on the Table before him. He felt them attentively, and told us the Colour of each Piece exactly. I, who was never over-credulous of extraordinary Pretences, suspecting that either the Fineness of the Linen which veil'd his Face, might give him some Glimpse of the different Colours; or, that some By-stander, with appointed Signs, might inform him; caus'd all the Company to withdraw, except a Learned *Dervise*, who was intimate with me. We threw a thick Velvet-Mantle over his Face, which reached down to his Navel, girding it about his Waste, so as to leave his Arms at Liberty. Then I procur'd small Shreds of Silks, such as I could conceal in the Palm of my Hand: These I caus'd him to touch with his Fingers, brought up as high as his Chin, so that 'twas impossible for him to see them, had he had the Use of his Eyes: Yet, he made not the least Mistake in five several Colours. We chang'd the Order of the Silks, and sometimes gave him the same Piece four or five times together; yet, as soon as he had felt it, he readily told us, 'Twas the same Colour.

I tell thee, O learned *Hali*, such an uncommon Experiment, afforded me Matter both of delight and wonder. I concluded from hence, That *Nature* is no Niggard in her Gifts, but supplies the defects of one Sense,

Sense, by the superabundant Accuracy of another. We ask'd this blind Person, by what Distinction he thus knew one Colour from another, without the Help of his Eyes. He was not able to express the particular Manner of this discriminating Sensation; but only told us in General, that he felt as much Difference between the *Red Silk* and *Black*, as he had formerly done, during the Enjoyment of his Eyesight, between the *Silks* of *Persia*, and the *fine Linen* of *Europe*: Which, thou knowest, are as different to the Touch, as fine Paper and Velum.

Thou that daily pryest into the Faculties of Humane Bodies, art best able to judge whether this Man's Excellency, lay in the Tenuity and Fineness of his Skin, the Subtlety of his Spirits, or some unusual powerful, yet delicate Energy of his Soul; or, whether it consisted in all these together.

— The *Dervise* who was with me, seemed not much to admire at this rare Quality of the Blind Man: Telling me moreover, that about Ten Years ago, in his Travels, he had seen a Blind *Statuary* at *Florence*, who undertook to make the Resemblance of an *Image*, in the Chief *Temple* of that City; which he finish'd so much to the Life, that his Work could no otherwise be distinguish'd from the Original than by the difference of the Materials, *that* being Alabaster, *his* white Clay; which he so temper'd and moulded with his Fingers, as he continually felt of the other, that no Lineament was left unexpress'd.

Indeed

Indeed, when I reflected on our *Mutes* in the *Seraglio*, and the unaccountable Sagacity with which they apprehend those Words which they never heard, I ceas'd to be surpriz'd at what I had seen the Blind Man perform, or what the *Dervise* had said of the *Statuary*. I remember in *Sultan Amurath's* time, there was a *Mute*, in whom the *Grand Signior* took infinite Delight. For, Besides a Thousand pretty Gestures and Tricks, with which she us'd to divert that *Prince*, he often made her his *Secretary*, employing her in Writing Letters to his *Bassa's* and others, whilst he dictated to her by Signs. Although she could never receive the Sound of Words, nor utter any that were articulate; yet I have seen her transcribe a whole *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, containing a Hundred and Seventy *Versicles*, in as fine a Character, as the most celebrated *Scribes* of the *Empire*; and, when she had done, would explain what she had thus written, by Signs, which made it evident that she perfectly understood the *Alcoran*.

These are rare Gifts, my Friend; yet, were all the *Mutes* Educated with as much Diligence and Care, as was *Saqueda*, (so was she call'd) 'tis possible they would attain to greater Perfection. I have been told, that her *Tutor*, one of the Learned'st Men in *Arabia*, bestowed twenty Years in Teaching her this Method of Reading, Understanding and Writing.

This

This puts me in mind of a Man, who was bred a *Mahometan*, but being taken Captive by the *French*, embrac'd their Religion ; not in his Heart, but only in outward Profession. When I first came to *Paris*, I fell into his Company by accident, and understanding that he was an *African*, I desired to ask him some Questions ; but he was Dumb, so that I hald almost laid aside my Hopes of conversing with him ; till perceiving that he mov'd his Lips, and open'd his Mouth as one that was Talking. I offer'd him Pen, Ink and Paper ; making Signs to him, that I would gladly know his Mind in Writing. He accordingly writ in *Morefco*, That he was struck Deaf and Dumb about Eighteen Years since ; telling me also, the Place of his Nativity, and how he came hither. I took the Pen, and in the same Language, express'd my Compassion of his Misfortunes. When he saw that I understood *Morefco*, he writ again, signifying to me, That if I open'd my Mouth wide at the Pronouncing of every Syllable, he could understand my Meaning by the Posture of my Lips and Tongue. I found his Words true, to my no small Admiration ; for, he would write down what I had said. We convers'd together often ; and at length I procur'd his Escape, in the Retinue of a *Chiaus* that was returning from hence to *Constantinople*.

I beseech the *Wise Architect* of Nature, and *Repairer* of *Humane Defects*, either to  
continue

continue to us the Use of our Sences, or to supply that Want, by some Superlative Endowments of the Mind.

Paris; 20th. of ~~the~~ 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER IX.

To Useph Bassa.

THOU wilt say, I am unmindful of my Duty, in not Congratulating thy *New Honour* before this; and, that I forget the good Offices which formerly pass'd between us in the *Seraglio*. I tell thee, my Obligations are infinite, not only to thee, but to many others of my Friends at the *Port*: It is impossible for me to acquit my self of so many Engagements. As for the *Dignity* to which the *Sultan* has rais'd thee, I receiv'd the first News of it within these fourteen Days. And, I dare affirm that none of thy Friends, or of those whose Dependance is on thee, could with greater Complacency, behold thee Vested by our most *August Emperour*, than I read the Letter which conveyed to me this welcome Intelligence.

Long mayst thou Live to enjoy the Blessings which thy good Fortune has heap'd on thee. Yet I counsel thee to enjoy them so, as not  
to

to forget thou must die. Let not the *Grandeur* of thy *Station*, render thee proud and wilful: But remember, when thou art surrounded with a Crown of adoring Suppliants, That *Death* shall level thee with the *Meanest* of thy *Slaves*. Thus the Ancient *Philosophers*, spar'd not to perform the Office of Monitors, to their *Kings* and *Princes*: and, I hope, thou wilt not take in ill Part, the wholesome Advice of *Mahmut*, who discovers a Temper void of Hypocrisie, in the Freedom he assumes. If thou givest Ear to Flatterers, they will Complement thee to thy Ruin; and when thou art on the Brink of a Precipice, they will persuade thee there is no Danger, though, if thou goest on, they know thy Fall is inevitable. They will pride themselves in the Dexterity of their Malice, and insult over thee with scornful *Sarcasms*, whom not long ago they idoliz'd.

The Eminent Command thou hast, requires thy frequent Presence in the *Sovereign Divan*: And that thou mayst not sit there, only as an Auditor of other Mens Counsels, and incapable of making one in the Number of those, who become Remarkable by their Orations, or Reports of Foreign Events; I will now entertain thee with some Passages, which have happen'd in *Europe* since the beginning of this Year, whereof the other *Bassa's* may possibly be ignorant.

The *Diet* of *Francfort*, which had continued for three Years, was dissolv'd on the  
12th.

12th, of the 4th. Moon. This may be known at the *Port*, while they remain Strangers to the Reason of it. There are a Sort of *Christians* in Germany, whom they call *Evangelicks*. These are opposite to the *Roman Church*, both in *Religion* and *Interest*; and their Cause is chiefly espous'd by the *Dukes* of *Saxony* and *Brandenburgh*. It was to comply with these, that an *Assembly* was appointed at *Osnaburgh*; but the *Emperour* and the *Catholicks*, were either for continuing that at *Francfort*, or translating it to *Munster*. While the contending Parties were bickering, and striving to gain their several Ends, the *Deputy* of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, tired out with such intolerable Delays, departed from *Francfort*; whom the rest of the *Deputies* follow'd. And this thou may'st report for the true Occasion of the *Dissolution* of that *Diet*.

Thus, at the beginning of the Year, the Disputes which these *Infidels* rais'd about Safe Conduct, Exactness of Titles, Priority of Address, and many other vain *Punctilio's*, hindred them from coming to any Conclusion, about a *Peace*, which was the principal Cause of their *Assembling*. And this is a Folly peculiar to the *Nazarenes*, that in all *Publick Assemblies* the very Strength and Vitals of their Counsels, are spent in a vain adjusting of empty *Ceremonies*.

It is credibly reported here, That the King of *Poland* earnestly sollicitis a Match with Queen *Christina* of *Suedeland*. It seems, he  
had



without any positive answer, or effecting any thing in it. In the second *Moon* of this Year, that *Queen* sent an *Ambassador*, to give the *King of Poland* an Account, that she had taken the *Government* upon Her. While he tarried in the *Polish Court*, there were not wanting such ; as by the *King's Order*, sifted his Inclination, in Reference to this Affair. It was proposed to him, That this *Match* would be a happy Occasion to Unite the two *Kingdoms* in a firm and durable *League* ; That the *Evangelicks* in *Poland*, would be much eas'd thereby ; That *Uladislaus*, was not much decay'd in his Natural Vigour ; That *Suedeland* might in the mean while be govern'd by the *Council*. With many other Proposals and Encouragements to this Purpose : Among which, I must not omit, that it was suggested, how easie 'twould be for two such Potent *Crowns*, in *Conjunction*, not only to humble the *Germans*, but also to put a stop to the Victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*. But, all this came to Nothing ; that wary *Queen* suspecting that there was a deeper Design in the Courtship of this Old Fox : And, that by such a *Match*, the *Kingdom of Suedeland*, in Default of the *Issue-Royal*, might be subjected to a *Foreign Crown*.

However, it is easie to apprehend from this, That if the *Poles* maintain at Present their Accord with the *Sublime Port*, 'tis for want of Strength to break it ; and , that they only wait an Opportunity, to make some Potent and Firm *Alliance* , which may second the Designs formed by that *Court*, against the *First Throne*



*Throne on Earth*, whereof thou art One of the *Principal Pillars*.

Remain firm in thy *Station*; and, let neither the Tempests of War, nor the Convulsions of State, which are the too frequent Products of Peace, shake thy Constancy. But, above all, suffer not thy *Integrity*, which is the *Basis* of all *Vertues*, to be undermin'd by *Bribes*.

If thou followest this Counsel, *God* and his *Prophet* shall Establish thee, al Men will Honour thee, thy *Sovereign* shall Exalt thee; and *Mahmut* will rejoice to see thee in time become the *Atlas* of the *Eternal Empire*.

Paris, 5th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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LETTER

## LETTER X.

To Ichingi Cap' Oglani, Præceptor to  
the Royal Pages of the Seraglio.

THERE is a vast Difference between thy Letter, and that of *Shashim Ist-bam*. He is Eloquent in the Acknowledgment of his Crime; thou Rhetorical in thy own Justification. Thou hast plunder'd *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, and robb'd 'em of all the *Flowers* and *Tropes* of *Oratory*, to dress up a faint, liveless Excuse. Such an artificial Apology, instead of cancelling, heightens thy Offence. It might have procur'd thee the Applause of the *Academy*; but, it comes short of giving me Satisfaction, for the Injuries I have receiv'd at thy Hands. I have Reason to esteem them such, because so design'd, although they took no Effect. For Wrongs of this kind ought to be measur'd by the Intention of the Author, not by their Success. The *Ministers* of the *Divan*, will hardly be prevail'd on to suspect *Mahmut*; who has given substantial Proofs of his Fidelity.

Tell me, in the name of God and *Mahomet*, what was the Motive that induced thee to slander me? Wherein have I merited this Persecution at thy Hands? It could not be

be Revenge, because I never gave thee Occasion : unless thou still retainest a Grudg on the Score of my Studying in the *Academies* ; and that at my Return from *Palermo*, thou wert not able to expose me, in the Presence of the *Mufti*, in any Point of Language or Learning. But I had rather charitably believe 'twas thy Ambition, not thy Malice, which gave Birth to those Calumnies thou hast vented against me. Thou enviest me the Honour of serving the *Grand Signior* in this Station, thinking thy self capable of discharging this Office more succesfully than *Mabmut*. I censure not thy Abilities ; but I think 'tis best for every Man to be content with his own Condition, since *Destiny* distributes the Employments of the World among Men, by Rules into which we cannot penetrate.

Thou art Master of the *French Tongue* ; but dost thou think that a complete Qualification for a Man in my Post ? Art thou fit to Converse in the *Court* of a *Foreign Prince*, who canst not govern thy *Tongue* in that of thy *Native Sovereign* ? Thou art yet to learn a *Courtier's* Master-piece, which is, To dissemble even the necessary Art of Dissimulation. That is, as the *Arabians* say, *To have a Veil upon a Veil* ; or, as the *Italians*, *To have a Mask with a Natural Face on the Out-side*. Thou art so far from this, that thou canst not yet draw perfectly the first rough Strokes of a Counterfeit.

And I need not add, that I am not yet qualified to answer thee. To  
the end I may be able to do so, I have  
to

To speak plain, hadst thou by an Artificial feigning of Friendship to me, made Way to insinuate thy Story into the Belief of the *Grandeess*, thou might'st have prais'd me to my Ruin. But to go bluntly to Work, without preventive *Encomiums*, discover'd at once the Weakness of thy Judgment, and the Strength of thy Passion; giving the *Ministers* Occasion to think, there was less of Truth, than of Design in thy Accusations.

For the Future I advise thee to mind thy Books and Scholars, and meddle not with *Mahmut*, whose Business is to study Men. Adieu.

Paris, 5th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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## LETTER XI

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

With extream Joy I have received the certain News of the taking of *Canea* by the Invincible Ottoman Arms.

I must confess, when I first apprehended the Intentions of *Sultan Ibrahim*, to make War with the Republick of *Venice*, I was apt to

to hearken to some thinking Men in this Court; who, making their Observations, of the *Sultan's* indulging himself in Female Pleasures, conjectured from thence (as by a Common Rule) that he would not have discovered such a Martial and Active Spirit, in asserting the Honour of the *Ottoman Empire*. His dext'rous concealing his Designs, even to the very Execution of them, has struck a Damp into all the Courts in *Europe*; inso-much, as *Cardinal Mazarini*, this Day told the *Queen-Regent*, That he doubted, lest *Sultan Ibrahim* would prove another *Junius Brutus*, who, being the Nephew of *Tarquinius*, One of the *Primitive Kings* of *Rome*, for some years, counterfeited an extraordinary Simplicity and Weakness of Spirit: but, having privately secured a Faction to his own Interests, by Popular Arts; he, to gain the *Sovereignty*, chang'd the *Form* of *Government*; procur'd himself to be made *Consul*, and discovered a *Genius*, surpassing in Policy and mature Judgment, all his Predecessors.

Though the *Cardinal's* Comparison, be disproportionate to the *Grandeur* of the *Sovereign Emperor* of the *World*; who cannot without a vast Injury, be post-pon'd in *Virtue*, *Wisdom* or *Power*, as a *Second* or *Imitator* of any *Prince* upon *Earth*: Yet, the Character holds good in the Main, That he has timely and maturely dissembled, the most Sublime Abilities and Endowments a *Sovereign Prince* is capable of, rend'ring there-  
by

by his Enemies secure and careless; till at length, all those Illustrious Attributes exert themselves on a suddain, breaking forth like the *Sun* from an *Eclipse*; at once dazling the astonish'd World, and surprizing the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*, in the Slumbers which proceeded from the Contempt of his *Sacred Majesty*.

I thought indeed once, that the *Venetians* would have been in a Condition to have fac'd the *Ottoman Navy*, and disputed their farther Progress on the Seas. I expected no less than that they would have made some huffing Attempts on the *Isles* of the *Archipelago*? that they would have enter'd the *Hellespont*, brav'd the *Dardanel*s, and sailing forward would have block'd up the *Ottoman Navy* in the *Propontis*, or driven them into the *Euxine Sea* for shelter. And, who could have thought otherwise, had they been provided for a War? But, our Sage *Emperor*, by Secrecy, which is the very Soul of all great Undertakings, has anticipated their very Fears and leap'd upon the Prey, while the Keepers were asleep.

Had the *Christian Princes* and *States*, laid aside their Private *Punctilio's* and Animosities, when the *Venetians* first made their Application to them for Assistance, it might have prov'd a doubtful War. But, instead of generously Uniting their Forces in the Common Defence of *Christendom*, they began to divide their Interests and Hearts one from another; and that, upon the vainest  
Motives

Motives in the World; one *State* disputing with another, about Precedency of Posts in the Army; which proceeded to that Height as to frustrate the Main Design: For the *Pope* himself at last, is forc'd to raise the greatest Arms the *State of Venice* are like to have; joining his Gallies with theirs, and sending a Thousand Foot on Board, at his own Cost.

Thus does *Divine Providence*, draw *Discords of Christian Princes*, draw *Ottomans* to enlarge the *Sacred Empire of the* *Muslimans*; and to spread the *Ottoman Conquest* o'er the *Western World*.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER XII.

To the Magnificent and Redoubtable  
Vizir Azem.

IT appears that the *Queen of France* is very Indulgent to her *Generals*, having call'd Home the *Duke of Enguien* from the Toils of War. This *Prince* neglecting the Wounds he receiv'd in the Battel of *Allersheim*, not many Days after, fell into a violent Fever: so that he was carried in a Horse-Litter to *Philipsburg*, with no small Danger of his Life.

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As soon as he recover'd his Health, he was commanded to return to *France*, and the Charge of the whole Army committed to *Mareschal Turenne*.

Such Tenderness is never shew'd to the Invincible *Ottoman Generals*, neither would they esteem it a Favour, but a Disgrace. When they go to the Wars, they make no underhand Leagues with the Elements to spare their Bodies; but, are resolv'd to combat with Cold, Heat, Hunger, Thirst, and all the Hardships to which Soldiers are liable, as well as with the Swords of their Enemies. They take no other Armour against the Rigorous Frosts of a *Russian* Winter, or the Scorching Sands of a *Persian* Summer, but an Unshaken Resolution, an Invincible Patience, and a Mind incapable of bowing under the worst Misfortunes. They are not angry with the Weapons of their Adversaries, when they carve in their Limbs the marks of an Honour, which will far outlast the Pain of their Wounds; and, in their Flesh hew deep Characters, of an Immortal Fame, and a Renown which shall know no Period. They are not parsimonious of their Blood, but court their Enemies to spill it on the Ground, from whence it will spring up in Laurels and Wreaths, to Crown 'em with Triumphs and Glory whilst they live, and to sweeten their Memory with the Praise of Future Generations.

Thus, Magnanimous *Vizir*, do the *Mussulman Hero's*, the Props of the First Empire, manifest



manifest their Courage, in defying of Dangers and Wounds, and scorning to capitulate with Fortune for Ease and Exemption from Death. They know, that when they march against the *Infidels*, 'tis in Vindication of the *Eternal Unity*: And therefore, instead of endeavouring to shun, they Court a Death so glorious, as that which will immediately transport them to the *Bosom* of our *Holy Prophet*, and to the *Inexpressible Delights* of the *Gardens of Eden*. Where this Truth is firmly rooted, there is no room for Fear to plant it self. But the Case is otherwise with *Infidels*, who blaspheme that purest *Undivided Essence*. They assert and believe a *Plurality of Gods*, and therefore, in time of Danger, amongst so many *Deities*, they know not whom to address, or whom to confide in. The Apprehension of Death, is terrible to them, whose Hope is only in this Life; Whose Consciences are stained with a thousand Pollutions, and yet renounce the very Method of being Clean. Who not only err themselves, but by their evil Example and Influence, (for I speak of the *Princes* and *Great Ones*) draw Innumerable after them, to taste of the *Tree Zacon*, which grows in the *Middle of Hell*.

People speak variously of the *Duke of Enghien's* Conduct in the Battel of *Allersheim*. His Creatures extol his Valour and Experience with *Hyperboles*: Whilst his Enemies endeavour to lessen his Reputation. Some say, he owes his Revocation to the *Queen's* dislike; others attribute it to the extraordinary Concern she has for his Health. But, such as would be esteem'd

the Wiser Sort, say his Return is voluntary and sought by himself, scorning to hold his *Commission* any longer at the Pleasure of *Cardinal Mazarini*; who, 'tis thought, first procured him this Employment, only to have him out of the Way, and take off his Application from the *Domestick* Affairs of *France*. These are the Discourses of the People at present, who yet perhaps may change their Opinions before the Sun goes down. They will always be censuring and discanting on the Actions of their *Superiors*; few being willing to think their Tongues were given 'em to lie Idle. It is but a Little Member, but often does Great Mischief by its Activity. One of the *Ancients* gave no good Character of it, when he call'd it a *Demon*. Yet, we are not bound to believe all that the *Philosophers* said. *Æsop* gave the most impartial Account of this Member, when he said, 'twas the Best and the Worst. Sometimes I sit silent many Hours together; not for want of Company; (for here's a Glut of that in this Populous City) nor, because I know not what to say, (for I could speak a great Deal more than 'tis fit for others to hear) but, that I may study with less Interruption, how to serve my *Great Master*. For much talking enervates the Judgment, and evaporates the Mind into Air. Besides, by thus practising Silence in Private, I learn the Art of restraining my Words in Publick, when it is requisite to promote the Ends at which I aim. 'Tis not for a Man in my Station, to be open and talkative; but to distinguish Persons and Seasons; to understand

derstand the due Stops and Advances of my Tongue ; sometimes to say Much in a Little, at other Times to say Little or Nothing at all ; but ever so to speak, as not to lay my self naked to the Hearers ; yet to seem a very frank, open-hearted Man, in what I Discourse of.

I would not have thee conclude from what I have said, That *Mahmut* uses any Reserve to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, who are *Mines* of *Science* and *Wisdom*, and can easily discern the Heart through the most artificial Veil of Words. But it is absolutely necessary for me, to use Disimulation in this *Court* ; seeming many times Ignorant of what I really know, that I may not be thought to know more than they would have me. I was never yet so indiscreet, as to publish any Secret that was committed to my Charge ; whereby I have gained great Confidence, with Men who delight to unbosom their Intelligence. They esteem me a Man of Integrity, and fit to be trusted. Thus am I made privy to many Intrigues of the *Grandeess*, and a Repository of the *Court-News*: whilst they whisper in *Mahmut's* Ear, what is transacted in the Royal Bed-Chambers, and private Apartments.

By this means, I came acquainted with an Amour of *Cardinal Mazarini*, which is known but to a few. This *Minister* has none of the Worst Faces, and a proportionate Elegance in his Shape : much addicted also to the Love of Women ; yet he manages his Intrigues with that Caution and Privacy, as not to expose the Honour of his *Function*. Among the rest, he

had frequent Access to the Chamber of a certain *Countess-Dowager*, her Husband being lately deceas'd. This was not carried so privately, but 'twas whisper'd about that a Man was seen often to come out of this Ladies Chamber a little before day ; but no Body knew who it was (for the *Cardinal* went disguiz'd.) At last it came to the *Queens* Ear, who was resolv'd to unravel this Intrigue. She caus'd *Spies* to be placed at a convenient Distance from the Ladies Chamber-Door, which opened in a Gallery of the *Royal Palace*, with Orders to trace him Home. That Night the designed *Watch* was first set, it fortun'd, that the *Cardinal* being in the *Countesses* Chamber, her Maid, (who was privy to this Amour) overheard these *Spies*, talking to each other concerning her Lady ; which made her more attentive (being in a Place where she could not be seen) till at length she plainly discovered, That they lay in wait to find out who it was that had been seen coming out of the Chamber. She quickly acquaints the *Countess* with this News. She consults the *Cardinal* what was best to be done to avoid Discovery. In fine, it was agreed between 'em, That the *Countess* should put on the *Cardinal's* Disguise, and he a Suit of her Clothes ; That she should go out at the usual Hour of his Retreat, and walk in the Gardens ; That, if examin'd, she should pretend, this Disguise was to guard her from the rude Attempts of Men, who if they found a Lady alone in the Night-Time, would not fail to offer some Incivilities ; that soon after her Departure, the *Cardinal* should

should go forth in her Dress, and shift for himself. This was perform'd accordingly. The *Countess* walk'd into the Gardens in the *Cardinal's* Disguise, followed by the *Spies*, whilst he goes to an Intimate Friend's House, (an *Italian*, whose Fortune depended on this *Minister*) and changes his Female Accoutrements, for the proper Apparel of his Sex. The *Countess* having walk'd about half an Hour in the Garden, was seiz'd on by some of the *Guards*, under suspicion of some ill Design. She was carried before the *Queen*, and examin'd. She then discover'd her self, begging the *Queens* Pardon, and telling her, That a particular Devotion, had oblig'd her to take that Course for several Mornings; but, if it offended Her Majesty, she would hold her self dispensed with, and would forbear. The *Queen* seeming satisfied with this Answer, dismissed her. Thus the Amours of the *Cardinal* and the *Countess*, remain'd a Secret; and there are but three Persons (besides themselves) that know any thing of it; among which *Mahmut* is one.

Thou seest, *Illustrious Minister*, that the Reputation of my Secrecy, has gain'd me the Confidence of one of the *Cardinal's* *Privado's*; for I had this Relation from the *Italian*, whom I mentioned, at whose House the *Cardinal* chang'd his Disguise. I am not without Hopes, by the Prudent Management of this Discovery, to penetrate farther into the Court Intrigues. For he that told me this Story, consider'd not that he made me thereby Master of his Fortune; and that it is no longer safe for him, to

deny me any Intelligence I require of him. He has put a Key into my Hand, which will open his Breast at my Pleasure.

Yet I need not magisterially claim Discoveries from him, as the only Conditions, on which he is to expect my Concealing what he has already disclos'd. There is a more dextrous and serviceable way to become his *Confessor*, without such an ungrateful Insult; whilst with a well acted Candour, I feign a Relation of such things, as I suspect, yet cannot be certain are true, till attested by himself; professing at the same time, not to believe those pretended Reports I heard. If I shall be so happy, as to do any effectual Service to the *Grand Signior* by this Engagement, it will answer my Ends, and I shall not repent of my Craft.

*Mahmut* Salutes thee, *Sovereign Bassa*, in the humblest Posture of Adoration, lying prostrate on the Ground, in Contemplation of thy Grandeur. Beseeching *God*, That he would grant this Favour to thee, to live happily, and to die in thy Bed.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

## LETTER XIII.

To Egri Boinou, a White Eunuch.

THOU givest me abundant Proofs of thy Affection and Friendship, in frankly telling me what they say of *Mahmut* in the *Seraglio*. I do not expect to be free from Censure; and am so far from being discouraged at the Obloquies some Men fasten on me, that it adds to my Comfort; it being an assur'd Mark of Innocence, to be traduc'd. I am not desirous, that the *Arabian Proverb* should be verified in me, which says, *That he deserves no Man's Good Word, of whom all Men speak well*. I dread to be Popular at such a Price, and will rather court the Slanders of the Envious, by a stedfast Perseverance in my Duty, than lay a Train for the Complements of Flatterers, by favouring Sedition. Thou knowest what Reason I have to say this. There needs no Interpreter between us. Though the *Black Eunuch* has recanted his Aspersions, yet there are others who persist in their Malice; and it will be difficult for the *Master* of the *Pages*, with his best *Rhetorick*, to exempt himself from the Number.

I have received both their Apologies, and have answered them. I wish they would reform this Vice; not so much for my Sake, who am Proof against their Accusations, as

for their own: For the Injury they intended to do me, will redound most to themselves. Misery is on him, that persecuteth his Neighbour.

He that is Merciful and Gracious, who hath separated the Brightness of the Day from the Obscurity of the Night, defend both thee and me from the Malice of Whisperers, from the Enchantments of Wizards, and such as *breath Thrice* upon the *Knot* of the *Triple Cord*.

Paris, 20th, of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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LETTER



## LETTER XIV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

**T**HOU wilt Laugh at the Hypocrisie and Folly of the *Nazarenes*, when thou shalt know the *Articles* agreed upon between the *Elector* of *Saxony*, and *Koningmark*, one of the *Suedish* *Generals*, on the 27<sup>th</sup>. of the 8<sup>th</sup>. *Moon*.

The *Suedes* had prevail'd on the Son of the *Elector*, to intercede with his Father for a *Truce*; but the Old Duke would not hearken to any thing of that Nature, till *Torstenfors* gave Orders to the *Suedish* Army in those Parts, that they should oppress the *Elector's* Subjects, by exacting from them unreasonable Taxes and Contributions; and that they should lay Desolate all the Countries about *Dresden*, if they refused to pay what was demanded of them. Accordingly they took a Castle, which commanded a large Valley of Meadows and Corn-fields. The *Suedes* burnt the Corn on the Ground, led away the Peasants Captives, and demolish'd many Towns and Villages; yet not without some Loss on their Side: For the *Saxons* one Night stole upon them while they were securely sleeping, and slew an hundred and twenty, taking above three hundred Prisoners. Those who were left in Possession of the Castle, met with no better Fortune; being compell'd in a few Days, to surrender this  
their

their new Conquest, with five Ensigns, and a hundred and fifty Prisoners, which were all carried in Triumph to *Dresden*.

One would have thought, that these Successes should have confirm'd the *Elector* in the *Aversion* he had already conceiv'd for a *Treaty*, that he would rather have pursu'd his good Fortune with Arms : Especially, when by entering into a Private Separate *Treaty* with the *Suedes*, he must needs give a great Suspicion to the *Assembly* of the *Deputies*. But the Old Duke doated ; and what neither the repeated Solicitations of his Son, nor the continual Ravages which *General Koningsmark* made in his Territories, could procure from him, that he granted to the charming Addresses of a Beautiful Lady.

The *Elector's* Son adhering much to the *Suedish* Interest, and finding all other Means ineffectual to oblige his new Friends ; It was agreed upon between him and *Koningsmark*, that he should at least persuade his Father to a *Truce* of a few Days : That during this Cessation of Arms, the Son should invite his Father to a Banquet, where *Koningsmark* should be present, with some of the Principal *Suedes* in his Army. All this succeeded according to their Wishes. The good Old Man consented to a Cessation of Arms, and to give *Koningsmark* a Meeting at his Son's Banquet. The *German Gallantry*, and indeed that of all *North-Europe*, consists much in their Excessive Drinking : He is esteem'd the most polite Man, who can bear most Wine, with least Alteration of his Temper.

per. This they call *Carousing*. The Son had provided Plenty of those Wines, which grow on the Banks of the *Rhine*, esteem'd the wholesomest and moit delicious of all these Parts. It is not necessary to repeat particularly their first Salutes and Addresses: Both Parties seem'd emulous to exceed in Civilities. They fell to their Wine, with Freedom and Mirth, after the Manner of the Country. When in the midst of their Glasses, whilst the Heart of the Old Duke was elevated with the Juice of the Grape, came into the Room a tall Personage all in Armour, and making his Obeisance to the Company, deliver'd a Letter to *General Koningsmark*. The General having receiv'd it, the Stranger was invited by the *Elector's* Son to sit down with them. He was Master of the Feast, and only *Koningsmark* and the Stranger, besides himself, were privy to the Intrigue.

The Stranger unbuckling his Helmet, and pulling it off (for all the rest of the Company were uncover'd, it being the Hottest Day in all the Summer) discover'd a Face and Hair, much like one of those *Nymphs*, describ'd by Poets and Painters.

The Duke could not withdraw his Eyes from this surprizing Beauty, nor fix his roving Thoughts: sometimes it put him in mind of *Ganymede*, the discarded Minion of *Jupiter*; but *Ganymede*, was never seen in Armour. Then he thought of *Adonis*, then of the *Babylonian Pyramus*, the *Indian Atis*. In fine, he run over all the Celebrated Youths of the East, to match the Beauty of this Illustrious Stranger.

He

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He

He drank and gaz'd, whilst his Son and *Königsmark*, were pleas'd to see the Bait take. From ruminating on our Sex, he pass'd to that of Women: And remembering that in some former Battels between the *Suedes* and *Germans*, several Ladies had disguised themselves in Armour, and followed *General Torstenfon* to the Field, he concluded presently, that this was some beautiful Female of *Suedeland*.

This thought put the Old *Duke* into a pleasant Fit of Raillery, yet not without some mixture of Passion for this lovely *Heroine*. There was something so peculiarly graceful in all her Carriage and Address, as Charm'd the *Elektor's* Heart. The Women in those parts of *Europe*, are not so precise in their Conversation with Men, as in the *East*. And 'tis a great Point of Education, so to adjust the *Punctilio's* of their Deportment, as neither to appear too open, nor too reserv'd. This was her Master-piece; for she so equally divided the Parts she was to Act, both of a Maid and a Soldier, that neither entrenched on the other, but she acquitted her self with exquisite Honour and Gallantry.

The next Day after the Banquet, the Son renewed his Mediation for a *Treaty*? but the *Elektor* seemed cold. All his Thoughts were busied in ruminating on his Fair Enemy.

Not to detain thee longer in expectation of the Issue; The Love of this young *Amazon* had taken so deep Root in his Heart, that he would grant nothing but for her Sake, neither could he deny any thing which she desired.

Thus

Thus by this Stratagem, they accomplish'd their Aims, and he condescended to a *Treaty*, after fourteen Days Debate on the *Articles*: Of which I here send thee a True and Particular Copy, that thou maist find some Divertisement in the Folly of the *Infidels*. The *Articles* are as follows:

“**T**HAT it should be lawful for the *Duke* to keep *due Faith* to the *Emperor*; nor should he be obliged, to admit any thing contrary to the *Interest* of the *Empire*.

“That the *Elector* should not lend the *Emperor* above three Regiments of Horse, nor should permit him to raise Soldiers in his *Principality*.

“That the *Suedes* should have free and safe Passage through *Saxony*, provided they came not within three Miles of *Dresden*.

“That there should be free Traffick, between the *Elector's* Subjects and the *Suedes* by Land and Water.

“That at the end of three Months, each Party should be obliged to declare, Whether they would prolong the *Truce*, or break it off.

“That the *Elector* should again enjoy his Revenues, except those which were drawn from *Leipsick*. That he should pay the *Suedes* eleven thousand Rix-Dollars a Month, and a certain quantity of Corn.

“That the *Elector* should do nothing which might hinder the Siege of *Magdeburgh*.

These

These *Articles*, at first Sight appeared to be equally favourable to the *Saxons*, as to the *Suedes*. But, in Reality, they serv'd only as an Umbrage to deeper Designs, which the *Suedes* had in Agitation. For this was the first Step to draw the *Saxon* off from the *Emperor's* Party; and *Torstenſon* was now secure, that whilst the *Suedes* rushed farther into *Germany*, the *Saxons* would not molest them behind.

For my Part, I neither understand the *Policy* nor the *Integrity* of the *Elector*, in signing these *Articles*; nor how he can reconcile the *First* of them, with *any* of the *Rest*: To give safe Conduct, and kind Entertainment to the Enemies of his *Sovereign*: To be obliged not to lend him any more Assistance, than his Enemies shall allow, nor suffer him to raise Forces at his own Charges: To be cheated of his own Revenues, and tamely yield to pay a monthly Tribute besides: To be tyed up from succouring one of the Principal Towns in his *Principality*, at that time Besieged by the *Suedes*; this is a new Method of keeping *due Faith* to *Sovereigns*, or of observing common Prudence for ones self. But *Women and Wine* cause a *Wise Man* to stumble, as the *Arabians* say. And this Old Prince is blessed in a hopeful Son, who is not ashamed to turn *Pimp*, that so he may betray his Father to his Mortal Enemies. But let the *Christians* proceed in their Falshood and Treachery, one against another, while every good *Mussulman* prostrates himself *Five Times* a Day; and Prays in his Integrity for the Consummation of that time, wherein *God* has determin'd to put a Peri-



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a Period to the *Monarchies* of these *Infidels*, and to reduce them to the Faith and Obedience of his *Holy Law*.

I wish some of my Friends, would send me some Relation of what passes in the *East*: I have heard nothing of Moment out of *Asia*, these many *Moons*. I could almost think my self banish'd from the *Eternal Providence*, while I reside among these *Uncircumcised*.

Think sometimes on *Mahmut*; and, if thou canst not relieve his Melancholy, at least pity him, whom all the Honours and Pleasures of these *Western Parts*, would not be able to exhilarate, so long as he apprehends himself forgotten by his Friends at *Constantinople*.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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LETTER

## LETTER XV.

To Mahammed Hogia, Dervise, Eremit, *Inhabitant of the Sacred Cave, at the foot of Mount Uriel in Arabia the Happy.*

THY Remembrance is as the Dew of the Evening, or the Midnight Breezes in *Africk*, after the scorching Fervors of a Summers Day, when neither Trees, nor Houses, nor highest Mountains afford any Shadow. Such are the Employments of State, keeping the Mind in as restless an Activity, as that which the *Philosophers* say is the Occasion of Heat. Such also is the Refreshment I find in thinking on thee, whose Soul is a Mansion of Tranquility, an *Umbrella* of Temperance and all Vertue. Thither I retreat for Respiration from the Fatigues of worldly Business. Pardon the bold Access of an humble Slave, who cannot be so happy as to visit thee any otherwise than by Letters, yet would be miserable in the want of this Privilege.

Ever since I had the Honour to kiss the Dust of thy Feet in that *Sacred Retirement*, I was fill'd with Love and Admiration of thy Sanctity. Thrice happy are the Neighbouring Shepherds, whose Flocks feed under thy auspicious Protection. No fierce Lions, nor ravenous Tygers, dare violate that Sanctuary; or,  
hunt

hunt for Prey within those Meadows, Consecrated by thy Presence, That Rich and Flow'ry Vale, was first secured, with an Eternal Immunity from Spoil and Rapine, by the Blessing of our *Holy Prophet*. Now that Blessing seems to be redoubled by thy Prayers and Abstinences, who inheritest his Spirit as well as his Abode. 'Twas in that *Holy Cave*, the *Messenger of God* fasted for the space of three *Moons*: Thy whole life there, is one continued Abstinence. When thou liftest up thy Venerable Hands to Heaven in Prayer, the Enemies of our *Holy Law* are seiz'd with Fear and Trembling: Thou art the *Guardian Angel* of the *Ottoman Empire*. Thy Body attenuated with twenty years Fasting, is purified almost to *Immortality*: Thou art become a *Denizen* among the *Spirits*. Neither the Beasts of the Earth, nor the Fowls of the Air, nor the Fish of the Sea, will charge thee with their Blood: Thy Table never smoak'd with slaughter'd Dainties. Every Tree affords thee a Feast, and the Meadows regale thee with a Thousand harmless Delicacies. Thy Thirst is allay'd with the Crystal Streams; and, when thou art disposed to Banquet, the *Arabian* Sheep supply thee with *Nectar*. Thus, like a prudent Traveller thou accustomest thy self before-hand, to the Diet of the Country whither thou art going: thou livest the Life of *Paradise* here on *Earth*.

Thou art not privy to the Wickedness of the Age: that Cell guards thee from other Mens Vices: while thy incomparable Humility, defends thee from thy own Vertues. Thou art  
not

not puffed up with thy Sublime Perfections. Pride is a Serpent, which commonly Poisons the Root of the fairest Endowments. But thou hast crush'd this Serpent in the Egg.

In that Solitude, the *Angel* open'd the Heart of the *Sent of God*, and took out from thence the *Devil's Seed-Plot*. When *Mahomet* awaked (for this was done while he lay in a *Trance*) he said, *I am a Worm*. When *Gabriel* saw his Humility, he pronounced a Blessing on the Place, That whosoever should dwell in that Cave, *should be Meek as Abraham, Chast as Joseph, and Temperate as Ismael*. Thou hast experienc'd the Effect of his Benediction.

There is another Happiness also attends thy Retirement: Thou livest free from Cares and Anxieties: Thou committest the Publick Good to the Conduct of thy Sovereign, and thy Private Welfare, to the Protection of Providence; neither disquieted for the one, nor sollicitous for the other. Who rises, and who falls, in the Favour of the *Sultan*; who purchases the Government of the *Empire* by their Merits, or who by their Money; whether it be better to remain in the *Seraglio*, or to be made *Bassa* of *Aegypt*, are Cares that never molest thee. Thou canst sit in that *Sanctuary* of *Peace*, and pity those whose Ambition, and the Love of Glory, has driven into the *Toils* of *War*. Thou canst behold with Compassion, the burdensom Attendants of the Great; their Labours by Day, and their Watchings by Night; their restless Thoughts, and busie Actions; macerated Bodies, and uneasie Souls: while

while with indefatigable Pains they pursue mere Shadows, and endeavour to grasp the Wind, or secure to themselves a Bubble, which is no sooner touched, than it vanishes. Thou in the mean time, art filling thy Mind with solid Knowledge, and laying up Possessions which shall never be taken from thee : For the Soul carries her Goods along with her, to that *Other World*.

I often wish my self with thee ; and the Remembrance of what I once enjoy'd in thy Conversation, cannot be effac'd by Distance of Time and Place. The farther I am from thee, the more ardently do I long to see thee. But even in these Innocent Desires, there is a necessary Mortification ; since we are not born for our selves, but to comply with the *Mysterious Ends of Fate*. I am appointed to serve the *Grand Signior* in this Place : where I endeavour to acquit my self a *Faithful Slave*, and a *Good Musfulman*. If I fail in the *First*, my *Great Master* will punish me ; if in the *Last*, *God* and his *Prophet* will revenge it. Yet I hope every Frailty, will not be esteem'd a Transgression ; since the Heart and the Hands, go not always together. I often strive to imitate thy Abstinence, but my Appetites are too Strong for me ; I return to my Old Course again, like a Bow that is forcibly bent. Yet I sin not in this, since it is not required at my Hands.

Pray for me, *Holy Man of God*, that while I aim at the *Best* things, I may not fall into the *Worst* ; and by striving to arrive at *Perfection*, I may not crack those Powers which  
are

are requisite to keep me stedfast in the Highway of *Moral Vertue*. I leave thee to thy Contemplations, and the Society of thy Courteous *Angels*, who ever wait at the Door of thy Cell.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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## LETTER XVI.

To Useph Bassa.

I Formerly acquainted thee, That *Uladislans* King of *Poland*, sought *Christina* Queen of *Sueden* in Marriage; but that his Proposal was rejected. Now thou mayst know that this *Monarch* has made a more successful Amour, being Married to *Louise Marie de Gonzague*, *Princess of Mantua*. The Nuptial Solemnities were performed in this City, by the *Ambassador of Poland*, who was his Master's Proxy. The greatest Part of the last Moon was spent in Masks, Banquets, and Court-Revels, to Honor the *Espousals* of this New Queen; who is since gone towards *Poland*, being attended to the Frontiers by a numerous Train of the Nobility, with all the Ceremonies and Regard due to a Person of her Rank.

The

The *French*, who are never sparing in Words, are too liberal in the Praises they bestow on this Princess. For if all were true they say of her, she might be list'd in the Number of *Angels*: Whereas, some more impartial Eyes have discover'd such Imperfections, as speak her yet on this side a *Saint*. But ordinary Vertues in *Princes* dazzle the Multitude; borrowing a greater Lustre from the Nobility of their Blood, and the Eminence of their Quality: Whilst their Vices are either shrouded from the Vulgar, or made to pass for Vertues, in the Artificial Dress, which Flatterers put on them. 'Tis under this Advantage, the New Queen of *Poland* is cry'd up for a *Diana*; though a late *Satyr*ist, vindicates her from being half so Cruel as that *Godde*s: It being no Secret that a Young *Italian Marquis* had something kinder Usage than had *Aëleon*, when he accidentally encountred this Princess, as she was walking alone one Evening in a Grove belonging to her Palace.

I am no Patron of Libels: nor would I speak irreverently of those, whose Royal Birth claims Respect from all Mortals. But the Stupidity of the *Nazarenes* provokes my Pen, who allow their Women all the uncontrollable Freedom and Opportunities, that commonly give Birth to the most irregular Amours, and yet believe 'em Innocent. They are perfect Idolaters of that Sex; not having learned, with the illuminated *Mussulmans*, that Women are of a Creation Inferior to that of Men, have Souls of a lower Stamp, and consequently  
more

more prone to Vice ; and that they shall never have the Honour to be admitted into our *Paradise*.

But thou who believest the Doctrines Clear and Intelligible, and hast kiss'd the Garment of the *Sent* of God, wilt not suffer thy Reason to be blinded by the Enchantments of these deluding Fair Ones ; but so love Women, as still to remember thou art a Man, which is something more Sublime.

Paris, 1st. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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LETTER



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mous Prince, in stead of accepting his Offer, sent him back to his Master with this Message, *That he came not before the Town as a Merchant, to purchase it at the Price of a needless Treason; but as a Soldier, at the Head of an Army flush'd with continual Victories: Summoning him forthwith to Surrender at Discretion, That being the only Way to experience his Generosity.*

This Year has been signaliz'd with much Action in *Flanders, Catalonia, and Italy.* The Field was shared among many brave Generals.

The Duke of Orleans had the Command of the Army in *Flanders*, where he took the Forts of *Vandrevael, Bourgh, Link, Dringhen, Berthune, St. Venant, Guisca, Lens, Mardyke, Lillers, Mening, and Armentiers.*

These Places were won by several Parties, under the Commands of the *Mareschals de Gastion, de Rantzau, and the Duke of Guixe;* who all acted in separate Bodies, under the Duke of Orleans.

Nor was the Count d' *Harcourt* idle in *Catalonia*, where he succeeded in the Charge of the *Mareschal de la Mothe.* The first Effort of his Arms, was the retaking of *Agramont*, which the Spaniards had seiz'd; a strong City, and which kept a large part of *Catalonia* in Subjection.

From hence he marched toward *Roses*, one of the most Important Places for Strength, under the Spanish King's Dominions, and govern'd by an experienced Soldier, who fail'd not to defend the Place to the last Extremes; but after a Siege of two Moons, was compell'd to yield, for want of Provisions.

After

After this, the *French General* cut off Seven Hundred *Spaniards*, who were posted to hinder his Passage over a River. The next day the whole Armies meeting in the Plains of *Liarens*, there was a furious Encounter; in which the *Spaniards* lost ten Regiments of Horse on the Spot; the rest threw down their Arms and yielded. The *Marquess of Mortare*, one of the *Spanish Generals* was taken Captive; with other Persons of Note; among which was the *Standard-Bearer of Spain*.

Yet this was but the Engagement of One Wing: For when the Other enter'd the Combat, the Slaughter was dreadful. Of the *Spaniards* were slain six thousand Horse, and sixteen hundred Foot. And three and twenty hundred of them were made Prisoners. The *French* lost not above three hundred in all, and had but a few wounded.

This Battel has brought infinite Glory to the *Count d' Harcourt*. After which there happen'd nothing remarkable in *Catalonia*, save the talking of *Balaguier*, which is like to end this years Campaigne on that Side.

*Prince Thomas of Savoy* Commanded in *Italy*, but had no great Number of *French* in his Army, the Main Body being drawn off to serve in *Catalonia*. Yet vexed to see the Success of the *Spaniards*, who had possess'd themselves of a Strong Castle, and kept the Field in a *Bravado*, as if he were not able to Face them; he raised some Recruits, and enter'd the *Milanese*, where he took the City and Castle of *Vigevano*. After this, designing to return into *Pie-*

mont, he found all the Passages block'd up by the *Spaniards*, who had a far greater Army than his. Yet, assuming Courage, he attempted to pass the River *Moura*; and, the Enemy presenting themselves to oppose his Design, he gave them Battel, and killed Five hundred and three-score of them; among which were Nine Officers of Principal Command and Quality: On his Side, were lost Two hundred Common Soldiers, and Twelve Officers; among which, was his Brother, *Prince Maurice of Savoy*. These are the Chief Actions on that Side. As for *Portugal*, there has happened nothing in that Kingdom, worthy of Remark.

I have in this Letter, Sage Governour of the *Imperial City*, observ'd the Method thou enjoined'st me. I have acquainted thee, with whatsoever has Occurred in the present Wars of *France* and *Spain* during this Year.

'Tis discoursed here, that the *Venetians* will lay Siege to *Canea* next Spring, in Hopes to recover that Important Place, from the Arms of the Victorious *Ottomans*.

The *Duke of Orleans* will be on his March to *Flanders*, toward the latter End of the next Moon, resolving to make an early Campaign; being alarm'd with the late Loss of *Mardyke*, which the *Spaniards* took by Surprize, without much Bloodshed; having not the fourth Part of a hundred Men kill'd on their Side. Whereas, when the *French* took it from them, it cost Five thousand Lives of the best Soldiers the King of *France* had in his Army.

The

The Hour of the Post will not permit me to say more, than that I am the humblest of thy *Slaves*.

Paris, 14th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou!

**I** Will not make trial of the Virtue of Friendship at this time, in the Way that *Philosophers* propose to be used between such as own that Title. I will not complain of the Dolors I undergo, that so by making thy Compassion share them with me, I may ease my self of a Part. It appears to me a pusillanimous, if not an unjust Action, for a Man to transfer his Sufferings, by discovering 'em to his Friend, and designedly throw that upon another, which is scarce tolerable to himself.

I am sick; and Custom has rendred this almost as Natural to me as Health. My Constitution, is not Proof against the envenom'd Arrows, that are shot from the *Stars*. Nor am I Constellated, to resist the Secret Contagions that lurk in the *Elements*. The Herbage of the Field languishes, when poyson'd with Invisible *Atomes* from above; and all the Leaves of the Forest wither, when touch'd with the baneful Emissions of certain *Meteors*,

or scorch'd with the winged Exhalations of the Night. So our Bodies receive a Thousand Impressions from Things without us, and not a few Maladies from our selves. The very Channel of Life, proves many times the Vehicle of Death; while our Lungs suck in unwholesome Airs, and our very Breath becomes our Bane. We have Radical Poysons in our Complexions, which though they do us no hurt, while we let them lie dormant; yet once excited by our Passions and Vices, they become noxious and Fatal, hurrying us into the Chambers of Death, by unaccountable Diseases, and Pains which are under no *Predicament*.

This makes me bear my present Distemper with an equal Mind, because I know its Original, and 'tis not in the List of those Maladies which have no Name: whereby I can easily calculate its Duration, and almost point to a Day, when I shall be well again. For, 'tis in the Number of those *Physicians* call *Acute*; and the Anguish it inflicts confirms that Title.

Take not this for a Complaint; nor what I am about to say, for a *Paradox*, when I tell thee, That I know not which is greater, my Pleasure or Pain during this excruciating *Fever*. These Affections border so near one upon another, that I find it difficult to distinguish 'em. They seem to be Inn-mates to each other, and blended together in their Roots. Sure I am, they are so twisted and interwoven in my Constitution, that I never felt One without the Other. Every Man may experience, that his strongest  
Desires,

Desires, are compounded of these two Passions ; and the very Moment of Fruition it self, cannot separate 'em. The Minute of Enjoyment, is but Consecrated to his Loss, while the height of his Joy is the Rise of his Grief, since the smallest Particle of time, cannot distinguish the Life and Death of his Pleasure.

Do but reverse this Contemplation, and apply it to my Sickness, and thou wilt find no Riddle in my Words, when I assure thee, That as the Torment of my *Fever* advances, so does my Ease. Pleasure and Pain, sit and shake Hands in my Heart, embrace, and equally divide its *Systole* and *Diastole* between 'em.

Yet I must needs own, I am indebted for this Allay of my Dolors, to the Presence of my Mind ; which I suffer not to be torn from it self, or carried away by the violent Motion of my agitated Spirits. Were it not for this, a *Fever* would prove a *Hell* upon *Earth*, and every *Pulse* a Tormenting *Fury*. My very Drink (which is all my Subsistence now) would appear but the loathsome Distillation of that *Tree*, whose *Unpalatable* and *Scalding Gum*, is appointed for a *Beverage* to the *Damned*. The softest Entertainment of my Bed, while awake, would but be a Translation of the Torments of *Ixion* and *Sisyphus* ; and the flattering Intervals of Sleep, would but renew the Sufferings of *Tantalus*. Whereas now, whether asleep or awake, my Mind keeping aloft in her proper Sphere, busied in the Contemplation and Enjoyment of her self and Superior Objects, partakes not in the *Fever* of my Body ; but, as if on the cool top

of some high Mountain, surveys all the Valleys beneath, without being sensible of their raging Heats.

I owe this Tranquility, in the midst of Bodily Perturbations to the *Examples* of Ancient *Philosophers*, which, thou knowest, have far more Influence than *Precepts*. Ever since I read, That *Plotinus* could chase away the racking Tortures of the Gout and Stone, by the sole Force of his Thought, I daily try'd the Experiment, spurr'd on by Emulation of his Vertue; as judging it Ignoble in a *Mussulman*, to give the Palm to a *Pagan* in any Point of Masculine Bravery.

'Tis recorded of the same *Philosopher*, That by the mere Strength and Majesty of his Mind, he dissipated the *Enchantments* of *Apollonius Tyanicus*; and the *Infernal Spirits* confess'd they were baffled by that *Thinking Man*. As if his Soul were of the Nature of *Medusa's* Head, which turn'd all into *Unactive Statues*, who did but look on it.

Surely, great is the Efficacy of Contemplation, hinted at in the *Arabian Proverb*; which says, *He that can see his own Eyes without a Glass, shall be able to move the Bulls Horns*. Which *Mysterious Expression*, is thus interpreted by the Learned *Avicen*. A *Prophet* or *Spiritual Man*, who always *Converses within*, shall have power to shake the *Foundations* of the *Earth*. Which, thou knowest, rests on the *Horns* of a *Bull*, according to the *Doctrine* of our *Holy Law-giver*.

I need



I need say no more to convince thee, That I am in a *Fever*. My thus expatiating and running from one thing to another (when I thought to have said all in a few Words) will satisfy thee what Temper I am in. Yet recollecting my self with Comfort, that I know my Distemper, I will crave leave to tell thee a short Story, of a Man who was sick for many years, and yet the ablest *Physicians* in *Paris*, could not discern his *Malady*.

This Person, was an *Officer* of the City ; whose Business 'twas to arrest Men that were in Debt. He was observ'd, to be the subtlest of all his Brethren, and the most dextrous at plotting another Man's Ruine. This augmented his Estate, and he grew extremely rich. But, in the One and fortieth Year of his Age, he was seiz'd with an unknown Malady, a Distemper to which the most skilful were Strangers. He languish'd Five Years in a Condition which mov'd all Men to Pity. 'Twill be tedious to recount the Symptoms of his Illness. At length he died ; and, according to his own Will, was dissected. The *Physicians* found all Parts of his Body decay'd and wasted ; but when they came to his Head, they were above Measure astonish'd, to see a Nest of *Serpents* instead of Brains. This was concluded by all to be the Source of his Distemper ; and People descant variously on it. Some say, 'twas a *Judgment* of God inflicted on him, for his cruel Subtlety, in trappanning Men out of their Liberties by a Thousand Wiles. Others are of Opinion, That it is a *Natural* Product ; it being usual

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in some Constitutions, for this Sort of Creature to be bred out of their Vitals. A Merchant that had been in *Peru* told me, That in a Province of that Empire, there were People, who by drinking the Water of a certain River, had *Serpents* often engender'd in their Bowels; That he had seen one presented to the King of *Spain*, which was taken out of a Dead Man's Heart, a Cubit in Length. He said 'twas of a Crimson colour, without Scales or Eyes; neither was it Venomous. This he asserted very solemnly, and with Imprecations.

I tell thee, dear Friend, if these things be true, who can be sure he harbors not some such loathsome Inn-mate in his Body: Yet, I would not have thee grow Melancholy upon it, and disturb thy Repose. The day will come, when we shall all be metamorphos'd into *Worms* and *Serpents* in the Grave.

In the mean while, live thou happily, in the Favour of thy Sovereign, in the Enjoyment of thy Health, the Vigor of thy Senses; and have sometimes in thy Thoughts, a Man full of Infirmities, without murmuring, *Mahmut*, that loves his Friend in all Conditions.

Paris, 26th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

*To the Selictar Aga, or Sword-Bearer  
to his Highness.*

**I** Wish I cou'd time my Letters so, as to gratifie all the *Ministers* of the *Blessed Port*, by making each alternately, the first Relater of some acceptable News, in the *Mysterious Divan*, where all Humane Events are scann'd with Impartial Judgment. But every *Moön* does not present us with Sieges or Battels; neither can I receive Intelligence of all remarkable Events, so soon as they come to pass. What I shall now transmit to thee, is an Account of what has been omitted in my *Dispatches* to the other *Ministers*.

*Europe* is a Field, fertile in *Rebellions*, *Tumults*, *Disorders*, and *Unnatural Wars*. No Part of *Christendom*, which is not polluted with Treasons, Perfidies, and Massacres; no Corner undefiled with Humane Blood. The Son Conspires the Death of him who first gave him his Life. The Brother lays Trains to ensnare the Partner of his Blood, the Off-spring of her that bare himself. No Bond of Affection or Tye of Consanguinity, is of Force to restrain these *Infidels*, from pursuing each other with Malice. Neither has their Religion any more Influence on their Passions, than the *Fables* of the *Ancient Poets*. In Publick and Pri-

Private, all things are govern'd by Interest. Thus, while every Man and every *State*, are only byas'd by the narrow Principles of Self-preservation; they abandon the General Good of *Christendom*, and expose it as a Prey to the next daring Invader.

There is no Reason, that we should grieve at this Folly of the *Nazarenes*. 'Tis from their Impiety and Vices, the Vertue and Wisdom of the Victorious *Mussulmans* receive the greater Lustre; who are created to displant these *Uncircumcised*, and instruct the Nations which they possess'd, in the *Faith free from Blemish*.

Yet, Since the Depredations which the *Suedes* have made in *Germany* and *Denmark*, the neighbouring *Crowns* and *States*, notwithstanding their Insincerity, have seemingly interposed their Endeavours, to prevent the worst Effects of a War, so destructive to the Common Interest of *Christendom*. *Deputies* were sent from all Parts, to *Munster* and *Osnaburgh*, with Instructions from their respective *Sovereigns*. They have squander'd away much time in vain Overtures of *Peace*; whilst the *Suedes* daily get Ground on one Side of the *Empire*, and the *French* are not Unsuccessful on the other.

The Enemies of *France*, sensible that they cannot reduce this *Crown* by open Force, have Recourse to Artifice. They endeavour to corrupt her Allies and insinuate into the minds of the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, all those Apprehensions, which may serve to improve

prove the Jealousie they had already conceived of the *French* Neighbourhood. Suggesting, That the *Spanish* Netherlands are the only Bar, which stops the Armies of *France* from over-running *Holland*, and the rest of the *United Provinces*. In fine, they have prevail'd on them to enter into a Separate *Alliance*, and not to treat in Conjunction with the other *Ministers* at *Munster*.

On the other Side, The *French* by their *Agents* in *Holland*, endeavour to unmask the Artifice of the *Spaniards*; representing, That they have no other Design in these Insinuations, but to breed an ill Understanding between this *Crown* and the *United Provinces*; that so, by their ill Offices, in Time Things may come to a Rupture, and the *States* be depriv'd of the Friendship and Protection of *France*, which alone is able to support that *Commonwealth*, against the Pretensions of their old Enemies, the *Spaniards*. All *Europe* is astonish'd to see, that notwithstanding the utmost Condescensions of the *French* Court to conserve Peace, yet the *States* led by their *Ill Destiny* should embrace the Proposals of *Spain*. This makes a great Impression on all the *Ministers* assembled at *Munster* and *Osnaburgh*, who now conclude, That the *Spaniards* only seek Occasions to perpetuate the War in *Europe*; that whilst the *Princes* of the *Empire* are engag'd in a Defence of their Territories, and the *Suedes* and *French* are busied in pursuing their Conquests, they may pick a Quarrel with their New Friends, whom they have

have depriv'd of a more powerful Protection, and re-establish themselves in the *Revolted Provinces*.

The *Deputies* have had several Conferences about this Important Affair; and the Result of their Counsels, is to sollicite the *French Court*, to use its utmost Power, to prevent the ill Consequences which this *Separate Treaty* will bring along with it.

'Tis discours'd here, That *Monsieur de la Tuillerie* will be recall'd from the *Court of Suedeland*; being esteem'd the fittest Man to dissuade the *Hollanders* from this New Alliance; He having been already employ'd in several Negotiations with the *States*, and is well vers'd in the Methods of treating with that Nation.

This some judge to be the Reason of the *Sieur Chanut's* being sent to *Suedeland*, that he may reside, at *Stockholm*, and continue to act therein in the Absence of *la Tuillerie*.

So nice and delicate in this Affair, that all *France* cannot afford another Man duly qualify'd, to manage it with any Probability of Success. If he shew not more Candour in this Negotiation, than he did when he was sent to mediate a Peace between *Suedeland* and *Denmark*, he will receive but slender Thanks at his return. But, if he succeeds, 'tis said, That *Cardinal Mazarini* has declared, he will merit to be install'd in the Order of the *Holy Spirit*. I have formerly spoken of this in one of my Letters, as the most Eminent Order of *Knighthood* in *France*.

I wish



I wish the *Christians* may ever find Difficulties, to obstruct the Measures they take to establish an *Universal Peace*; and may continue to amuse and vex one another, till the *Day* of the *Scourge*.

Paris, 20th. of the 1st. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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## LETTER XX.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

**I**T is not yet publicly known, what Designs have mov'd this *Court*, to order a mighty Fleet to be fitted out to Sea. But it is privately whisper'd that they will sail to the *Levant*, to assist the *Venetians* against the *Turks*.

People discourse variously, according to the Strength or Weakness of their Reason; and five Days ago an Old Man went to *Cardinal Mazarini*, pretending to speak by *Inspiration*: He told him, that 'twas in vain to trust to their Winged Castles, (so he call'd the Ships) the Multitude of their Armies, or in the Treasures of their Money; for a *Decree* was sign'd in *Heaven*, against all the Nations in *Europe*; That the *War* was begun *Above*, between the *Potentates* who have the *Custody* of *Kingdoms* and

and *Empires* ; That they should soon see the *Banner* of the *Eterna'*, display'd in the *Firment* ; That the *Stars* should fight in their *Courses*, against the *Wicked Professors* of *Christianity* ; That the *Ismaelites* should come out of their *Holes*, and should flow down like a *Torrent* from the *Mountains* of the *East*, overrunning all *Christendom*. In fine, That *Germany*, *France*, *Italy* and *Spain*, should be laid *Desolate*, their beautiful *Cities* sack'd, and the *Inhabitants* led into *Captivity* ; That the *Pope*, with all his *Priests*, should be exterminated ; and, that all *Nations* should embrace *One Law*.

— They put him in *Prison*, but he was found walking next *Day* in the *Streets*. The *Keeper* chain'd him in *Irons* ; but, in the *Morning* he was standing at the *Gate* of the *Prison*, *Preaching* to the *People*. Some say he is a *Chymist*, and has found out the *Master Secret* : others say he is a *Prophet* : But, most judge him to be a *Magician*. He seems now to have lost his *vigour*, not being able to release himself from the *Chains*, which fasten him to the *Ground* where he lies, Yet he continues to foretel the *Ruine* of *Christendom*. 'Tis said he will be sent to *Rome*, there to receive *Sentence* of the *Holy Father*, according to his *Demerits*. I am no *Admirer* of *Visionaries* ; yet there appears something extraordinary, in the *Constancy* of this *Man*. Time will demonstrate, whether he be a *True* or a *False Prophet*.

A *Courier* came to this City last Night from *Suedeland*, who brings Letters from *Monsieur Chanut*, which say, that he has received great Encouragement to hope for the Ships which he was to buy in *Suedeland*. Thou hast already heard, that *Monsieur la Tuillerie*, *Ambassador* from this *Crown* to *Queen Christina*, was thought the only proper Instrument, to dissuade the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, from entering into a Separate Treaty with *Spain*; and that therefore *Monsieur Chanut*, was sent to reside in his Absence at *Stockholm*, to observe what passes, and to continue the *Alliance* between the Two *Crowns*.

This *Minister* arrived in *Suedeland*, the 15th. Day of the *Moon* of *December*, in the last Year; where *Monsieur la Tuillerie*, had prepared all things ready for a speedy Dispatch of his Negotiation; having the Day before his Arrival, made known to that *Court*, the Pleasure of the *King* of *France*, and the *Queen-Regent*; whose Letters were receiv'd by *Queen Christina*, with all the Marks of Royal Affection; she telling the *Ambassador*, That she infinitely honoured the Persons of the *King* and the *Queen-Regent*; and, that she would give them such Proofs of the Integrity of her Friendship, as would demonstrate, That she was sensible of her Obligations to them, for what they had contributed to the good Success of her Affairs: And, that there was nothing more dear to her, nor more fixed in her Resolution, than to conserve inviolably, the

the *League* that was between them. She farther told the *Ambassadors*, that it was with no ordinary Complacency she now beheld Two *Ministers* of *France* in her Court, after she had been without any for a long time. In fine, she assur'd them, that whatsoever could be spar'd from the necessary Defence and Service of the Kingdom, whether Ships, Arms, or Men, should not be wanting to the Aid of the King of *France*.

By this thou mayest perceive, that though the King of *France* has powerful Armies by Land, yet he is defective in *Naval Forces*: Or, if he has Ships enough to defend his own Realms by Sea, and to serve as Convoys to his Merchants, it must be concluded, that some Foreign Expedition is design'd, which has put him upon this extraordinary Method to encrease his Fleet.

I thought it highly necessary to acquaint thee with this Passage, that the *Ministers* of the *Port*, August and ever Happy, may consult what Measures to take with this *Prince*, if it be true, that he designs to break the *League*, which he made with *Sultan Ibrahim* four Years ago. There is but little Confidence to be reposed, in the most Solemn Oaths of *Christian Monarchs*, who hold not themselves obliged to keep Faith with those whom they esteem *Infidels*; and, thou knowest, that is the best Title they can afford the *Observers* of the most perfect Law in the *World*. Yet, the *French*, among all the Nations of the *Messias*, seem to bear the greatest Respect to the *Ottoman Empire*.

pire. But they are inconstant, and changeable, which is an Argument of Insincerity. They are very prompt and warm in contracting Friendships, and as ready to infringe those Sacred Bonds, on the least Occasion, especially where Interest and Ambition have the Ascendant.

The *Venetian Resident* at this Court, makes daily Visits to the *Queen-Regent*, and has frequent Conferences with *Cardinal Mazarini*. Many *Couriers* pass between *Munster*, *Stockholm*, and this City. Yesterday one arrived from the *Venetian Ambassador* at *Munster*, giving an account, that the *Secretary* of that *Embassy*, whom he had sent to *Queen Christina*, was return'd with the Promise of Eight Ships of War, lent by that *Queen* to the *Republick*, to assist them against the All-Conquering *Musfulmans*.

It seems, as if *Sueden* were become the Common *Arsenal* of *Europe*, from which the other Kingdoms are supply'd with all the Instruments of War. But, what is most observable, is, That the *Venetians* obtain'd not this Favour, without the Mediation of the *French Minister* at *Stockholm*. By which it seems evident, that this Court has newly entered into a Private League with the *Republick*; And, that they design to surprize the *Ottomans*, with some sudden Enterprize by Sea.

I shall not let a Moment escape, which may present me with the least Opportunity, to discover what is in the Hearts of these *Insidels*.

If thou wilt favour me with thy Instructions, I shall make the safer Steps. God, whose Eye penetrates into all Obscurities, enlighten us with a Ray of that Wisdom, which once revealed to his Messenger, the secret Conspiracy of the *Corei's*, when they plotted to destroy the Temple built without Hands.

Paris, 17th. of the 2d. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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LETTER

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## LETTER XXI.

To William Vospel, *a Recluse*,  
Halmerstadt in Austria.

I Received thy Letter with Abundance of Complacency, in that it argues the Continuance of thy Friendship; and that I trace therein no Footsteps of an Angry Pen, notwithstanding the Liberty I took to descant on thy Manner of Life. On the Contrary, thou sendest me an Apology full of Meekness. Thy Reasons have a marvellous Force in them; they seem to spring from a Soul veget and living, yet dead to Passion. Thou almost persuadest me to affect a *Monastick* Life, which may not unfitly be term'd, *a Sociable Solitude*.

I much admire, what thou say'st concerning Silence; and wish I could practise that *Passive Vertue*. It is the first Step to Wisdom, the Nurse of Peace, and the Guardian of Vertue. Words do but ruffle and discompose the Mind, betraying the Soul to a Thousand Vanities. Therefore, *Pythagoras* enjoyn'd his Disciples Five Years Silence, before he admitted them to his *Mysterious Philosophy*.

But tell me, why thou didst not rather chuse to live in a *Desart*, remote from Men, where thou wouldst have no Temptation to speak, unless thou wert disposed to hold a Conference with the Trees, or Beasts, or hadst a Mind to sport thy self and have thy Words retorted  
by

by mocking *Eccho's*? If a *Recluse* Life be thy Choice, for the sake of Contemplation, I would advise thee to turn *Hermit*. But perhaps, thou darest not venture thy self among the *Satyrs* of the *Wilderness*; or thou art afraid of the Wild Beasts. As for the First, they are either the Dreams of *Poets*; or, if there be any such Beings in Reality, they will not hurt thee, since thou voluntarily forsookest the Company of Men, to become a *Sylvan*, as they are. As for the Latter, I must confess, I cannot discommend thy Fear, there being no Friendship or Intelligence common between us and the Lions, Tygers, Bears, &c. of the Forest. Yet, I can tell thee for thy Comfort, that by long and assiduous Practice, the fiercest of these Creatures have been taught to converse with Men, to obey their Commands, and to perform the Parts of Diligent Servants, and faithful Friends.

The *Wilderness* will afford thee a fair Opportunity, of studying the Natures of Plants and Animals, the various Alterations in the Elements, the Influence of the Winds and Rains, Meteors and Exhalations; with many other Secrets, which are hid from the greatest Part of Men, who are buried alive in populous Towns and Cities, banish'd from the Familiarity of their Mother-Earth, and most of her genuine Products.

In the *Desert*, the unforc'd Harmony of Birds, shall lull thy Soul in innocent and grateful Slumbers; the gentle Winds shall waft Immortal Whispers to thy Ravish'd Ears, breathing unutterable Sounds from *Paradise*. The mur-  
muring



muring Streams shall warble forth their soft and sweet *Eternal Stories*. All shall conspire to serve thy *Contemplation*, and to transport thy Mind with *Sacred Ecstasies*.

If after all this, thou shalt prefer the *Monastic* Enclosure ; follow thy Resolution, and be Happy. Only remember, that though thy Body be shut up within those Walls ; yet if thy Mind straggle in Vain and Worldly Thoughts, thou art no longer a *Recluse*. Adieu.

Paris, 25th. of the 1d. Moon,  
of the Year 1646,

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LETTER

I have informed the Roy Effendi, of what I knew concerning the French Forces which are sitting out in several Parts of the North

## LETTER XXII.

To the Captain Bassa.

**I**F all be true, that I have Reason to suspect, thou wilt find a warm Divertisement at Sea this Spring. Though the *Europeans* have seem'd slow in their Preparations to assist the State of *Venice*, suffering their separate Interests to supersede the Care of that *Republick*, yet now they turn their Eyes thither. Their Backwardness hitherto, is owing to the Secrecy, with which our Sage *Emperor* meditated the present War. His Counsels were never whisper'd out of the *Seraglio*, till the same Winds transported the News, which waisted our *Invincible Fleet* to the Shore of *Candy*. Now they behold the Ocean, cover'd with the Ships of the *Eastern Empire*, Fear surprizes them; the *Princes* of the *Nazarenes* tremble. They look no longer on the *Republick* of *Venice* with the Eyes of Envy, because of her Preheminence in Traffick, but with another Regard: They consider her, as the *Bulwark* of *Christendom*; the only Bank, which has hitherto stemm'd the Tide of the *Ottoman* Puissance, and stopp'd our *Victorious Armies* from overflowing all *Europe*.

I have informed the *Reis Effendi*, of what I knew concerning the *Naval Forces* which are fitting out, in several Parts of the *North*  
and

and *West*, to aid the *Veretians*; but I have not told him what the *Christians* say of thee; neither am I willing to believe it. They speak of thee, as of a Man not more difficult to be corrupted, than was thy Predecessor, who was strangled by the Order of the *Sultaneſs-Mother*. This Censure, I hope, is an Effect of their Impotence; while they flatter themselves with the Imagination of bribing him, from whose Courage and Fortune they can expect nothing but Defeats.

They trust much in the Force of thy Birth and Education, and discourse of a certain *Magical* Character, imprinted in thy Soul, when thou was baptiz'd, which, they say, is indelible; And, they promise themselves, that thy Native *Christianity*, has more Influence on thy Heart, than Forced *Circumcision*; and that thou wilt not Fight with any Zeal, against Men of the same Principles, as those who gave thee thy *Breath*. But, they confide more in the Charms of their Gold, with which they design to bribe thee. In fine, they drink Healths to the *Honest Renegado*. So they term him, who commands the whole Fleet of the *Ottoman Empire*.

I do not give Credit to these Calumnies, having good Grounds to boast of thy Integrity. However, I Counsel thee, by some extraordinary Service to thy *Master*, to give the Lye to these *Infidels*: And, suffer not that, which at present may be but a bare Suspicion, to be improved by thy Neglect or Cowardise, into a palpable Evidence, That

F

thou

thou art false and perfidious to the *Supreme Lord*  
of the *Globe*.

Paris, 6d. of the 3d. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER XXIV.

*To Adonai, a Jew at Venice.*

**N**OW thou art fixed, 'tis time to write to thee: Thou hast been a Rambler these Three or Four Years, and no Body knew where to find thee. I have received Eleven *Dispatches* from thee, since thy first Departure from *Genova*: Wherein thou hast informed me, of many Passages of *State*. Now I desire thee to send me some Remarks, of the different Nature of the People thou hast seen, their various Customs and Laws, with whatsoever was worthy Observation in thy *Travels*.

*Italy* is a fair Field, yet produces *Darnel* as well as *wholesome Corn*. It is a Beautiful Garden, yet bears *Aconite* intermix'd with her *Roses*: Great Vertues, and no Less Vices. This Region is famous for the Wisdom of its Inhabitants, and for their *Proverbs*: It is the *Arabia* of *Europe*, in many Sences. Yet, much lessened in its Renown, since the Decline of the *Roman Empire*. The *Goths* and *Vandals*, turned all into *Desarts*, where they came; and, have

have left such Impressions of their *Northern Barbarism* behind them, as made the People they conquer'd, half-Savages. Hence came the general Decay of Learning and Knowledge in these *Western Parts*: Hence the Corruption of Ancient Manners. The Great, the Noble, and the Wise, bowed under the Yoke of their *New Masters*, learned their Fashions, and gloried in their Shame. Their Examples influenc'd the Vulgar; Debauchery became Modish and Authentick: Thus a general Depravation of pristine Integrity took Place, and Men became Vicious by a Law.

Neither has Wickedness planted it self only in *Europe*: The Sea could not stop this Boundless Evil. *Asia* is infected also, and the Vice of *Italy* is transported to the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. Thou hast seen all the Chief Cities between the *Alps* and *Rhœgium*, which is the utmost Angle of *Italy*, to the *South*: tell me whether *Sodom* could exceed any of them, in Licentiousness: We will not except, even *Rome*, the Seat of the *Christians Musti*. These *Uncircumcised*, have learned of thy Nation, to call the *Ancient Philosophers*, *Infidels*: but, had any of those *Sages* liv'd to see the Abominations of the *Modern Nazarenes*, they would have despised the *Faith* which produced no better *Works*.

*Adonai*, put in Practice the Import of thy Name; be *Lord* of thy self; and, if thou stumblest at the *Light* of the *Mussulmans*, walk in that of *Moses*, but shun the *Paths* of the *Christians*; for, they are enveloped in Dark-

ness, and grope at Mid-day. Live according to *Reason*, and thou shalt be Happy. Adieu.

Paris, 18th. of the 3d. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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## LETTER XXV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THE present War of *Candy*, is like to render that *Island* as much the Subject of the World's Discourse, as it was formerly famous, for being the *Cradle* of *Jupiter*. In those Days, it was called *Crete*, much Celebrated in the Writings of the *Greek Poets*. Afterwards, it became a *Province* of the *Roman Empire*; then of the *Grecians*; next it submitted to the *Saracens*. But, in the time of the *Christian Expeditions* in *Palestine*, when *Baldwin*, Earl of *Flanders*, was Crown'd *Emperour* of *Constantinople*, this *Island* came into his Possession: which he gave to a certain valiant Commander in his Army, a Man of a Noble Descent; of whom the *Venetians* purchased it; and in their Hands, it has continued ever since. But now, in all Probability, it will be the Prize of those Arms which nothing Sublunary can resist.

The Posts from *Italy* and the Sea Coasts of this Kingdom confirm each other's News; all agreeing, That notwithstanding the Utmost Efforts

Efforts of the *Venetians* and *Candiots*, to hinder the Relief of *Canea*; yet, our *General* is got into that Haven, with vast Quantities of Provisions, and a sufficient Reinforcement of Men. They add, that Forty thousand of our Soldiers have made a Descent in another part of the *Island*, have gain'd the Forts of *Cisternes*, *Colmi*, and *Bicorno*, and were on their March towards *Suda*, with a Design to Besiege that Place. They accuse our *General* of barbarous Cruelty, in that he caused Five of the Principal *Noblemen* of that Kingdom; to be put to Death; because they refused to betray their Country, or enter into the Interests of the *Grand Signior*.

I must confess, *Magnificent Aga*, That whatever may be said in Commendation of this *General's* Policy, and Fidelity to his *Master*; it is no Argument of the Goodness of his Disposition. I rather admire the Temper of the *Duke of Orleans*, who when *Gravling* was surrendered to him, just as he entred the Town, was heard to say these Words: *Let us endeavour by Generous Actions, to win the Hearts of all Men; so may we hope for a daily Victory. Let the French learn from me, this new Way of Conquest, to subdue Men by Mercy and Clemency.*

These are Heroick Sentiments, and agree well with the Character of this *Prince*, who is said, never to have been the Author of any Man's Death, nor to have revenged himself of any Injury: Yet, a valiant Soldier, an expert Commander, and no bad Politician.

It is not hid from the *Cour*, with what a Matchless Vertue he dismiss'd a Gentleman that

was hired to Murder him. This *Assassin* was suffered to pass into the *Duke's* Bed-Chamber one Morning early, pretending Business of great Moment from the *Queen*. As soon as the *Duke* cast his Eyes on him, he spoke thus; *I know thy Business, Friend; thou art sent to take away my Life: What hurt have I done thee? It is now in my Power, with a Word, to have thee cut in Pieces before my Face: But I pardon thee; go thy Way, and see my Face no more.*

The Gentleman stung with his own Guilt, and astonish'd at the excellent Nature of this Prince, fell on his Knees, confess'd his Design, and who employ'd him: And, having promis'd eternal Gratitude for this Royal Favour, departed without any other notice taken of him; and fearing to tarry in *France*, enter'd himself into the Service of the *Spanish* King. It was his Fortune afterwards to encounter the *Duke of Orleans*, in a Battel in *Flanders*. The *Duke*, at that instant, was oppress'd with a Croud of *Germans* who surrounded him; and, in the Conflict, he lost his Sword. Which this Gentleman perceiving, nimbly stepp'd to him, and deliver'd one into the *Duke's* Hands, saying withal, *Now reap the Fruit of thy former Clemency. Thou gavest me my Life, now I put thee into a Capacity to defend thy own.* The Prince, by this Means, at length escaped the Danger he was in; and that Day the Fortnne of War was on his Side. The *French* had a considerable Victory.

Thou seest by this, that Heroick Actions have something *Divine* in them, and attract the Favours of *Heaven*. No Man ever was a Loser  
by



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by good Works ; For, though he be not presently rewarded ; yet, in Tract of Time, some happy Emergency or other arises to convince him, *That Vertuous Men are the Darlings of Providence.*

Thou that art near the Person of the *Grand Signior*, mayst find an Opportunity to relate this Story to him, which may make no unprofitable Impression on his Mind. *Princes* ever stand in need of faithful Monitors.

Adieu, Great Minister, and favour *Mahmud* with the Continuance of thy Protection and Friendship.

Paris, 25th. of the 3d. Moon,  
of the Year 1696.

## LETTER XXVI.

To Nassuf, Bassa of Natolia.

I Received thy Letter, as an Argument of the Continuance of that Friendship which was between us, when we lived together in the *Seraglio*. Since that time, thou and I have been employed Abroad, in different Services of our *August Empeur*, who has now rewarded thy Fidelity with a Command; which, if it be not adequate to thy Merit, is nevertheless agreeable to thy Wishes.

I Congratulate thy Honour,, and wish thee a gradual Increase of it; for, sudden and violent Leaps are dangerous. But, our Glorious *Sultan*, discovers his Abilities in Nothing more eminently, than in adapting Places of Trust to the Deserts and Capacities of his Faithful *Slaves*. So that, if he should in time think fit, to exalt thee to the Highest Dignity in the *State*; we might from the Choice of so wise a Prince, presage thee a better Fortune, than befall one of thy Name, in the Reign of *Sultan Achmet III.* who from a *Slave* sold in the Market for Three Sequins, was advanced to an Honour too weighty for his Vertue; being made *Vizir Azem*, and Lord of the most delicious *Provinces* in *Asia*. But, being Ambitious of absolute *Sovereignty*, he plotted Treason against his Master; which being discovered, the Fatal Firm was sign'd, and all his Designs were stifled with a Bow-string,

By

By this thou mayst comprehend, how necessary it is for *Princes*, not to overload any Man with *Dignities*, beyond the Proportion of his Humility and Faithfulness. Yet Rewards well placed, give new Vigor to the Endeavours of a *Slave*; whereas, when good Services are slighted, it does but quench the Ardour, with which they were perform'd. Few Men are so Spiritual, as to do Great and Heroick Things, purely for the Sake internal Complacency. And, I doubt not, but the *Decii* themselves, in so freely sacrificing their Lives for their Country, had regard to Humane Glory. Even *Seneca*, whom one would take for the most mortify'd *Stoick* of that Age, by his *Writings*; yet, is conceived to have found more Encouragement, in the Treasures of Gold, with which *Nero's* Bounty had fill'd his Coffers, than in all his *Morals*, of which he had such refin'd Sentiments, and Elegant Expressions.

What I have said, thou hast Wisdom enough to apply to thy Self, without being vain-glorious: Let those whom thou employest in any meritorious Services, and who discharge their Trust well be encourag'd with the same Proportions of Bounty. Munificence will not only add to thy Glory, but also advance thy Interest; since, thou wilt ever have Occasion for thy *Slaves*: And, he who has once tasted thy Liberality, as a Reward for any Eminent Performance; had he no other Motive, than the Pleasure of renewing so profitable an Experiment, will freely hazard his Life, to serve thee in an Extremity.

This Method thou wilt find of no small Use to thee, in the Wars to which thou art going; where it will be necessary for thee, to recompence the least singular Bravery of the meanest Soldier, not only with Applause, but with some Preferment in the Army. This will not only prove a Spur to others, but even to the Person so rewarded; and put him upon new Efforts of Courage, to attract the Eyes of his Munificent General. This will be the Way for thee, in time, to have an Army composed all of Captains, or Men qualified for such.

Yet let not this diminish the Severity of that Discipline, which is requisite to retain a prosperous Army in their Obedience. I counsel thee, to be strict in requiring the least Military Duty; and Industrious in performing thy own Part, which will be an Example to the Rest: Yet, rather be forward to lead in Labours, than in Dangers: in regard thou wilt be more serviceable in a Battel, by thy Counsels and Orders, than by personally entring the Combat. In all things prefer the Welfare of the *Ottoman Empire*, to whatsoever else is most dear to thee; even to thy own *Honour*, which yet ought to be dearer to thee than thy *Life*.

If thou thinkest I have taken too much Liberty to advise thee, accuse thy self for having honour'd me with thy Friendship, which admits of no *Reserves* in *Conversation*.

Paris, 7th. of the 4th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

## LETTER XXVII.

*To the Kaimacham.*

IT is a vast Disappointment to the *Venetians*, that our General in *Candy* has so opportunely revictuall'd *Canea*, and encreas'd the Garrison there. *Morofini* is blam'd for this, by those that wish him no Good. What will not Envy suggest when it beholds a Man on the Top of Honour? This General, to give an Enemy his Due, is a Man of Spirit and true Fortitude; neither courting, nor shunning Dangers in the Service of his Country; but when once engag'd in Perils for that Cause, he is fearless as a Lion. If he has not hitherto had Occasion to give the State so desperate a Proof of his Loyalty, as once did the *Roman Curtius* (who bravely gallop'd into the Bottomless *Chasm*, to pacifieth their Angry Gods) yet he has often demonstrated, That his Courage and Fidelity come not short of the Ancient *Heroes*. In a Word, he has done too much for the *Republick of Venice*, to escape the Spleen of other Grandees. All must be *Generals*, or the War will not prosper. Each Man's Ambition dictates this to the *State*, That a Man of Conduct, would soon expel the *Turks* out of that *Island*: Thus, in his Concept, laying a Train for his own Promotion.

Wouldst thou know *Morofini's* Crime, that excites all this Passion? To speak the Truth, it was an Oversight advantageous to the *Otto-*

*mans*

*mans.* He put out with his whole Fleet to Sea, and left the *Port* of *Canea* open. By which Means, Three of our Ships got in with Plenty of Provisions. So that the Town is now in a Condition to sustain a long Siege, and the *Venetians* despair of ever recovering it. Yet *Morofini* has made so plausible an Apology, that the *Senate* have acquitted him; not judging it consistent either with Justice or their Interest, to suffer one Miscarriage, the Effect of a fair Intention, to out-weigh his numerous Merits and Services. For, the Occasion of his thus suddenly abandoning the Avenue of that Haven, was, to chase some of our Vessels, then under Sail not many Leagues off; and the Taking of those Vessels, on Board of which were abundance of *Slaves*, justified to the *Senate*, the Truth of his Pretensions. However, there are not wanting such as say, he held a private Correspondence with our *General*: Others, That the present *Governour* of *Canea*, had formerly taken Captive at Sea a Son of *Morofini's*, whom he now offer'd to restore, in case he would withdraw his Ships from before the Haven, for a few Days. I know not how far this may be credited. But, 'tis a certain Truth, That *Morofini* has his Son again, and he defended himself by pleading, That he redeem'd him by exchanging a *Mahometan* Captive of Equal Quality, whom he had aboard his Ship.

And, thou knowest, That this Manner of Barter, is lawful in War. *Adonai* the Jew, sends me this Intelligence; and, I dare believe him: For, since the Instructions I sent him to  
Genova,

*Genoua*, he has taken Care to ascertain his Reports. I wish it were as true, that *Morofini* cou'd be prevailed on, to accept the Friendships of the *Sublime Port*. But, the Character of that *General*, gives me no Encouragement to hope, for so fortunate a Treachery, from his severe Vertue.

However, I will hope and believe, That the *Eternal Patron* of *True Believers*, will give such a happy Issue to the *Ottoman Arms* in *Candy*, and and all other Parts, as shall dispose the *Nazarenes*, that remain unconquer'd, to honour *Him* whom they have hitherto despised and blasphem'd; even the *Prophet*, who cou'd neither Write nor Read.

Paris, 7th. of the 4th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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LETTER

## LETTER XXVIII.

To Cara Hali, a Physician at Constantinople.

THE time of Year is now come, wherein the Earth turns her Inside out; and Nature calls forth the hidden Vertues of that Element, to grace the World with an infinite Variety of pleasant Forms and Colours. The Eye is lost in such a Croud of different Beauties; and every Sence is ravish'd with delightful Objects. The Young Men and Virgins throng the Fields, to behold the Resurrection of Flowers and Herbs; and the Old feel new Vigours springing in their Bodies, as though they had been in *Medea's* Cauldron. Even *Mahmut* himself, who has droop'd all the Winter, now begins to lift up his Head, and partake in the Common Restauration of all things.

If I am capable of guessing at the occasion of my frequent Sicknels, I believe it may in part be attributed to the Want of fresh Air, in the Place where I Lodge. There is a vast Difference between the Streets of *Paris*, and those of *Constantinople*. I seem to my self to be buried alive in this close City, where my Chamber-Window, affords me no farther Prospect than I can spit: Whereas, in *Constantinople*, the Gardens are so intermix'd with Houses, That it looks like a City in the midst of a Forest; and,



and, by the Advantage of its Situation, is always refreshed with Breezes from the Sea.

Besides the Impurity of these *Infidels*, who empty all their Filth in the Streets, so that the Dirt of *Paris* may be smelt some Miles off; the Uncleanliness of their Diet, contributes in no small Measure to my Dislemper; being forced either to feed on Flesh with the Blood in it, or live on Herbs. They laugh at the Niceness of the *Mussulmans*, who will eat no Meat, that was knock'd down or strangled. They seem to be greedy of Blood, saving it in Vessels; and, mixing it with Flower of Wheat, make a certain Bread thereof, which they devour without the least Squeamishness. A *True Believer*, would tremble at the Sight of such Impiety. I tell thee, it is impossible to live among them, and not be polluted: They have no Methods of Purification. They wallow, and hug themselves in their Uncleanliness: they are worse than the Beasts.

Now the *Spring* has provided a new Banquet wherein there is no Impurity, I am resolved to live like a *Mussulman*, and conform to the Precepts of our *Holy Law-Giver*; Who, when he beholds my Zeal and Abstinence, will send the *Angel of Health* from his *Paradise*, to repair my decay'd Constitution.

The *French Philosophers*, are busied in an Inquisition after certain Kinds of Birds, which from the Second Day of this *Moon*, they say are not to be found in the whole Kingdom, though the Woods and Fields were full of them during the *Winter*. Some are of Opinion,  
that

that they fly to the *Moon*; asserting, That if their Wings will but carry 'em beyond the *Magnetic* Force of the Earth, it will be no Pain to glide through the Upper Aery Region, till they arrive within the Attractive Energy of that Planet, where they will *Naturally* seek Rest. Others, with more Probability, say, That these Birds take their Flight to some other Region on Earth, whose Climate is more agreeable to their Natures, at this time of Year.

I wish I could as easily once a Year take my Flight to *Constantinople*, where my Heart is *Winter* and *Summer*, Adieu, dear *Hali*, and pity *Mahmut*, who counts himself unhappy in nothing so much, as in being absent from his Friends.

Paris, 7th. of the 4th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

*To the Tefterdar, or Lord-Treasurer.*

IT appears, That *France* has some extraordinary Design by Sea: when and where 'twill be put in Execution, is not yet known; but the vast Preparations that are making, seem to threaten some Foreign Invasion, rather than a Naval Combat: It looks, as if they had an Expedition in Hand greater than that of *Xerxes*; to make a Bridge over the Ocean, and joyn the separated Parts of the World together. New *Arsenals* are built, in several Maritime Towns; and, all the Forests are cut down to fill them with Timber for *Ships of War*: The Mountains are left naked of Trees, and the stately Woods are transplanted into the Havens. An Infinite Number of Men are employ'd in making Cordage, Chains, Bullets, Anchors, Ordnance, and all other Necessaries belonging to a Navy.

This is *Cardinal Mazarin's* Project, under Pretence of setting the Poor of the Kingdom at Work, and disburthening the *Common-wealth* of Vagabonds and Idle Persons. But, *Mabmut* is not placed here, to be amus'd with State-Umbrages. It is evident, that this *Minister* designs to render his *Master* formidable, on both Elements. *Agents* are sent to buy Ships in all Parts; and, the very Peasants are forced from the

the Vineyards and Fields, to Man the Greatest Fleet that ever this Kingdom fitted out to Sea.

Last Moon the *Sieur de Quesne* was sent to assist *Monsieur Chanut*, in purchasing Vessels in *Suedeland*. It seems, there had been some Demurrs in his Negotiation; to remove which, this latter was sent with fresh Instructions. But, *Monsieur Chanut* rejected him; and Ten Days ago, came an Expres from that Minister, desiring, that a more Intelligent Colleague might be sent him; in regard, he found it difficult to treat successfully with a People too much elated with continual Victories.

Upon this, the Court have sent a *Courier* to *Stockholm*, with new Orders: whereby he is forbid to make any farther Overtures in Order to the Continuance of the *League* between these Two Crowns: That *France* may not always appear in a Suppliant Posture, whilst the *Suedes* seem careless to conserve a Friendship, which they themselves first coveted.

These Misunderstandings may in a short time proceed to a greater Alienation; and, in the End, to an open Rupture. Which has the more Probability, in that General *Koningmark* lately stopp'd some *French* Troops in their March, under pretence of seeing their Passports; but really, as 'tis thought, to corrupt the Soldiers, and withdraw them from the Fidelity they owe their Sovereign.

This is highly resented here; and, they begin to discourse, of making *Peace* with *Germany*.

What

What the Issue of these Things will be, is yet in the Dark ; but *God*, from whose *Throne* hangs the *Chain of Destiny*, which reaches to the Center of the Earth, will, I hope, so dispose of all Humane Events, That the Quarreis of the *Nazarenes* shall minister occasion to the *Osmons* to encrease the Territories of our Puissant *Emperor*.

Paris, 1st. of the 5th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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LETTER

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## LETTER XXX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Cannot but highly applaud the Resolution thou hast taken, as thy Letter intimates, to enquire into the *Grounds* of the *Religion* thou art of. This shews, that thou settest a Value on thy Reason, and thinkest thy self beyond the Pupillage of a Child; that thou esteemest thy self of Years, to make a Choice of thy *Religion*, and not to take it up on the bare *Credit* of thy *Forefathers*. 'Tis certain, that *Error* may be *Traditional* as well as *Truth*: And the *Pagan Idolaters*, pleaded a Greater *Antiquity* for the *Altars* of their *Gods*, than could the *Followers* of *Moses*, for the *Temple* of *Jerusalem*, the *Tabernacle* in the *Desart*, or for the *Promulgation* of the *Law* it self on *Mount Sinai*: Since, there was scarce a *Region* on the *Continent*, which had not *Establish'd Rites* and *Ceremonies* of *Worship*, long before *Moses*, or even *Jacob*, the Great *Father* of the *Israelites* were born.

Among the Rest of the Nations, *Arabia* my Native Country, was peculiarly blest'd with the Footsteps of the *Illustrious Ibrahim*, Grandfather to *Israel*, from whom the *Jews* descend. In this Happy Country, that Renowned *Prophet* sojourned, conversed with *Angels*: And, with the *Majesty* which cannot be uttered, he Preach-  
ed

ed the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, Converted the People from their *Idolatry*, built an *Oratory* at *Meccha*, and was taken up into *Paradise*.

*Ismael* his eldest Son, and Heir of his Father's Spirit, as of his Territories, trod in the Footsteps of the *Assumpt* of God. He brake down the *Idols*, asserted *One God*, the *Resurrection*, the *Day of Judgment*, the *Joys* of *Paradise*, and the *Torments* of *Hell*. His *Off-Spring* Multiplied, and Peopled all the *East*: The *Princes* of this *Holy Line*, subdued the *Infidel Nations*, and rooted themselves in the most fertile Regions of *Asia*, professing themselves *Mussulmans* or *True Believers*. Thus passed the *Light* of God from the *Face* of *Ibrahim*, to his *Posterity* by Successive Generations; till at Length, it rested on the *Face* of *Mahomet*, Our *Holy Law-giver*, and was encreas'd with admirable Splendor, by the frequent Visits of the *Angel Gabriel*. He took the *Root* of *Evil*, out of the *Prophet's Heart*; brought him down the *Alcoran* from *Heaven*, and gave him *Victory* and *Honor*; call'd him by a New Name, *THE SEAL OF THE PROPHETS*; carried him to the *Throne* of God, through *Legions* of *Devils*, that waited below the *Moon* to destroy him. And finally, made his *Sepulcher* Glorious and resorted to, by the *Believers* of all Nations on the Earth.

I send thee this *Abstract* of the *Mussulman History*, to the End, thou maist see what Pretensions the *Children* of *Ismael* have to the *True Law*; which you, of the *Posterity* of *Isaac* would monopolize to your selves: As if, God had

had not sent *Prophets* to all *Nations*, to lead them into the Right Way, and not into the Way of *Infidels*. Nevertheless, take not these Things on my Credit, but examine the *Records* of thy own *Nation*, and the *History* of *past Times*. Weigh all Things in the Balance: Consult thy Reason, which is an indeficient Light, to those who follow it. Your *Law*, was once Pure and Uncorrupted; but, in time, the *Devil* inserted many Errors: He seduced your *Fathers*; they return'd upon their Steps, and fell back into *Idolatry*. Then *God* raised up the *Messias*, to reform all things; but Him ye rejected. And when he was taken up into *Paradise*, ye reported, *That he was hang'd on a Tree*. In this, the *Nazarenes* are your Fools, and fight against themselves; Whilst they assert, as you do, that he who is *Immortal* and *Triumphant*, among the Hundred and twenty four thousand *Prophets*, *Was Crucified between Two Thieves*; Thus bringing a Reproach on the *Apostle* of *God*, and on their Own Faith; in believing things inconsistent with the Goodness and Power of the *Divine Majesty*. Without doubt, *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, is Ascended *Body* and *Soul* into *Paradise*; who, whilst he was on *Earth*, said, *Worship One God, Your Lord and Mine*.

Let me not seem importunate, or troublesome. I seek not to circumvent thy Reason, but to direct it. Think Seven Times before thou Change Once. I will procure the Books of our *Law*; Peruse them with Judgment; and tell me then, whether thou hast ever seen any *Writing* comparable



parable to the *Alcoran*? The *Majesty* of the *Style*, speaks it above *Humane Original*: It is exempt from Contradiction, from the Beginning to the End: it confirms the *Old Testament*, which thou believest: it is all over cloath'd with Light. Doubtless, it is no other, than a Transcript of the *Book* written in *Heaven*.

If after all thy Search, thou shalt determine otherwise, follow thou *Thy Law*, and I will follow *Mine*. We both Worship *One God, Lord* of the *Universe*.

Paris, 10th. of the 5th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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LETTER

## LETTER XXXI.

To the same.

LET not the Fear of displeasing those of thy Nation, hinder thee from embracing the Truth. God shall protect thee from the Malice of *Unbelievers*. Thy Interest is already great among the *Mussulmans*; our *August Emperour* will augment both that, and thy Honour. Take hold of the strongest Knot and adhere not to *Tagot*. The Cleanliness and Delicacy of the *Mussulmans*, may invite thee; which far exceeds that of the *Jews*, and yet is void of *Superstition*: We on'y obey the sincere Dictates of *Nature*, which teach us, That so long as the Soul dwells in this Mansion of *Flesh*, it partakes of Bodily Pollutions. 'Tis to avoid these, we abstain from certain Meats and Drinks, which cannot be touch'd without Contamination. To this End, do we observe that superlative Niceness, in our Washings and Purifications, which discriminates us from all the World beside. Doubtless, Our *Law* is but the *Law* of *Moses*, refin'd and sublimated from the Dregs of adventitious Error.

Write often to me, and whatever Reasons may prevail on thee not to change thy Religion, let no Arguments tempt thee to swerve from thy *Fidelity* to the *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns* on Earth, the *Grand Signior*, in whose Veins runs the most Exalted Blood of Humane Race.

Here

Here is a Report in this City, that the *Elect* of *Brandenburg*, will demand the *Queen* of *Sueden* in Marriage: let me know if it be true, that I may inform the *Ministers* of the *Lofty* *Port*, from whom nothing ought to be concealed, that occurs of Moment betwixt the Two *Poles*.

Inform me also, what passes remarkable in the *Assembly* of the *Deputies* at *Munster*, and whether it be true, that the *Danube* has lately overflow'd its Banks, and carried away Four hundred Houses in its rapid Course.

Such Stories are told here, by those who know not how to pass away their time, but in harkning after Foreign News, to furnish themselves with Matter to amuse the Credulous, and beget Admiration of their Intelligence.

I have sent thee a *Watch* of my making; If thou acceptest it with good Will, 'tis a sufficient Acknowledgment.

May *God*, whose Presence fills the *Universe*, disclose himself to thee, in the way of *Salvation*, and continue to breath good Motions into thy Soul.

Paris, 10th of the 5th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

G. LETTER

## LETTER XXXII.

To the Kaimacham.

**A** Donai the Jew, has much improv'd himself, in his late Progress thorough *Italy*: He is grown a perfect *Statesman*; having found out the Way to penetrate into Secrets, and to dispatch Business without any Noise. He may prove very serviceable at *Venice*, during the present War of *Candy*. His Acquaintance in that City, gives him Access to the Cabals of the *Senators*; who spare not, over their Wine, to whisper the Counsels of the *State*, and to dissent to the Measures that are taken to defend that *Republick*, against the Invincible Prowess of the *Ottoman Armies*.

It is publickly known, that they have sent *Embassadors* to the *Crown of Moscow*, that of *Poland*, and to the *Cossacks*; inviting them to enter into a *League*, against the *Grand Signior*. But few are acquainted with the private Treaty they are making, with the *Bassa of Aleppo*. We owe this Discovery, to the Diligence and Wit of this *Son of Israel*. He has drawn the Secret from the Mouths of several Eminent *Counsellors of State*; and assures me, That the *Senate* have made such Proposals to the *Governour*, as cannot fail of inducing him to Revolt.

This may prove of ill Consequence, if not timely prevented: The pernicious Example of this *Bassa*, may incite others to tread in his Steps,

Steps, especially his Neighbours of *Sidon* and *Damascus*, who have for a long time meditated a Sovereignty, Independent of the *Throne* which first establish'd 'em in those Charges. Besides, the single Forces of this *Bassa*, will be able to give a powerful Diversion to the Arms of the *Empire*, already engag'd in *Candy*, *Dalmatia*, and other Parts, by Sea and Land. He says, the *Venetians* speak much in praise of this *Bassa's* Justice, whereof they relate many Examples: among the rest, a certain *Cook* among the *Franks* of that City, was accus'd of dressing and selling putrify'd Flesh, whereby many that eat thereof were infected with the *Plague*. Complaint being made of this to the *Bassa*, he sends for the *Cook*, and examines him about it: he reply'd, that he sold none but good and wholesome Meat; for, if it happen'd that at any time he was forc'd to keep any Flesh in his House above Three Days, he so season'd it with Spices and Herbs, as made it very savoury, and without any ill Scent.

The *Bassa*, not having Patience to hear any more of this fetid Apology, commanded his Arms and Legs to be cut off, and the Veins to be sear'd up: Ordering, that during the short time he had to live, he should have no other Food, but what was made of his own Limbs.

They relate one more Passage, of a Complaint that was made by a Peasant; whose Daughter this *Bassa's* only Son had ravish'd: The *Bassa* compell'd him to Marry her with this Charge, *Let me hear no more Complaints of thee; unless thou art resolved to leave me with ut a Son,*

It is reported here, That the King of Persia has made a Peace with the Great Mogul; and that they will both turn their Forces, against our August Emperour.

Here is also a Courier arriv'd from Marseilles, who brings News of the Revolt of Cavarra; the Inhabitants of that Place, having shaken off the Obedience they owe to the Sultan, and put themselves under the Protection of the Venetians: And, that General Gimani, has taken Four Ships of Ragusa, laden with Ammunition for our Army. He adds also, That Morosini has Thirty small Vessels, besides Galleys, under the very Walls of the Dardanells. I long ago suggested to the Vizir Azem, That the Weakness of those Castles would, one time or other, encourage the Christians to perform some notable Exploit in the Hellespont. But, Mahmut's Counsel was not regarded: Now the Event justifies my Advice, the Port will Consult the Security of that Avenue. I wish they do not practise the Trojan Wildom. The Venetians have a powerful Fleet: If they block up the Hellespont, and hinder our Ships from sailing into the Archipelago; and the Cossacks, in the mean while, cover the Black Sea, with their Barks, committing a Thousand Piracies and Ravages, what will become of the Imperial City? Whence will they provide Sustenance for so many Millions of People, as inhabit that City and the Parts adjacent.

These Things are Worthy of Consideration. And thou, who hast the Care of that Capital Seat of the Ottoman Empire, wilt not blame Mahmut.

*Mahmut*, for putting thee in mind of the Danger which threatens even the *Seraglio* it self at this Juncture. However, I have done my Duty, Sage *Minister*, and refer the rest to thy Wisdom. My Letters are all Register'd ; and if Affairs should succeed ill, it will be manifested, That *Mahmut*, who watches Night and Day, to serve the *Great Master* of the *World*, has not been wanting to give timely Notice of what might be advantageous to the *Monarchy* of the *True Faithful*.

Thou, who art celebrated for thy Justice and Probity, pardon the Liberty which my Zeal for Thy *Master* and Mine, renders worthy of Excuse.

Paris, 19th. of the 5th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

*The End of the First Book.*

It is reported here, That the King of *Persia* has made a *Peace* with the *Great Mogul*; and that they will both turn their Forces, against our *August Emperour*.

Here is also a *Courier* arriv'd from *Marseilles*, who brings News of the Revolt of *Cavarra*; the Inhabitants of that Place, having shaken off the Obedience they owe to the *Sultan*, and put themselves under the Protection of the *Venetians*: And, that *General Gimani*, has taken Four Ships of *Ragusa*, laden with Ammunition for our Army. He adds also, That *Morofini* has Thirty small Vessels, besides Gallies, under the very Walls of the *Dardanells*. I long ago suggested to the *Vizir Azem*, That the Weakness of those Castles would, one time or other, encourage the *Christians* to perform some notable Exploit in the *Hellepont*. But, *Mahmut's* Counsel was not regarded: Now the Event justifies my Advice, the *Port* will Consult the Security of that Avenue. I wish they do not practise the *Trojan* Wildom. The *Venetians* have a powerful Fleet: If they block up the *Hellepont*, and hinder our Ships from sailing into the *Archipelago*; and the *Cossacks*, in the mean while, cover the *Black Sea* with their Barks, committing a Thousand Piracies and Ravages, what will become of the *Imperial City*? Whence will they provide Sustenance for so many Millions of People, as inhabit that City and the Parts adjacent.

These Things are worthy of Consideration. And thou, who hast the Care of that *Capital Seat* of the *Ottoman Empire*, wilt not blame

*Mahmut*.



*Mahmut*, for putting thee in mind of the Danger which threatens even the *Seraglio* it self at this Juncture. However, I have done my Duty, Sage *Minister*, and refer the rest to thy Wisdom. My Letters are all Register'd ; and if Affairs should succeed ill, it will be manifested, That *Mahmut*, who watches Night and Day, to serve the *Great Master* of the *World*, has not been wanting to give timely Notice of what might be advantageous to the *Monarchy* of the *True Faithful*.

Thou, who art celebrated for thy Justice and Probity, pardon the Liberty which my Zeal for Thy *Master* and Mine, renders worthy of Excuse.

Paris, 19th. of the 5th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

*The End of the First Book.*

Madame, for giving them in this of the  
for which I have no doubt you are  
this [unclear]. However, I have no doubt  
Sage Master, and refer the rest to my [unclear].  
My letters are all Registered, and if a fair  
should succeed ill, it will be manifested. Thus  
Madame, who wishes [unclear] and [unclear]  
give the Great Master of the [unclear] [unclear]  
been wanting to give [unclear] [unclear] of [unclear]  
might be advantageous to the [unclear] of the  
[unclear] [unclear]

Then, who are celebrated for my Justice  
and Probity, pardon the Liberty which may  
Zeal for the Master and Mine, renders worthy  
of Excuse.

Paris, 10th of the 3rd Month  
of the Year 1794.

The End of the First Book.

LETTER

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# LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. III.

BOOK II.

## LETTER I.

To the Most Magnificent and Illustrious  
Vizier Azem, at the Port.

**O** Smin the Dwarf, whom I formerly mentioned, remains still in the Court; and continues his good Offices, in communicating to me such Passages as come to his Knowledge. He has a subtle Wit, and bears no hearty Love to the Christians, though he be one himself in Pro-  
G 4 fessions

cession. He frequently visits me, and trusts me with his Secrets. One day he convinc'd me by evident Circumstances, That *Cardinal Mazarini*, was projecting to give some secret and sudden Blow to the *Ottoman Empire*, for which *Osmin* seems to be concern'd by a Natural Inclination; being, as I told thee, born of *Mahometan* Parents; he was uneasie, till he had acquainted me with his Apprehensions; and, I gave him such Instructions, as I thought most proper on this Occasion. I set my Thoughts on the Rack, to prevent so dire a Mischief. And, having premeditated well on this Affair, I pitch'd on a Course, which would at once clear me from the *Cardinal's* Suspicion; and, by seeming to favour his Designs, would absolutely overthrow them. I went to him boldly one Day; and being admitted to his Closet, I thus address'd that Politician;

'THERE are now Nine Years elaps'd, Great Minister, since I first breath'd the Air of *France*; during all which time, I have not only shar'd in Common with the Natives, the Benefits which have accru'd to this Noble Kingdom, under the Auspicious Ministry of *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his no less Eminent Successor; but have also receiv'd many particular Honours from that Illustrious Prince of the Church, to which

' which Your *Eminence* has been pleased  
 ' to make some undeserv'd Additions.  
 ' 'Tis to you both; I owe the Character  
 ' which has introduc'd me into the Ac-  
 ' quaintance and Favour of the Nobility;  
 ' who, on that Score, have thought me  
 ' Worthy to Instruct their Children, in  
 ' the Greek and Arabick Tongues; have  
 ' vouchsafed to admit me to their Salt;  
 ' and to encourage me with the Hopes,  
 ' of finding a Comfortable Repose in  
 ' the Bosom of the Gallican Church, after  
 ' a tedious Peregrination from my own  
 ' Country.

' When I reflect on all the accumula-  
 ' ted Blessings I enjoy, under the Pro-  
 ' tection of Your *Eminence*; Blessings  
 ' equally transcending my Ambition, as  
 ' they do my Merits; I apply all my  
 ' Studies, to find out some acceptable  
 ' Way of Acknowledgment to my Gra-  
 ' cious Benefactor. And, because nothing  
 ' can be more Welcom to the Guardian  
 ' of France, than the Means of advan-  
 ' cing the Publick Good of the Kingdom  
 ' committed to his Care; I now presume,  
 ' as a Testimony of my Gratitude, to  
 ' propose to Your *Eminence*, some Spé-  
 ' culations, which if put in Execution,  
 ' will in my Judgment, not only render

France the most Formidable and Absolute Monarchy on Earth, but also tie the whole Catholick World in Eternal Obligations to her; and give just Reason to change the Style of his Most Christian Majesty, from Eldest Son of the Church, to that of Father of all Christendom.

Your Eminence will not wonder at the Zeal of a Stranger, or the Care that Titus of Moldavia takes for France: In being Sollicitous for this Kingdom, I consult the Welfare of my own Country, and of all the Nations which profess the Faith of Jesus; since it is easie to see, That in the Fate of France, that of all Europe is involv'd.

It is a long time since the Dismember'd Reliques of the Roman Empire, bordering on Asia, found themselves too weak to resist the Puissance of the Ottoman Arms. All Greece was soon overrun, by the VVarlike Turks. Transylvania, Walackia, Moldavia, with the greatest Part of the Upper Hungary, quickly became Tributaries to the inveterate Enemies of the Christian Name. And Germany it self is so enfeebled by their repeated Incurfions, that all the Emperor can do, is to make dishonourable

'rable and costly Compositions, buying a  
 'Precarious Peace with little less Charges,  
 'than would serve some more Fortunate  
 'Prince, to carry on a Glorious and Suc-  
 'cessful VVar. Neither is the State of  
 'Venice in any better Condition of De-  
 'fence, the *Turks* having par'd away  
 'whole *Provinces*, from that once flou-  
 'rishing *Common-Wealth*; and, by their  
 'continual Invasions and Hostilities, re-  
 'duc'd her to a Necessity of Merchan-  
 'dizing with the *Ottoman Port* for Peace:  
 'VWhich is no sooner concluded, but, on  
 'the least Pretence, is broke again, by  
 'those, who hold themselves not oblig'd,  
 'to keep *Faith* with *Christians*. Behold,  
 'at this time without Provocation on  
 'the Part of *Venice*, or a Declaration of  
 'VVar by the *Grand Signior*, the late  
 'League broken on a sudden, and in a  
 'most Clandestine manner. Behold Can-  
 'dy environ'd with their *Fleet* by Sea, and  
 'her fertile Plains cover'd with *Armies*  
 'of *Mahometans* by Land. Behold her  
 'Cities in the Hands of her Enemies, and  
 'her Villages laid Desolate; her *Nobles*  
 'put to the Sword, and her *Merchants*  
 'led into Captivity. In fine, behold this  
 'afflicted *Common-wealth* yet struggling  
 'with her Fate, and sending her *Ambas-*  
 'sadors.

sadors to all the *Princes* and *States* of *Christendom*, Demanding, or rather, in a suppliant Manner, Imploring their Assistance. Yet, she finds little or no Help from any but the *Pope*, and the *Knights of Malta*. And, his *Holiness* has enough to do, to preserve the *Patrimony* of the *Church* from Violence. The *State* of *Genoua*, is too intent upon her Traffick, to regard the Calamities of her Neighbours. And, all the *Princes* of *Italy* have such Diversions at Home, as render their Application to Things abroad, very Cold and Indifferent. In the mean while, the *Turks* gain Ground, double their Strength, and encrease their Victories! O Deplorable State of *Christendom*! Is there no Redress for these Miseries? Yes surely, there is! and such a Redress, as only lies in Your Power, Great *Minister*, to apply; which, in the Experiment, I dare assure will prove Effectual.

I do not pretend to the *Visions* and *Inspirations* of *Peter the Hermit*, who garb'd *Secular* and *Divine* Offices; and arming himself in Habiliments of Steel, went Dragooning up and down *Christendom*, at the Head of a Confused Rabble, to render himself Popular, and acquire



acquire the Triple Character, of *Pilgrim, Priest and Captain*. The ill Success of his rash *Expeditions*, shew'd, that he was only stung with a *Religious Caprice*, and that God approv'd not his *Folly*. I do not go about to propose another *Crusade*, or contrive a Way to shed whole *Deluges of Humane Blood*, with no other Consequence, than to stain *History* with the Sanguine *Memoirs* of *Christendom's* Vanity and Misfortune. Besides, that would be found Impracticable in this Age, which was easie to put in Execution, Five or Six Hundred Years ago: the World is not so *Devout* now, as it was in those Days; neither are Men so prompt to run the *Risque* of their Lives, on *Religious Errands*, for the Honor of being esteem'd *Martyrs*. 'Twill be difficult to find out a new *List* of *Godfrey's, Baldwin's, Guy's*, and other *Hero's*, to lead the *Champions* of the *Cross*, through all the Hardships of Sea and Land, so many Hundred Miles, into Remote and Desolate Regions; to combat not only with *Flesh and Blood*, but with *Famine, Pestilence*, and all the Miseries of *Human Life*; And, as if this were not enough, to sheath their Swords also in each others

others Bowels, for *Punctilios*, meer  
Trifles of mistaken Honor, and ill-tim'd  
Emulation. And, all this only, to purchase  
the Empty Title of King of *Jerusalem*;  
or the Precarious Authority of a *Greek*  
an Emperor: both short liv'd Honors;  
the One to be lost in a little time, with  
all *Palestine*, to the *Saracens*; the Other  
depending only on the Pleasure of the  
Multitude! Such were the Glorious  
Fruits of the *Christian* Arms in those  
Days! Such the Triumphs, attending  
our Victories! These the Trophies,  
which our *Fathers* erected to their own  
Disgrace; when after a VVar of so ma-  
ny Years, they left the *Holy Land* in a  
worse Condition than they found it;  
and of so many hundred thousand Men  
as marched thither, threatning the utter  
Subversion of the *Saracen Empire*, there  
scarce return'd enough, to disperse the  
News of their own Overthrow.

Waving therefore these *Visionary* rash  
Expeditions, I now propose to your E-  
minence, an Undertaking, which tho'  
it may make less Noise in the VWorld,  
yet carries more Probability of Suc-  
cess; and will not only promote the  
Interest of *France*, but redound to the  
Advantage of all *Europe*.

No

'No Man who is acquainted with *History*, can be ignorant, what Claims the *Kings of France* have made to the *Empire of the West*, since the Days of *Charlemaine*, the Royal Predecessor of his Present Majesty, who was dignified with the *Imperial Title*, by the *Sovereign Bishop*. Neither is it unknown by what *Artifices*, the *House of Austria* have procured the *Translation* of this *Sacred Authority* to their own Family.

'Your Eminence is sensible, by what *Tyrannous and Unjust Methods*, they have maintain'd themselves in this highest Pitch of *Humane Glory*; and, not content with this, how they have aspir'd after the *Monarchy of the Whole World*! All the *North* have groan'd under the *Burden* of their *Insupportable Tyranny*. And their *Encroachments* on the *South*, have render'd that *Line* little less *Infamous*. They spare neither *Civil* nor *Ecclesiastical Rights*, in the Pursuit of their *Ambition*; not even the *Patrimony* of *St. Peter*, which has ever been esteem'd *Sacred* and *Inviolable* by *Christian Princes*: They have sack'd *Rome* it self, and led the *Supreme Pastor* of the *Church* into *Captivity*. What should I speak of the *Hollanders*, *Suitzers*, *Grisons*

*Grisons* and other Nations, which, impatient of the *Austrian* Yoke, revolted from their *Cruel Masters*; and, have ever since asserted their Liberty, by the Force of their Arms? What should I mention, the frequent Troubles in *Bohemia*, *Transylvania* and *Hungary*, when the Inhabitants of those Countries, grown desperate with their daily Oppressions, have bravely endeavour'd to redeem themselves and their Posterity, from perpetual Servitude; but, for want of a Powerful Protector, have been forc'd to yield to their *Old Masters*? That *Incestuous Race*, are grown Odious to the whole World: Even the *Princes* of the *Empire*, are forced, to smother their Resentments, when they Elect one to possess the *Imperial Diadem*, whom they cannot but hate!

That therefore which I aim at in this Address, is, to represent to Your *Emperence*, how easie it will be in this *Juncture*, for his most *Christian Majesty* to recover the *Imperial Crown*, which of Right belongs to None but the *Successors* of the renown'd *Charlemaine*; and which even the greatest part of the *German*s themselves, wish to see placed on the Head of *Lewis XIV.* Most of the

Electors

' *Electors*, are already inclining to the  
' *Interests of France*: It will not be diffi-  
' cult to win the rest. The *Hungarians*,  
' &c. long for a Deliverer; And, the  
' other *Provinces* beyond the *Danube*, will  
' freely open the Gates of their Cities,  
' to let in *his Armies*, whom they look on  
' as the *Hope* of all *Christendom*. The  
' *Helvetians*, who are *Allies* of this *Crown*,  
' will not fail to perform their Part. The  
' *Suedes* have already pluck'd many *Fea-*  
' *thers*, from the *Ravenous Eagle*. And,  
' the Forces of this *Crown*, have blun-  
' ted her *Talons*. Another Campaigne  
' will quite deplume her, enervate her  
' last Vigour, and end the tedious Con-  
' troversie.

' Let not therefore an Untimely Peace  
' with the *Emperour*, so much talk'd of,  
' stop the Current of the *French Tri-*  
' *umphs*! Let not the Sinister Practices  
' of *German Pensioners* in the *Suedish Court*,  
' occasion a Rupture between Two the  
' most Potent and Victorious *Crowns* in  
' *Europe*! Or rather, let not *Queen Chri-*  
' *stina*, reap the sole Glory of so tortu-  
' nate and profitable a War! His *Ma-*  
' *jesty* has a Formidable *Army* by *Land*;  
' and, in a short time, will have an In-  
' vincible *Fleet* by *Sea*. Continual Victo-  
' ries

ries, court the Perseverance of the  
*French* Valour: whilst the Justice of  
your Cause, invites to the Battel.

All things conspire to put a Period  
to the *Austrian* Grandeur. Only snatch  
the present Opportunity; which once  
lost, may never be recover'd again.  
'Twas only the sudden and unexpected  
Fate of *Henry IV.* this King's Grand-  
father, of Eternal Memory, that hin-  
der'd him from putting in Execution  
the same Design I now propose. And  
if *Lewis XIII.* did not prosecute it,  
'twas because he wanted a favourable  
Juncture. Now, behold, it offers it  
self: 'Tis in your Power *Supreme Di-*  
*rector* of the State, under his Majesty,  
to build the Fortune of France so high,  
that all the Nations of *Christendom* may  
repose under its Shadow. Pursue the Suc-  
cess which *Heaven* has already granted.  
And when all *Europe* is thus settled  
in a Durable Peace, either making Ho-  
nourable Friendships with, or entirely  
submitting to this new *Gallick Empire*;  
then will be the time to call the *Otto-*  
*mans* to an Account, for the Ravages  
and Spoils they have committed in  
*Christian* Countries, and to carry Our  
Arms to the Walls of *Constantinople*, and  
drive

' drive these *Barbarians*, back to their  
' Primitive Rocks and Desarts; from  
' whence they have thus long stragled,  
' to ruin the most desirable *Provinces* of  
' *Asia* and *Europe*; nay, and of the *Whole*  
' *World*.

' There is no other Way but this, in  
' my Judgment, to stop the Progress of  
' the *Turkish* Victories. Since it is im-  
' possible to make a Durable Peace a-  
' mong *Christian Princes*, but by Con-  
' quest; I mean, such a Peace, as will in-  
' spire them with the Resolution, and  
' put them into a Capacity, to unite  
' all their Forces, in a War against the  
' *Mahometans*. As for the present Con-  
' dition of the *Republick*, if their Los-  
' ses were greater, than they are like  
' to be, yet they will be inconsiderable,  
' in Comparison of the mighty Gain  
' which will afterwards accrue, not only  
' to them, but to all the *Christian* Nati-  
' ons, by advancing the *French Crown*  
' to that Height of Grandeur, design'd  
' for it by Fate. Hitherto the *Christian*  
' *Princes*, have only endeavour'd to ap-  
' ply a Remedy to the Part particularly  
' affected; from whence, if by Fortune  
' they chas'd the Distemper, it soon  
' brake out in some other Member;  
' whence

‘ whence it came to pass, that we lost  
 ‘ Province after Province, and the *Turks*  
 ‘ are almost gotten into the *Heart* of *Eu-*  
 ‘ rope. If therefore, we design to drive  
 ‘ them thence, it is necessary to follow  
 ‘ this Method, which will be found the  
 ‘ only Way, to pluck this Evil up by the  
 ‘ Roots.

‘ Gon on then, Most Prudent and Il-  
 ‘ lustrious *Guardian* of the *Crown*, de-  
 ‘ stin’d to Command the *Earth*; Go on,  
 ‘ and lift up our Great *Master* to the  
 ‘ VVreath with which the *Tutelar An-*  
 ‘ gel of *Europe*, is ready to environ his  
 ‘ *Sacred Temples*. Let not the *German*  
 ‘ *Deputies* at *Munster*, any longer a-  
 ‘ muse You with feigned *Overtures* of  
 ‘ *Peace*. But pursue the *Propitious Fate*  
 ‘ of *France*, which waits to lead Our  
 ‘ *Armies* to *Victories*, *Triumphs* and  
 ‘ *Glories*; and to establish a *New Empire*  
 ‘ in the *World*, to which all *Nations*  
 ‘ shall pay *Homage*, and fly for *Pro-*  
 ‘ tection.

Thou seest, *Illustrious* and *Serene Vizir*, that  
 I have us’d much *Flattery* in this *Address*.  
 It is a necessary *Vice* in the *Court* of *France*,  
 where no *Diogenes* can have *Audience*. It can-  
 not be expected, that I should discover by the  
*Cardinal’s Answer*, what his *Sentiments* were  
 of



of my Project. He is of a debonair Humour, and will rather feign *Vertues* to commend in another Man, than put him to the blush by mentioning his *Real Vices*. This is an Effect of his *Natural Disposition*; which he is wise enough to improve to the *Ends of Policy*. There being no subtler Artifice to gain a Popular Esteem, than by the Reputation of a Generous Temper.

However, I think I said Nothing that could justly offend Him, unless he were indued with the Incommunicable Gift of discerning Hearts. For otherwise, at the Worst, he could but tax me with a Loyal Presumption and Mistake, in proposing things altogether Impracticable.

These were such, as thou wilt easily discern, when thou considerest; that though they appear fair and easie in the Attempt, as the Circumstances of *Europe* are at present; yet the Revolution of a few *Moons* may quite change the Face of Affairs: new and unthought of Difficulties may arise: the *Emperour* may make a Peace with *Suedeland*: the *Pope* might interpose his Mediation and Authority, the *Assembly at Munster* might have a Conclusion according to their Wishes; the *Electoral Princes*, might be more firmly fastned to the Interest of the *Empire*. Besides, another Campaign may prove as fatal to the *French*, as the former have been propitious. After all, if they should find Encouragement to begin this Enterprize, and should meet with answerable Success in the Prosecution of it; yet a thousand Occurrences would

would emerge, to hinder them from enjoying their new-gotten Empire long; or from being able to maintain a War against the Empire, whose Subjects are Infinite, and Treasures Inexhaustible.

If thou, who art the Light of the *Osmán Monarchy*, shalt approve of what I have done, my Happiness will be great; nevertheless, thy Reproofs will not make me Miserable, since they are Arguments of thy Condescension and Favour.

Paris, 10th. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

## LETTER II.

To Ismael Mouta Faraca, *a* White Eunuch.

THY Letter is come safe to my Hands, accompany'd with a Munificent Present from *Egry Boinou*, who thou tellest me is depriv'd of his Eyes by the *Grand Signior's* Order. I condole the Calamity of my Friend, yet accuse not the Justice of Him who is Master of us all. We are *Mussulmans*, and must not dispute the Pleasure of Heaven, or the Commands of our *Sovereigns*. It is an Argument of their Clemency, when they retrench their Anger, and spare the Lives of their *Slaves*. The *Sultan* is merciful in a higher Degree, in not extending his Hands to the Wealth of our Friend; but has left that, and his Liberty untouch'd: whereby he is still in a Capacity, of enjoying many Pleasures, which are denied to Thousands who have their Sight.

I do not write this, as if I were void of Compassion toward my Friend. I owe him still the same Affection, as when he was able to read the Sincerity of it in my Face. But; I would not have the Loss of his Eyes, abate the Sight of his Soul, which is his Reason. Let him remember, that a Famous *Philosopher* has done that voluntarily to himself, for the Sake of a less interrupted Contemplation, which

which is imposed on our Friend as a Punishment. There is no outward Disaster, can hurt the Opticks of a Mind guarded with Patience, and shut up within the Circles of its own Light. Such a Soul, is impregnable against all the Assaults of *Fortune*, and triumphs over *Destiny* it self.

Besides, our beloved *Eunuch*, can still converse with his Friends; which is a Priviledge, the *Deaf* would almost give their *Eyes* to enjoy. It is hard to determine, which of those Two *Sences* would be miss'd with least Regret; especially, to a Man, who by his excellent Voice, and Skill in *Singing*, seems to be the very Soul of *Musick*.

What is it in all this infinite Variety of VISIBLE Objects, that affects the Eye with so refined a Pleasure, but the harmonious Disposition and Symmetry of the Parts, which, compose the whole Scene of the Universe? And, may not that Pleasure be translated to the Ear, when it receives the proportionate Measures, and exquisite Cadences of Sounds? Certainly, *Musick* is no other, than Beauty to the Ear, as Beauty is *Musick* to the Eye.

But our Friend *Egry*, needs not these Encouragements: He understands the way to make himself Happy, and has Wisdom, enough to put it in Practice.

The *Grand Signior's* Fury is pacified, *Egry* Lives. He has Houses and Gardens; Gardens replenished with all Manner of Fruits and Flowers, to gratifie his *Taste* and *Smell*. He is Master of much Treasure in Silver and Gold, and

of many *Slaves*. If all these cannot contribute to his Felicity, he is *Master of Himself*, which is *Essential Happiness*.

Thou who succeedest him in that honourable Post, and guardest the Avenue of the *Majestick Chamber*, where the *Addresses* and *Supplications* of all the *Princes* of the Earth are made at the Feet of our *August Emperour*; watch thy *Sences*, and obey thy Reason. Remember thy *Predecessor's Fate*, and forget not *Mahmud*; but above all things forget not thy self. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

### LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM extreamly surprized, and equally troubl'd at the severe Punishment which *Sultan Ibrahim* has inflicted on *Egry Boinou*. His Successor, *Ismael Mouta Faraca*, sent me the first News of it, but said nothing of the *Eunuch's Crime*. Neither wou'd I request that satisfaction of a Man, who derives a new Lustre, from the Tragical Eclipse of my Friend; lest my Love shou'd have betray'd my Discretion, and tempted me to utter that, which is not proper for a *Slave* of the *Sultan's* to express. Our Thoughts are our own whilst we keep them

H chain'd

chain'd up in our Breasts; but, if once we suffer 'em to take Air in words, they become another Man's, who may make use of them to our Ruin. I never had Familiarity enough with *Ismael*, to trust him with Reflections of this Nature. Besides, his own Letter to me, discover'd too much Freedom to be void of Design, it being the first that ever pass'd between us; which, for that Reason, ought to have been dictated in a Style more reserv'd. I set him a Pattern in my Answer; not letting a Word escape my Pen, which might speak less Resignation to the Will of our *Master*, than Tenderness for my Friends Suffering.

But with thee I dare use greater Freedom. My long experience of thy Integrity, will justify this Boldness. Tell me, my *Dgnet*, was it not the Blindness of *Sultan Ibrahim's* Passion, which has robb'd *Egry* of his Sight? Answer me without Disguize; Was it not some Caprice of Jealousie? Was it not because the *Master* thought he saw too much, that the *Slave* sees not now at all? If that Sence was not judg'd Criminal in *Egry*, why was it in particular punished? But, 'tis in vain to measure the Cruel Frolicks of a *Sovereign Monarch* by a *Rule*, who makes his *Will* a *Law*.

The *Christians* say, the *Ottoman Princes* are Butchers, and the whole *Empire* a Shambles; where Persons of all Degrees, are sacrific'd to the Lust or Passion of a *Tyrant*. I tell thee, though I approve not the Licentious Tongues of these *Infidels*; yet, it appears too true, that so uncontroulable a Power as the *Eastern Monarchs*

are invested with, prompts them to commit many Violences, for which Justice can make no Plea. It were to be wish'd, That the Practices of the *Sublime Seraglio*, did not too often verify it. Suffer me to be exasperated a little, for the Cruel Sentence executed on my Friend, the most accomplish'd Person within the Walls of that *Magnificent Palace*. Doubtless, he owes the Loss of his Eyes, to the Grudge of some Envious Minion, who would not brook so dangerous a Rival in the *Sultan's* Favour. For, this Unfortunate *Eunuch*, who charm'd all Hearts, had made some Impression also on the Cruel *Ibrahim's*. He often lov'd to hear him sing the lively *Dorick* Strains, to chase away his Melancholy: For, *Egry* is a *Second Orpheus*, whose Voice thou knowest, inspir'd the Trees and Rocks with Passion. Besides, he has many other Gifts, which render'd his Person and Conversation delectable to all; and taught the whole *Seraglio*, new Lessons of *Platonick Love*.

When thou hast received this, I desire thee, to give him a Visit: Thou knowest his House at *Galata*. Embrace him in my Name, and give him a Kiss of Faithful Friendship. Forget not also to return him my Acknowledgements, for the *Diamonds* he sent me. And, cheer him with this Thought, that one day his Eyes shall be renew'd in *Paradise*, far brighter than those Glittering Jewels. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER IV.

To Dicheu Hussein, Bassa.

**T**IS not easie to guess at the Motive, which induc'd the *Duke of Orleans*, to begin this Years Campagne in so Rigorous a Season. It was the First *Moön*, and the Ground was covered with deep Snows (An ill time to march in an Enemies Country.) And, when these Snows were dissolv'd, Floods follow'd. It seems as if he were thirsty of Fame, and would acquire the Character of a *Hardy Warriour*: Resolving to shun no Fatigue, which might advance the Reputation of his Arms.

The *Duke of Enguien*, spurr'd on with a glorious Emulation, soon followed with another Army, but by a different Road. There are Four *Mareschals of France*, gone with them. These early Marches, make a great Noise. But, little of Action could be expected, while the wary *Flemmings*, knowing the Passes of the Country, and the Force of the Floods, have kept have kept their *Winter-Quarters*; spending that time at Ease, in preparing all things necessary for a more seasonable Campagne, which they have now begun.

In this, the *Spanish* Policy deserves Commendation; who would not expose the Health and Lives of their Soldiers to unnecessary Rigors, but waited till the *Sun* had well dry'd up the unwholesom Damps of the Earth, and shedding his



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his benigner Influence through the Air, invited them forth into the Field. But, when I thus approve the Wisdom of the *Spaniard*, think not, that I condemn the sprightly *Genius* of the *French*, who seem to approach nearest the Bravery of the *Mussulman* Armies.

The Action of a *French* Officer, was worthy of Remark; who being sent from the Camp, with Letters to the King and Queen, arrived at the Court the 24th. Day of the Second Moon, whilst the Ground was yet frozen hard. After he had deliver'd his Message the Chamberlain of the *Royal Household*, appointed him a Lodging for that Night in the King's Palace, he being to return to *Flanders* the next Day. But, he generously refused it, saying, *It became not him to lie in a Bed of Down, when his General, with the whole Army, were forc'd to sleep on the frozen Earth.* Therefore, causing some Straw to be brought out of the Stables, he took his Repose thereon in the open Air. The Young King, extremely pleas'd with his Gallantry, order'd him a Hundred Pieces of Gold; and recommended him to the *Duke of Orleans*, as one of the bravest Men in his Army.

I swear by the Whistling of the Winds, and the Ruffling of the Leaves, that I honour such Vertue even in an *Infidel*.

Paris, 20th. of the 6th, Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER V.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THY Letter is come to my Hands, with the Present of *Kopha*; which is so much the more acceptable, because thou broughtest it thyself from the *Valley of Admoim*, the Place of my Nativity. It is an evident Sign, that thou hast not forgot thy Countryman, in that thou condescendest to oblige him in so peculiar a Manner. The Place where we drew our first Breath, is always dear to Mortals; and, the Remembrance of that delicious Vale, affects *Mahmut* with singular Delight. 'Tis true indeed, I was brought from thence before I could distinguish one Place from another; but, I have visited that Region since, and have Reason to pronounce it, the most Delectable Part of *Arabia*. Had the *Grecian Poets* seen that *Paradise*, they would not have so extoll'd the Celebrated Fields of *Tempe* in *Theffaly*. This happy vale is the *E'yzium* of the *World*, bless'd with an *Eternal Spring*.

Thou art highly oblig'd to the *Sultan*, for the Liberty he has given thee to visit the Place of thy Cradle, and to sojourn so long among thy Kindred. Thy Father was famous in that Country, for hunting of *Lions*, and other *Beasts of Prey*. I have heard some of our *Tribe*, praise his Valour and Dexterity, in the Chase of those Fierce Animals. They told me, That in the

Space

Space of Two Years, he had presented the *Beglerbeg* with Twenty *Lions* Heads, kill'd by his own Hand; That he had Three Tame ones in his House, which he had taken when Whelps from a *Lioness* of prodigious Bulk: That the Walls of his House were hung with the Skins of *Tygers*, *Panthers* and *Lions*, the Trophies of his Indefatigable Diligence, Skill and Courage, in Pursuit of Wild Beasts. In a Word, they said he was the most successful Hunter in all *Arabia*. If thou inheritest his *Inclinations* as well as his *Blood*, (for they commonly go together) thou hast had a fair Time, to range the Forests, and purge the *Desart* of those Ravenous Creatures. Were it not for the Enmity of the *Gnats*, the *East* would be over-run with these Savages. They say, this little despicable *Insect*, destroys more *Lions*, than all the *Huntsmen* in *Asia*. For, swarming about them in the Heat of *Summer*, they chiefly fasten, on their Eyelids; which they sting so vehemently, that the *Lions* thinking to ease themselves by scratching, often tear their own Eyes out, and so are famish'd.

To understand well the different Natures of Beasts, is a Study fit for Kings. 'Twas the Glory of *Solomon*, to be accurate in this Knowledge: And, *Alexander the Great*, had such an Esteem for it, that he bestowed on *Aristotle* the *Philosopher* Eight hundred Talents, only for writing a *Treatise* of *Animals*, Our *Holy Prophet* was eminent above all other Mortals, for his Familiarity with the Brutal Generations; understanding their Qualities and Language,

and often discoursing with them. When he lived in the *Desart*, a *Libard* continually waited at the Door of his *Cave*, and did all the Offices of a kind and faithful Servant. Such Grace is given but to a few.

But I forget my own Opportunity, of venting my Affections to my Country and my Friends. I forget, that I am writing to one, who is newly come from *Arabia*. Would to God I could see thee, were it but for an Hour: I have a Thousand Questions to ask about my *Relations*; and what Changes have happened, since I was there.

But, I must Sacrifice these Natural Fondnesses to the Will of *Destiny*. I am a double Exile: And, since it is for the Service of the *Grand Signior*, I am resign'd.

Adieu, Happy *Minister*; and, if *Mahmut* may be admitted sometimes to mingle with the Train of thy better Thoughts, he shall count himself happy, wherever he is.

Paris, 2d. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Hussein Bassa.

THE taking of *Retimo* in *Candy*, has fill'd the *Nazarenes*, with Apprehensions of greater Calamities.

The first fortunate Strokes in a War, make deep Impressions on the Enemy; the Vulgar looking on them, as the *Index* of their future *Destiny*: But, repeated Successes chill their Vitals, bereave 'em of Courage and Hope, leaving 'em Nothing but Ominous Portents, and Superstitious Prelages of their approaching Ruin. So hard a thing it is, to judge of Humane Events, without being carried into Extrems. They already give over the whole *Island* for lost. I wish and believe it may prove true. Yet, at the same time, I know the Fortune of War is uncertain; and, another Campaign, may repair or revenge the Damage they have sustained in *this* and the *former*.

The *Venetians* lost Five thousand Men before the Walls of that Town; among whom, was *General Cornaro*, the *Viceroy* of the *Island*, slain in the first Onset; besides what were killed by our Soldiers, when they entred with the retreating *Candiots*, and sacrific'd all to the Heat of Martial Passion.

But, that which appear'd most Ominous to their Cause, though the present Damage were less, was the falling out of the *Soprave-*

ditor and the *Proveditor* of the *Isle* : Who not agreeing about the Extent of their different *Commissions*, formed Two Parties ; between whom there happened a furious Encounter, in which Four hundred were slain on both Sides.

These sinister Events, occasion'd the *Republick* to make fresh Applications to the *Court of France* ; and, an *Ambassador* is sent from this *Crown*, to *Constantinople*, in Order to mediate a *Peace*. They call him *Monsieur de Varennes* ; a Man of a presumptuous Disposition, and who delights to attempt difficult things. When there could not be found a Person, willing to undertake a Negotiation, which carries so little Probability of Succeeding ; this Gentleman, in a *Bravado* offered himself ; telling the *Queen*, That he made no Doubt, of so representing Matters to the *Grand Signior*, as would infallibly produce a *Peace*.

It had been easie for *Cardinal Mazarini* (whose Counsel the *Queen* follows in all things) to have hindred this Man's Voyage. But, those who are acquainted with the Pique that is between them, conclude, That the *Cardinal* consented to his *Commission*, on purpose to lay a Train for his future Disgrace ; as knowing, the Boldness of his Temper, was far from being seconded with equal Wisdom and Conduct ; and, that though he was prone to undertake Great and Hazardous Actions, yet he never had the good Fortune to accomplish any thing of Moment.

They that know this Gentleman's Character, say, That any Example will encourage him to  
rush

rush into Labyrinths and Perils. And, where Examples are wanting, he is Ambitious to be made one himself. He fears not to tread in the Footsteps of such, as have miscarried in the most Desperate Enterprizes; but, promises himself Success, where a Thousand have fail'd. In fine, he is esteemed the rashest Man living.

I send thee this Description of the *French Ambassador*, that thou mayest communicate it to the *Sovereign Divan*. It will be no small Advantage, to know the Temper and Qualifications of Foreign *Ministers*, residing at the *August Port*: Especially at this Juncture, whereon the Fate of *Christendom* depends. Besides, there cannot be too great Caution us'd, to obviate the subtle Trains of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, I fear, is contriving no kind Offices to the *Ottoman Empire*.

I Kiss the Hem of thy Vest, *Illustrious Bassa*, and bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 2d. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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LETTER

## LETTER VII.

To the Same.

THE Captain *Bassa*, has the Reputation of a good *Seaman* among the *French*. They highly applaud his expeditious Relief of *Canea*, and no less commend the Secrecy, with which he landed his Army and took the Town of *Retimo*. The *French* are generally great *Criticks* in *Military* Affairs; and are not so partial to the Honour of the *Christians*, as to deny the Praises that are due to an expert *Leader* among the *Mussulmans*. Yet, they are inconstant, and seldom retain the same Sentiments long. Every Circulation of their Blood, begets new Friendships, new Opinions, new Censures. In this, they seem to inherit the Vices of the Ancient *Gauls*, as well as their Country.

A *Roman Emperor*, who made War in this Nation, has left excellent *Memoirs* behind him; wherein among other things, he describes the Nature of the *Gauls*, their *Dispositions*, and *Geneal* Inclinations. He that shall read his *Writings*, which were penn'd above Sixteen Hundred Years ago, and shall converse with the present *French*, will easily conclude, That the *Latter* are a living Transcript of the *Former*; and, that their Humours and Actions, are exactly copied from his Words. Yet, in Nothing does the Character of the Primitive *Gauls*,



*Gauls*, suit more truly to the present Inhabitants, than in their furious Onsets in a Battel, and their equal Readiness to Flight. Their First Assault seems to speak 'em *More* than Men, their Second, *Less* than Women; and, they seldom venture on a Third.

Wilt thou know then, how they obtain so many Signal Victories? It is by Stratagems and Mony. Where they cannot circumvent their Enemies, they corrupt a Party of 'em with Bribes and Pensions. Thus they purchase their Conquests, with a more powerful Metal than Steel. The Force of Gold, to which all things yield, lays Cities and Provinces, at the Feet of this Invincible Monarch.

But, I pray Heaven, so to prosper the Armies of the Empire founded on Vertue, that this Infidel Prince, and all the Nazarenes, may experience their Gold to be as ineffectual as their Swords, against the Valour and Just Revenge of the True Believers.

Paris, 2d. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

## LETTER VIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign  
Guide of the True Believers.

**T**Hou, who art all Goodness, the Arch-Type of Clemency and Vertue, wilt not number me among the Importunate, for so often troubling thee with Disputes of our *Holy Law*. I ask thee no Common Questions; neither am I captious, seeking Occasions to darken what is Apparent, or invalidate the Testimony of *Him* who touch'd the *Hand of God*. I revere the *Holy Oracles*, and the *Book* not dictated on *Earth*. Every *Chapter* I read in the *Alcoran*, makes me bless the *Angel*, who took so many *Flights*, to bring down the *Sacred Pages* from *Heaven*. And, my Reverence is encreas'd towards that *Volume of Glory*, when I consider, it was not hastily compos'd; every *Versicle*, being the Product of *Divine Premeditation*. Doubtless, it excels all the *Writings* in the *World*. No *Scripture*, before or since, has approach'd to the *Mysterious Elegance* of those *Celestial Lines*. Yet methinks, I find a great Profundity of Wisdom in the *Treatises* of the *Ancients*.

Thou wilt say, My Station requires me to read Men more than Books, being not sent hither to Contemplate, but to act for the Interest of my *Master*, and the *Ottoman Empire*. 'Tis true, my Business is now to unravel the Designs

of the *Infidels* ; but, bear with me, if I tell thee, That in Order to this I took no wrong Course, when in my Younger Years, I apply'd my self to Books, which are but Men turn'd inside out, or Metamorphos'd into Letters ; against whom, thus surviving themselves, the Stroak of Death cannot prevail.

Those who have erected Statues of Gold, Silver, Brass or Marble, to the Memory of departed *Heroes*, can but transmit the *Effigies* of their Bodies to Posterity ; which, thou knowest, is the Ignobler Part of Man : And herein, they come short of the *Egyptians*, who have the Art of preserving the Bodies themselves Incorruptible, for a Thousand Generations. But they who left their *Writings* to Posterity, have oblig'd the World with an Immortal and Lively Image of their Mind : This is properly the Man, and lives for ever ; when the Body is consum'd in the Grave, and the Statue perhaps is eat up by time, or demolish'd by Envy.

Pardon this Digression, *Oraculous* and *Unerring Mouth* of God, I have a great deal to say, and cannot comprehend it in a few Words. It has been enjoyn'd by our *Holy Doctors*, That a *Mussulman* should not read the *Books* of *Profane Infidels*. But tell me, thou who art the *Resolver* of *Doubts*, Whether this *Precept* is extended to all, without Exception ; or, Whether a *Dispensation* may not be allow'd, to such as read those *Books* with One Eye, whilst the Other is fix'd on the *Law*, which balances the Mind with Truth ? The *Alcoran* tells us, That the *Devil* has inserted some *Falsities* in the *Best Writings* :

*Writings* : But, is it not possible for a Man, to separate the *Good* from the *Bad* ? I read in the *Book of Glory*, many remarkable Things concerning *Alexander the Great* : But, is it unlawful also to peruse what has been writ by others, of the *Life* of that *Famous Warrior*, and *Holy Prophet* ? Both *Grecian* and *Roman Historians*, have related his *Adventures in Asia*, his *Battels* with *Darius the Persian Monarch*, and *Porus the Indian*. They praise his *Continence* and modest *Regard* to *Syfigambis* and her *Daughters*, when they were his *Captives* ; his *Inviolable Friendship* to *Ephestion*, whilst living, and the affectionate *Tears* he shed for him, after his *Death*. Yet, they condemn him of cruel *Ingratitude*, for *Sacrificing Clitus* to his *Choler*, and the *Fumes of Wine*, who was a *Faithful Friend*, a *Valiant Soldier* ; and once had saved his *Life* in a *Battle*. They cannot pass over the *Burning of Persopolis*, without some *Reflections* on the unmanly *Softness* of this *Warriour* ; who, to please his *Concubine*, gave *Orders*, that the *Fairest* and most *Magnificent City* in *Asia*, should be set on *Fire*. The *Persians* boast That that *City* was built all of *Cedar* ; That *Cyrus* had wholly displanted not only *Mount Libanus*, but the choicest *Nurseries* of that fragrant *Wood*, through all *Asia*, to build this glorious *City*, in *Emulation* of *Soloman*, King of the *Jews*, who was by other *Princes* thought to value himself too high, for building the *Temple of Jerusalem* of the same *Materials*. They add, that *Alexander* found in this *City*, *Ninety Millions* of *Caracks* in *Gold* ; that after

the Debauch was over, and the Flames had consum'd to Ashes this *Phoenix* of *Asia*, the *Conquerour* wept, and commanded the Money he had found there, should be expended in raising Another in its Room, more glorious than the Former; But, that *Thais*, who had persuaded him to ruin it, was the only Obstacle to its Redification, For, such was her Empire over this *Monarch*, that he could deny her Nothing.

What I have said of *Persopolis*, is recorded by *Persian Historians*; Other Writers make some mention of it, but not so particularly. There are some also, who mention his demolishing of *Tyrus*; a City so Ancient, that 'tis said to be first built by one of the *Grandchildren* to *Noah*; of whom, thou knowest, the *Alcoran* speaks often. They tax him also with Cruelty, in causing Two thousand of the Chief *Tyrians*, to be Crucified, as a *Sacrifice* to *Hercules*. Thou art best able to Judge, whether this be agreeable to Truth; for, what *Mussulman* will believe, That the Victorious *Prophet*, was guilty of so Barbarous an *Idolatry*?

The Method he took to subdue this Impregnable City, is an Argument of his Invincible Courage; and, that there is Nothing Impracticable, to a Mind arm'd with Resolution and Perseverance.

*Tyrus* was situated above Half a Mile in the Sea, when the *Macedonian* demanded a Surrender. The Citizens trusting to the Strength and Height of the Rock whereon they liv'd (for, 'twas a perfect *Island*) and to their Distance from the Shore of the *Continent*; bid  
Defiance

Defiance to him, whom God had ordained to subdue all Nations, between the the Extremities of *India* and the *Pillars of Hercules*. The Conquerour, enflam'd at their Refusal of offer'd Peace, prepares for an Assault. He attempted, without the *Miracle of Moses*, to make a Path for his Army through the Sea. He follow'd the Steps of the *Babylonian Monarch*, who, not Three Ages before, had joyned this Proud Nest of Merchants to the Firm Land. Twice his Industrious Soldiers rais'd a Causey, above the Waves, to the very Walls of *Tyrus*; and as often was their Labour defeated, by the Watchful *Tyrians*. When, the Third time he prov'd successful; and, in Spight of all their Resistance by Fire and Sword, after a Siege of Six Moons, he scal'd the Walls of that Queen of Maritime Cities; and convinc'd the World, that no Humane Force could put a Stop to his Conquests, whom *Destiny* had appointed to chastise the Nations of the Earth.

That Chapter in the *Alcoran*, which speaks of this Renowned *Worthy*, tells us, That he marched so far Eastward, till he came to a Country where the Sun rises. This Passage the *Christians* ridicule, saying, That the Sun rises and sets in all Countries; and, that there is no Stated Point of East and West, in the Fäbrick of the World; since the same Place which is East of one Country, is West of another. Thus, the Despisers of our Holy Law, cavil at the *Alcoran*, and say, 'tis compos'd of Old Wives Tales; a Rude indigested Collection of Eastern Romances, and Superstitious Fables, calculated for the Meridian of

of Ignorance; first promulg'd in the Savage and Unpolish'd *Desarts* of *Arabia*, and afterwards propagated by the Sword through those Countries, whose Vices had banish'd their Learning, and renderd them flexible to a *Religion*, whose highest Pretensions consisted in *Gratifying* the Senses.

These *Criticks* consider not at the same time, That they argue against the *Old* and *New Testament*, (which is esteem'd the *Alcoran* of the *Christians*) wherein there is often Mention made, of the *Rising* and *Gowing down* of the *Sun*; of *East* and *West*, as proper Points or Marks, from which to take the Situation of Countries. Assuredly, in this they are captious: For, though there be no stated Point of *East* or *West* in the *Globe*; yet *India* being the nearest Region of this *Continent*, to that Part of the *Horizon* where the *Sun* daily first appears, It has not without Reason, gain'd the Additional *Epithet* of *East*. And 'twas here the *Macedonian Heroe* sweat, because he could conquer no farther, unless he would have begun a War with the *Fish* of the *Sea*.

There are many other Passages related of *Alexander's* Temperance, Moderation, Justice, Fortitude and such like Vertues; and, something of his Vices. But, I will not tire thee with all that is said of this invincible *Monarch*, nor trace him in all his Marches through *Asia*, I will not trouble thee with what they say of his Journey into *Aegypt*, and aspiring to be call'd the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*; his being poyson'd at *Babylon*, in the Height of all his Triumphs; and,

and, the Cantonizing his *Empire*, among his *Chief Captains*. Whatsoever in these *Histories* is agreeable to the *Holy Alcoran*, I acquiesce to; what is repugnant to that Summary of Truth, I reject as a *Fable*.

Tell me, thou *Sovereign Reso'ver* of *Doubts*, Whether on these Terms, I may not read the *Writings* of *Infidels*? *Books* are Relief to the Mind oppress'd with Melancholy, and especially *Histories*, which also bring Profit, by rightly informing us of the Transactions of Past Ages: So that Things, which were done Thousands of Years ago, are made present to us. Where then is the Crime in Reading these *Memoirs* of the *Ancients*? It is not consistent with the *Faith* of a *Mussulman* to read these *Histories*, because they were penn'd by *Heathens*? Must we reject all that the *Pagans* did or said? Why then are the *Works* of *Plutarch* had in such Veneration by the *Princes* of Our *Law*? I tell thee, I not only read *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, with many other *Historians* that were *Pagans*, but I improve by their *Writings*. Such rare Examples of *Vertue*, such Illustrious Patterns of *Justice*, such solid Precepts of *Morality*, as these Authors abound with; cannot, in my Opinion, hurt any Man, who desires to square his Life by the best Rules.

I read also the *Poets*, whose *Fables* and *Parables*, seem to me, but to veil many excellent and profitable *Maxims* of *Human Life*.

The *Story* of the Birth of *Typhon*, his Warring with *Jupiter*, and his final Overthrow; denotes the monstrous Rise of *Factions* in a *State*, and their Ruin. The



The *Cyclops* being employ'd by *Jupiter* in making Thunderbolts, and killing *Æsculapius*, for which they themselves were afterwards slain by *Apolla*; intimates the Use, which Sovereign Princes make of Cruel, Covetous and Unjust Officers: Who when they have fulfill'd the Pleasure of their Masters, are abandon'd by them, to the Revenge of the Oppress'd Subjects. This is commonly experienc'd in all *Monarchies*, and especially in the Mighty Empire of the *Osmons*; where the *Bassa's*, though the *Grand Signior*, for the Ends of *State*, connives a while at their unjust Oppression of the *Mussulmans* under their Government, yet in due time, to shew his Abhorrence of their Villanies, consigns 'em over to the *Executioner*. Thou knowest, to whom the Bow-string was sent last; I wish his *Successor* may not equally merit it.

*Acteon's* being devoured by his Dogs, only for seeing *Diana* in a Bath; might have serv'd as a Warning to *Useph*, the *Black Eunuch*, who could not restrain his Tongue, from babbling out the private Amours of *Sultan Ibrahim*. It was Danger enough to know the Secret; but, to divulge it, was a sure way to incur the Revenge of the *Prince*.

Not much unlike was his Error, who tho' he did not report to others, yet had the Presumption to check his Sovereign to his Face, and reproach Him with Luxury. Had he been acquainted with the *Fable* of *Endymion* and the *Moon*, it would perhaps have taught him, That it is not the Part of a *Favourite*, to take Notice of his *Master's* stol'n Pleasures, but rather to in-

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vite him sometimes from the *Toils of State* and  
*unbend his Mind* with *Recreations*.

There are many other profitable Remarks,  
hidden under the *Fictions of the Poets*: Which,  
tho they may seem *Mysterious* at first View,  
yet being examined with a little Attention,  
prove as easie to be understood, as the *Hiero-  
glyphicks* were of old to the *Aegyptians*, who  
knew no other Letters.

God, the *First Intellect*, who imprinted his  
*Mind* on *Tablets of Marble*, in *Letters of Ara-  
bick*, and Writ the *Decalogue* with a *Beam* of  
his *Glory*; having also inspir'd all Nations with  
the Knowledge of *Letters*, grant, that whilst  
I read the *Records of the Gentiles*, I may not  
forget the *Precepts of the Alcoran*.

Paris, 23d. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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LETTER

## LETTER IX.

To Murat Bassa.

**A** *Courier* came to this City last Night, bringing News of the taking of *Courtray* by the *French Army*. This is a considerable Town in *Flanders*, and commands a great part of the Country. The *Duke of Orleans*, invested it on the Ninth of the last *Moon*, and on the Eighteenth, lay down before it with the whole Army. The *Spanish Generals*, hastn'd to its Relief, and brought Thirty thousand Men of Six Nations, to combat with the *French*. But they quarrell'd about Precedency of Post. High Words pass'd between the *Duke of Lorraine* and *General Lamboy*. Thus, while they spent their Time in Needless Contests, the *French* took the Town: And, having left a strong Garison there, part of the Army, commanded by the *Mareschal de Grammont*, is marched to joyn the *Hollanders*, with Design to attack *Antwerp*; and the rest follow the *Duke of Orleans*, who they say, intends to besiege *Mardyke*. This is a Sea-Town, that has nothing in it considerable enough to tempt a *Conquerour*, save the Haven, which is of great Importance in those Seas.

We have had no Rains here these Three *Moons*, which make the People fear a *Famine*. Provision of all Sorts, is very Dear; and

and those who have great Quantities of Corn will not bring it to the Markets. The Fruits are all blasted, and a Distemper rages in the City, which fills all Places with Death and Mourning. The Cattel drop down dead in the Fields, and the Rivers are almost dried up. Men languish and wither, as if parch'd up by some inward Fire. Fearful Apparitions are seen in the Air; each Night brings forth New Prodigies. The People lament the present, and presage greater Calamities to come. While Mahmut perseveres unmov'd; and neither molests himself nor others, about the Inevitable Decrees of Destiny. I keep in the Path of my Duty, without turning to the Right Hand or to the Left. I serve the Grand Signior faithfully: I pray for his Health, and for the Welfare of the Empire. I neither give Alms to the Infidels, nor do them any Injuries. In fine, if I cannot reap any Profit from other Mens Vertues, I take care their Vices shall do me no Harm.

'Tis said, there will be a Procession here shortly, whereat the King, the Queen-Regent, and the whole Court will assist bare-foot, for an Example of others. The Body of a certain Female Saint, whom they esteem the Patroness of this City, will be taken out of the Church where it lies, and will be carried with other Reliques of Saints, through the Streets of Paris, to atone the Wrath of Heaven, which seems to be kindled against them.

In the mean time, I pray Heaven to send down its Blessings on the Ottoman Empire;  
and,

and preserve the *True Faithful*, from the Three *Scourges of God*.

Paris, 23d. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER X.

*To the Aga of the Janizaries.*

I Perceive thou hast follow'd the Advice I formerly gave thee, to read *Histories*, wherein thy Letter speaks thee very conversant. Thou wilt have no Reason to repent of a Labour, that affords so agreeable a Diversion, especially to a *Soldier* and a *Statesman*. They open the Graves, and call forth the Dead, without disturbing their Repose; and present to us those *Hero's* living, talking and acting Great Things, whose Bodies have lain buried in Silence and Obscurity many Ages. They introduce us into the Closets of *Princes*, revealing their most Secret Counsels. They make us familiar with the Intrigues of *Politicians*, and the Stratagems of *Warriours*. In fine, there is Nothing Publick or Private, in the Courts or Camps of the Greatest *Monarchs*, to which an *Historian* is a Stranger.

I applaud the Choice thou hast made of *Grecian Histories*, and others of the *East*;  
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ye

yet, I counsel thee, not to neglect those of the *West*. The Ancient *Roman* Writers, are full of rare Examples; and Modern *France*, which emulates all Great and Glorious Undertakings, takes equal Care to commit to Posterity, the *Lives* of Illustrious Persons. I say not this, in Contempt of other Countries in *Europe*. The *Christians* of these Parts in General, are accurate *Historians*. They are universally Learned; in Regard, there is no Kingdom in *Europe*, where they have not *Schools* and *Academies*, where all *Languages* and *Sciences* are taught. The Plough-men in the Field, speak *Latin* and *Greek*; which thou knowest, are now grown obsolete, and no where to be learn'd but in *Books*. The *Mechanicks* are *Philosophers*; and, every Man sets up for an *Historian*, or an *Antiquary*. It was not so in former Times, when the *Ecclesiasticks* had engross'd all Manner of *Learning* to themselves, except some few of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, who had the Advantage of *Patrimonial Libraries*, and Leisure to apply themselves to Study. For, then it was difficult to purchase *Books*, there being but few; and for those, they were oblig'd to the Labour of the *Scribe*. Hence it came to pass, that only such as had Plenty of Money, and a strong Inclination to Knowledge, monopoliz'd the choicest *Manuscripts* into their Hands, and bequeath'd them as a Legacy to their Off-Spring. But, since the Invention of *Printing Books* are infinitely multiplied, grown Cheap and Common: And, those

those *Histories* and *Sciences*, which before were shut up in the *Latin*, *Greek*, or some of the *Oriental Languages*, are now translated into the *Vulgar Speech* of every Nation; whereby the lowest Sort of People who can but read, have the Privilege to become as Knowing as their *Superiors*, and the *Slave* may vie for Learning with his *Sovereign*. This makes the *Nazarenes*, upbraid the *True Faithful* with Ignorance and Barbarism, because *Printing* is not suffered throughout the *Mussulman Empire*. They consider not the *bad Consequences* of this *Art*, as well as the *good*: And, that the *Liberty of the Press*, has fill'd the World with Errors and Lies: Besides, they are Strangers to the Education of the *Mussulmans*, who are generally taught the *Arabick* and *Persian Tongues* from their Childhood: In which *Two Languages*, how many famous *Histories* have been writ? There is no point of useful *Wisdom*, which is not compriz'd in the *Writings*, of the *Eastern Sages*. And, as for unprofitable Treatises and Pamphlets, with which the *Europeans* abound, they are superfluous and burdensome, bringing a double Loss, both to Writer and Reader; while they rob them of their Time and Money, and commit a Rape on their Understandings. Add to this, the Fatal Effects which this deprav'd Indulgence of *Printing*, has produc'd in *Christend'm*. What *Sacrileges*, *Massacres*, *Rebellions* and *Impieties*, have overflow'd most Parts of the *West* in this licentious Age? What Hatred among

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*Christian,*

*Christians*, What Seditions among Subjects, Diversities in Religion, Contempts of all *Law*, both *Divine*, *Natural*, and those of *Nations*? The Vices, at which former Times would have blush'd; nay, at the very naming of which, our *Fathers* would have started, as at a *Prodigy*, are in these Days committed openly, without Shame, without Contradiction; whilst there are Authors, who dare publicly assert the Cause of Impiety, and patronize all Manner of Prophanations.

But thou, who hast the Honour to guard the *Incorruptible Seat* of *Justice* and *Virtue*, the *Bright Throne* of the *Osman Emperours*, who are the *Shadows* of *God* on *Earth*; hast made such a Choice of *Books*, as commends thy Wisdom, and the Sincerity of thy Morals. Thou wilt not suffer thy Imagination to be tainted, with those enchanting *Ideas* of Evil, which are drawn by the Pens of some *Elegant Writers*. All that thou seekest in *Books*, is to inform thy Understanding, rectify thy Judgment, and enflame thy Affections with the Love of *Virtue*. To this End, serve the *Divine Precepts* of our *Holy Doctors*, and other Learned Sages; the *Writings* of *Philosophers*, and the Examples of Renowned *Heroes*. From these thou gatherest Strength to practise the Four *Maternal Vertues*, and all the Good Qualities, that spring from those *Roots*.

Go on, and increase in the Graces and Accomplishments, which shall render thee Worthy to be made the Subject of a Particular



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*lar History*; while the *Old* shall recommend; and the *Young* shall cover, nothing more passionately, than to read the *Life of Cassim Hali, Fanizar-Aga.*

*Mahmut* salutes thee with a Kiss of Affection. Reverence thy self, and all Men will Honour thee: So taught *Pythagoras.*

Paris, 17th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1646.

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LETTER XI.

*To the same.*

**I** Had forgot to perform in my other Letter, what thou commandedst me. Yet knowing the esteem thou hast for *Women* of Vertue and rare Endowments, and with what Pleasure thou readest their *Stories*; I should never send any *Dispatch* to thee, wherein there is not a Relation of some *Heroine.* I will be more diligent hereafter, to observe the Disposition of my *Superiours*; and will endeavour to procure a Collection of the *Lives and Characters* of all the *Famous Women*, that have been Recorded in *History.* In the mean while hear what the *French* say, of *Christina* Queen of *Suedeland*, of whom thou requirest a Description.

She is the onely Daughter of *Gustavus Adolphus*

*dolphus*, the most Victorious Prince, that ever govern'd that Nation; and, one of the most Successful Warriours in the World. As his whole Life was led in the Field, so there he received an Honourable Death, being slain in the Battel of *Lutzen*: Some say, by the Treachery of *Duke Albert*; who had in Appearance, deserted the *Emperour*, and offer'd himself a *Voluntier* to *Gustavus Adolphus*. I formerly mention'd this *Duke*, and that he was kill'd by a *Suedish Lady*. If the Suspicion of the *Suedes* be well grounded, and that *Duke Albert* was really Guilty of the Murder of *Gustavus*, it may be, this was the Motive which brought those *Amazons* into the Field, to revenge the Death of their Prince. But, it is impossible to be assur'd of the Truth, among so many different Opinions.

When the *French* speak of *Gustavus Adolphus*, they cannot restrain their Words on this Side a *Panegyrick*. They say, he was a Prince above all Praise. 'Tis certain, his very Enemies admired his unimitable Courage, and matchless Fortune. I have sent thee the true *Effigies* of his Face, wherein thou wilt see, a most agreeable Mixture of Majesty and Bignity, creating Respect and Love at the same Time in the Beholders. He was so familiar with every one, as if he had forgot himself, as well as he was a Stranger to Pride. He was a great Student in his Youth, and made himself Master of *Latin, French, and Italian*; being also perfectly skill'd, in Ancient and Modern *Histories*. He had a wonderful Faculty

Faculty, in discovering Impostures; a dextrous Wit in Time of Danger and Difficulty, being Ready at Counsel, and Swift in Execution; and as Cunning at a Stratagem, as he was Bold at an Onset. He was Liberal to his Officers, and to all Men of Merit; but, a severe Punisher of Disorders in his Army. And, that which Crown'd all the rest of his Vertues, his Piety to God was singular and worthy of Remark. The *French* relate a Memorable Saying of this King, when he was once in his Camp before *Werben*. He had been solitary in the Cabinet of his Pavilion some Hours together, and none of his Attendants durst interrupt Him; till at Length, a Favourite of his having some Important Matter to tell him, came softly to the Door, and looking in, beheld the King very devoutly on his Knees at Prayers. Fearing to molest him in that Sacred Exercise, he was about to withdraw his Head, when the King spied him, and bid him come in; saying unto him, *Thou wonderest to see me in this Posture, since I have so many Thousands of Subjects to pray for me. But I tell thee, That no Man has more Need to pray for himself, than He, who being to render an Account of His Actions to None but God, is for that Reason, more closely assaulted by the Devil, than all other Men beside.*

*Gustavus* was born in the Year 1594. At which Time, they say, a Comet was seen in the Form of a Sword, with its Point directed toward Germany; which the *Astrologers*

of those Times, interpreted as a Presage of that King's Warlike *Genius*, and of his future Conquests in the *Empire*. He came to the Government, before he had seen full Seventeen *Winters*, and was cut off in the Eight and Thirtieth Year of his Age.

Is is said, That a few Days before his Death, when his Soldiers receiv'd Him with Infinite Acclamations, and all the Marks of an unusual and intemperate Joy, he seem'd to be troubled at it, saying, *That he took that Excessive Demonstration of his Soldiers Love, for an Omen of some approaching Disaster: And, that he was assured, God would, by taking him away, teach them, That there is no Confidence to be repos'd in any Mortal.*

After the Death of *Gustavus*, the *States* of the *Kingdom* assembling, proclaimed *Christina* Queen; And, during her Minority, committed her to the *Tutelage* of Five Principal Officers of the *Kingdom*, who also took on them the whole Care of the *Commonwealth*.

She is perfect in Seven *Languages*. Well vers'd in Ancient and Modern *Philosophy*, and, a complete *Historian*. In fine, she has acquir'd the *Title*, of the *Most Learned Princess* of her *Time*.

She is of a Graceful and Majestick Aspect: Has a piercing Eye: Wears part of her Hair loose about her Temples, and flowing down in Curls to her Shoulders; the Rest braided up behind, in Form of a Wreath. Thus is she represented by her *Picture*, which I have seen

seen in a Gallery of *Cardinal Mazarin's* Palace, who professes a great Veneration for this Queen. Could I have purchas'd her *Portraiture*, as I did her Father's, I would have sent it thee: But, all the Pencils in *Paris* are hardly sufficient to supply the Closets and Galleries of the Nobles, with this Admired Figure. She is become the *Idol* of the *French*.

Many great *Matches* have been offered her; but, she refuses all, either for Reason of *State*, or Dislike of the Persons, or an Aversion she has for a *Married Life*; or through Opposition of her Nobles who seem to covet to be governed by a *Maiden Queen*. Soon after her Father's Death, the King of *Denmark* attempted to make her his Wife; but his Redress was abruptly rejected.

No better Encouragement did the King of *Poland* lately meet with, who Twice solicited the same Thing for Himself, and was as often repulsed. But this, 'tis thought, proceeded from some Politick Reasons; he being descended of *Sigismund*, a former *Abdicated* King of *Sueden*; all whose *Posterity*, are for ever excluded from enjoying the *Suedish Crown*, by a Law.

The *English* also gloried in a *Virgin Queen*, the last Age: Her Name was *Elizabeth*; whom thou can't not but have heard of. She was the Daughter of *Henry VIII.* King of that Nation. She was a *Princess* of an extraordinary *Genius*, remarkable for her Wit and Learning. 'Twas one of her Subjects, who the

first of all Mortals, sail'd round the Globe: And, by his fortunate Service, she vanquish'd the reputed *Invincible Armada* of Spain. She governed her Kingdom with such exquisite Conduct, as made the Greatest *Potentates* revere her Wisdom. 'Tis to her Bounty, the *United Provinces* owe the Rise of their present Grandeur and Riches; when they address'd this Potent Queen in Form of Humble Suppliants, entitling themselves, *The poor distressed States*. But now, they're *High and Mighty*; pushing for an Equality with *Sovereign Princes*.

I cannot comprize in a Letter, all that may be said of this Great Queen. Besides, *Historians* vary in her Character. Those that speak most impartially, say, That she had Extraordinary *Vertues*, yet was not free from Great *Vices*. We must not expect in any Mortal, a Temper exempt from the Common Malediction; much less in that Sex, whose Natural Weakness, claims our Indulgence and Excuse. It is admirable to see or hear of a *Female*, whose Active Soul can disengage it self from the Common Frailties of *Women*, and perform Things scarce below the Power of *Masculine Vertue*.

If thou thinkest my Letter too tedious, accuse thy self, for commanding me to write of Persons, whose Uncommon Gifts and Transcendent *Vertues*, the most Accurate *Historians* can but render in *Epiome*; and, the most durable *Records* of *Fame* will injure, in not being capable to transmit them to *Eternity*.

We ought not to contemn the Excellencies of the *Nazarenes*; who, though they are Unhappy in not knowing the *Alcoran*, yet they have a *Law* engraven on their Hearts; which if they observe, they shall be in the *Number* of the *Blessed*.

I am no Stranger to thy Moderation and Justice; being fully satisfied, that thou honourest *Vertue*, even in the most prejudic'd *Enemy* of our *Holy Profession*. Let the *Furioso's* among the *Mussulmans* or *Christians* say their Pleasure; thou and I shall be conformable to our *Holy Law-giver*, in believing, That the *Innocent* and *Good* of all Religions, shall have no Reason to tremble at the Second Sound of the *Trumpet*.

Paris, 17th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

## LETTER XII.

To the *Selictar Aga*, or *Sword-Bearer to the Grand Signior*.

THE *Duke of Orleans* is newly return'd from the *Campagne in Flanders*. He seems to be either tired with the *Farigues of War*, or at least, to be satisfy'd with his *Exploits this Summer*.

After the *Conquest of Courtray*, of which thou hast heard in the *Divan*; this *Prince* march'd directly to *Bergues*, which he took, after a *Siege of Six Days*. Then being joyn'd by the *Duke of Enguien's Forces*, he lay down before *Mardyck*. This *Town* had been in the *Spaniards Possession*, ever since last *Winter*. Now it held out to a *Miracle*; but, after a *Stout Resistance*, was at last forc'd to *surrender*. There were slain before it, many of the *Chief Nobility of France*. The *French* entred it, on the *Four and twentieth of the last Moon*.

The *Churches* here are hung with *Mourning*, and the *Escutcheons* of the *Hero's*, who lost their *Lives in the Bed of Honour*. The *Bullets*, which know no *Difference* between the *Noble and Vulgar*, seem in this *Battel*, to have been directed by *Art or Envy*: As if the *Flower of the Army*, had been cull'd out for *Marks*.

In



In a Letter to *Murat Bassa*, I gave an Account of a greivous *Drought* and *Mortality* in these Parts. Now *Heaven* seems to be pacify'd; and the *Angel of Death*, has put up his *Sword*. Yet, the Scarcity of Corn and other Necessaries, continues still; only, there is Plenty of Wine: Which the Poor, who have most Need of it, abstain from, lest it should enrage their Appetites, already sharpen'd with Hunger, whilst they have Little or nothing to eat.

Thou wilt wonder at the Dyet of these Miserable Wretches, whom Oppression and Poverty has forc'd to feed on *Frogs* and other *Vermin*. Yet, they extol it for a dainry Dish. Both Poor and Rich reckon it a Feast, when they can make an Addition of a few *Mushromes*, which they commonly gather themselves. This is a *Vegetable*, of which the *Italian Proverb* says, *Mushromes well pick'd with Spices, may do no Harm, but can do no Good.*

God, who has commanded us to separate the Clean from the Impure, and has taught us what we may eat without Pollution, grant, That we may not, either through Necessity, or to indulge our Appetites, taste of any thing, which has in it the least of the *Seven Maledictions*.

Paris, 14th. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

## LETTER XIII.

To Abubechir Hali, Merchant  
in Aleppo.

**T**HOU tellest me a Tragical Story of One of thy *Wives*, That she is become a Fugitive, and gone away with thy *Slave Lorenzo*; whom I remember to have seen at thy House at *Constantinople*. Either thou wert too Unkind to them both, or gavest 'em both too much Liberty: Whichsoever of these Ways thou hast exceeded, thou art in the Fault. Too great an Indulgence, either to a Wife or a Servant, makes them Presumptuous: And, too great Severity, hardens them to Despair. However, since it is so, I advise thee to comfort thy self with this Thought, That thou art rid of *Two Evils*. Had they prov'd Faithful, they would not have merited that *Title*; but now, they are neither worthy of thy Grief, nor of thy Revenge.

But if thou art resolv'd to pursue them, ask not my Counsel or Assistance in this Place; where I should have as much Reason to apprehend Danger, as they. 'Tis true, I know thy *Slave*; but, were I to meet him in the Streets of this City, I should be very unwilling, by discovering him, to be made known my self. Besides, thy Passion has made

made thee forget, That the *Nazarenes* would commend his Wit, and rejoice in his Fortune; who being a *Slave* to one, whom they esteem an *Infidel*, has now by his Wife Conduct, purchas'd both his Liberty and a Beautiful Mate, with no small Treasure.

I rather advise thee, to apply thy self to *Jasmir Sgire Rugial*, the little *Astrologer* in *Aleppo*, who perhaps may tell thee some News of em. There is not a Star in the Eighth Sphere, can stir without his being privy to it. And, he pretends to behold in their Motions, whatever is done on Earth.

But, to be serious, thy *Slave* was an ungrateful Fellow, thus to abuse all thy Favours. Thou hadst made him in a Manner, Master of all thy Riches, only reserving thy *Wives* to thy self. And, if the Desire of Liberty tempted him to escape, he ought in Justice to have sacrific'd his Lust, to the Regards he ow'd thee. But, every *Slave* is not a *Joseph*. *Lorenzo's* Villany, purs me in Mind of the Continnence of an *Italian Marquess*.

This Young Lord, fell in Love with a *Dutchess* of singular Beauty, but knew not how to make her sensible of it. At length Fortune favour'd him with an Opportunity; beyond his Expectation. One Evening, as he return'd from Hawking he pass'd through the Fields of that *Dutchess*, bordering on the Palace. The Duke her Husband and she, were walking together, as the Young Lord came by. The Duke seeing his Train, and what Game they had been at, ask'd him  
some

some Questions concerning their Sport ; and being of an Hospitable Disposition, invited him into his Palace to take a Collation. Nothing could be more agreeable to the Young Lover. He accepted the Offer, and here commenc'd an Acquaintance, which made Way in Time for an Assignment between the *Dutchess* and Him. He was let into the Gardens one Night, and so conducted privately to her Chamber, where she lay ready in Bed to receive Him. After some Compliments, the *Dutchess* said, My Lord, You are obliged to my Husband for this Favour ; who, as soon as you were gone from our House, the first Time we saw you, gave you such Commendations, as made me conceive an immediate Passion for you. Is it true, Madam ? (replied the Young Lover already half undress'd) Then far be it from me, to be so ungrateful to my Friend. With that he put on his Garments again, and took his Leave.

But, it cannot be expected, that so much Vertue should be found in a Slave. I would not have thee vex thy self, for what cannot be recover'd. Adieu.

Paris, 14th. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Solyman, *his* Cousin.

I Cannot approve thy Singularity, in pre-  
scribing to thy self a Rule of Life, different  
from that wherein thou wert Educated, and  
from the Laudable Manners of all True Be-  
lievers. Thou hast not done well, in desert-  
ing the *Publick Congregations* of the Faithful,  
to follow the *Superstitions* of New Upstart  
Sects: Who, whilst they profess greater Pu-  
rity than Others, do secretly Undermine the  
Credit of our Holy Law-giver, reproach all  
the *Mussulmans* throughout the World, and  
introduce *Libertinism*, and a Contempt of the  
*Majesty* which cannot behold *Uncleaness*.

Are they Wiser than their *Fathers*; who  
for so many Ages have obey'd the *Sacred Tra-  
ditions*? Or, will they pretend to correct the  
*Messenger of God*? He commanded us, to  
observe the *Purifications* taught by the *Angel*:  
Whence do these *Innovators* derive their new-  
founded Authority, of Dispensing with the  
Positive Injunctions of *Heaven*? Will they  
enter into the *Blasphemy* of the *Infidels*? and  
say, the *Prophet* was a *Seducer*, and that the  
*Alcoran* is but a *Collection of Fables*? If they  
believe the *Pages* replenish'd with *Truth* and  
*Reason*, why do they seek to retrench the *Di-  
vine Commandments*, and traverse the *Law*  
transported from *Heaven*? Is it an Argument  
of

of their Piety, that they carve out to themselves such a *Religion*, as suits with their Licentious Spirits? And, that they pick and chule such *Precepts*, as indulge them most in a Careless Life? Is this to be *Mussulmans*, that is, *Resign'd*, when they will not obey the *Sovereign Law-giver* of Heaven and Earth, but upon their own Conditions? *Cousin*, I counsel thee, to beware of these *Schismaticks*; who, by breaking the *Union* of the *True Believers*, secretly oppose the *Eternal Unity* in self, on which our *Mighty Empire* is founded, and rests.

I am obliged to the *Post*, who waits at my Door, till I have finished my *Dispatches*. Therefore, I cannot now answer thy Letter at Large: Another Time, expect a more ample *Expostulation*. Mean while, I advise thee, to return to the Practice from which thou art fall'n: Go to the *Assemblies* of those, who pour out *Devout Orisons*; Keep a Clean Skin, and a Pure Heart: And, make not thyself a *Companion* of *Swine*.

Paris, 24th. of the 10th, Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Hasnadar-Bassly, *Chief Treasurer*  
to the Grand Signior.

**T**HIS Day *Paris* makes a Figure like Ancient *Rome*; when that *Mistress* of the *World* honour'd her *Generals* with Publick Triumphs, at their Return from the Conquer'd Nations. The Streets are hung with Tapestries, and strew'd with Lawrels: The Shops are shut up. The Young Men and Virgins, are cloathed in their best Array. They walk up and down in Consorts, singing the *Duke of Enguien's* Praise: Whilst the Old and Decrepid, sit at their Doors. to see the *Hero* make his Entry, and rehearse the *Memoirs* of their former Years. With Tears of Joy, they heap Blessings on the Victorious Youth, as he rides along: And, throwing their Age and Crutches by for a while, they consecrate the Rest of the Day to the Publick *Jubile*.

Wouldst thou know the Occasion of all this Joy? 'Tis to welcom this *Prince* Home from the Successful Toils of War. For, let his Courage and Conduct be what it will, if he had made a fruitless Campaign, his Entertainment had been different. But, *Fortune* has been propitious to him; and, the happy Event of his Arms, crowns him with Glory.

After

After the Departure of the *Duke of Orleans* from the Camp, the Command of the whole Army devolv'd on this *General*. Whose fiery *Genius* would not let him Rest, till he had done something worthy of the Character he aim'd at.

His first Attempt was, on a Place of no great Strength, called *Furnes*, which he took with Ease. Then he march'd to *Dunkirk*, one of the Strongest Towns in *Europe*. There was in it at that Time, a Garrison of Five and Twenty Hundred Foot, and Three Hundred Horse, commanded by a *Nobleman* of great Valour. I think they call him the *Marquis de Leide*. This *Governour* did so many brave Things, in Defence of this Place, as even surpass'd his own Fame, and the Expectations of others; though, both were very Great. Yet, at Length, he was forced to yield to the Courage and Fortune of the Young *Duke*; and that at a Time, when the other *Spanish Generals* were coming to his Relief. The Town was surrendred, on the 7<sup>th</sup> of this Month. And, the *Duke* having left the Necessary Commands to the *Mareschals* his Lieutenants, is come Home to receive the Acclamations of the People, the Honour of a Publick Triumph, and the particular Caresses of the King, and the whole Court. Amidst all this Applause and Glory, he must be content to stand the Shock of Envy, which always endeavours to lessen the Reputation of the Brave and Heroick.



As for *Mahmut*, he neither Envy nor admires the fading Honours of Mortality: Knowing, that when a Man is on the Highest Pinnacle of Humane Glory, he stands uneasie; nor can he descend from thence, but by a Precipice.

Paris, 24th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER XVI.

To Ibrahim Hali Cheik, *A Man of the Law.*

**I**F it be a Sign of a Flourishing State, when Vices are suppress'd; one would presage, That *Paris* is in a thriving Condition. The Governour of this City, has newly publish'd an Edict, forbidding all Stews and Brothel-Houses under severe Penalties; banishing all Harlots, and such as by the Toleration of the Government, have hitherto made a Profession of Whoredom, getting a Livelihood by Debauching the Youth of the City. This appears a great Novelty to the French; who, in this Matter, have been permitted all along, to live in an unbridled Licentiousness. The lewder Sort, exclaim with open Mouth against this unseasonable Rigour (as they call it;) and those who are asham'd to appear publick  
Advo-

Advocates for *Harlots*, yet privately murmur against their *Superiors*, for retrenching a Liberty, without which, they say, their Lives would be uncomfortable.

They give a very favourable Character of a *Whore*; calling her, *A certain kind Creature, born to mitigate the Labours, and soften the Cares of Human Life*. They plead, That such Women are Necessary Members of a *Commonwealth*; whilst, with their Caresses, they restrain libidinous Youth from falling into greater Enormities: That the *State* receives no small Profit from the *Tribute*, which is levied on these *Houses of Pleasure*; and, that therefore they have been, and are permitted in all Countries. That the *Holy Father* himself, tolerates an Infinite Number of them in *Rome*; which nevertheless has acquired the Title, of the *Holy City*: That all the *Princes* in *Italy*, have followed his Example; there being no other way to prevent *Adulteries, Incests, and the Vice* which ought not to be named: That the *State* regarded not the *Morality* or *Immorality* of Men's Actions, any farther than they tended to the *Publick Welfare*: And, in fine, that so vast a Number of *Priests, and Religious*, serv'd for no other End, but to atone by their *Sacrifices, Prayers, Alms and Fasting*, for the Sins of the People.

These are the Discourses of such as patronize the Corruption of Government; and are unwilling to be wean'd from a Wickedness, establish'd by Immemorable Custom in the City. But, those who cherish an Esteem for  
Vertue

Vertue, and an incorrupt Life, applaud the Wisdom and Resolution of the *Magistrate*, saying, That he deserves a *Statue* to be erected to his Memory, who first had the Courage to check this Popular Evil, and introduce an Integrity of Manners.

I, who was bred in the *Profession* of Purity, and the *Law* which admits no *Pollution*, cannot but acquiesce to the Sentiments of the Latter; our *Holy Law-giver*, having expressly forbidden the Practice of Uncleaness and Fornication with Strangers, and Women that prostitute themselves to all Lovers. It being sufficient, that to gratifie Humane Passion, and to sweeten the Toils of Life, he has indulg'd us the Use of *Four Wives*; and as many *Other Females*, as we can purchase either by the Sword or Money.

Adieu, Sage *Cheik*; and, if I have interrupted thy more Important Studies with so Trivial a Subject, believe, that it is for want of a proper Occasion to signifie to thee, how much thou art in my Thoughts; and, that I would not have our Friendship die, through too long Silence.

Paris, 24th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER XVII.

To Mustapha, Bassa of Silistria.

**T**HE Fortune of War, has ravish'd *Asac* from the *Grand Signior*, but has not robb'd thee of the Glory thou acquired'st Three Years ago in the Conquest of that City; nor sullied thy present Arms; with any Marks of Disgrace, that were of late so vigorously employ'd to relieve it. Had the *Moscovites* performed the same Part, when thou did'st encircle that Nest of Pyrates with the *Ottoman* Forces, as they have now done; the *Cossacks* would not then so tamely have abandon'd their Native Seat, and left the Characters of their Despair, imprinted in the Ruines of their Habitations. The Protection of that Potent *Crown*, has given them new Vigor; and 'tis to the Valour of those *Northern* Salvagers they owe the Liberty they now enjoy, to free by their own Fires.

The *Moscovites* are a fierce and warlike Nation, inur'd to Hardships from the Womb. The Midwives plunge the new-born Infants in Cold Water; and, if they out-live not that Tryal, the Mother thinks her Child not worth a Tear. The Women have no partial Tenderesses for their Babes, but cherish all for the Service of their Country. They reach 'em, when Young, to rowl in Snow, and bath themselves in Ice dissolv'd in Water.

Water. They make 'em familiar with the Extremities of Heat and Cold, Hunger, Thirst, and Labour, that when they come of Age, and can bear Arms, they may go boldly to the Wars, and bravely throw their Lives away to serve the Publick Good. In this they seem to revive the Wisdom of the Ancient *Spartans*, who gloried in Nothing so much, as in educating their Youth hardly, and free from the Effeminate Softnesses of other Nations. They esteem'd Infancy and Youth, the Spring-time of Good Manners, when Vertue is in the Blossom: If that be nip'd or blasted, the Fruit must prove abortive, and unprofitable. Therefore they took Care to season their Early Years, with wholesom Instructions, and Masculine Exercises.

Who, among the warlike *Osmans*, does not laugh at the unmanly Education of the *Persian Sophi's*; who being for so many Years confin'd to the Company and Discipline of Females, seem fitter to be made Overseers of a Nursery, than to ascend a Throne?

But, thou wilt say, I take large Leaps, from the North of Europe, to one of the most Southern Tracts in Asia. I was discoursing of the *Moscovites*, and the Assistance they afforded the *Cossacks* in recovering *Asac*. I passed from thence to the Manner of their Education. Permit me now, to divert thee with Something peculiar and uncommon, in the Character of the *Russian Women*. I am acquainted with a Gentleman in this City, who

has travelled through all that Part of *Europe*, and resided some Years at *Mosco*. He says, The *Russian* Wives think themselves not beloved by their Husbands, unless they beat them every Day. They take his Correction, as a Mark of his Favour and Esteem. If these silly Females are angry or peevish, he has no other way to court 'em into a better Humour, but by Stripes. This is the only convincing Argument of his Sovereignty over them, the Demonstration of his Manhood, the Charm which fastens both their Love and Obedience.

He highly applauds the absolute Resignation, which the People shew to their Great Duke; in that they pretend not to possess their Estates and Lives, but through his Favour, and during his Pleasure. He says, the Succession of the Czars, or Great Dukes of *Russia*, was in former Times determin'd after this Manner. A great Stone was plac'd in a large Field belonging to the City of *Mosco*. When any Czar died, his Sons, or the next of Kin, were conducted into this Field, and placed all at an equal Distance from the Stone: Then, at a certain Signal given, they all ran together toward it; and he that first reach'd it, so as to stand on the Top of it, was establish'd in the Throne.

The Reverence which these People pay to their Prince, may in Part be ascribed to his seldom appearing in Person to them, and then surrounded with his Boyars or Nobles, in the most Magnificent Equipage, that can

be supposed proper, to strike a Terror and Awe into his Subjects, and cause them to Honour him, as little less than a *God*. The Eyes of the Vulgar, are dazzl'd with so many Splendors, of Silver, Gold and Jewels; And, when the *Great Duke* makes his solemn Appearance or Cavalcade, they are almost ready to think, That Heaven has descended to Earth, to do them the Honour of a Visit. These are the Arts of *Russian* Policy, by which such an Infinite Number of People are charm'd, into an Obedience to the *Sovereign*. Doubtless, the *Majesty* of a *King*, receives no small Lustre from External Ornaments; the Multitude being captivated with whatsoever is Gay and Glittering. Yet, our Glorious *Sultans*, scorn to borrow Advantage from, or owe their Grandeur to any Thing, but their Exalted Blood, and sublime, innate Virtues.

But, every Nation have their peculiar Customs, and distinct Reasons of State. The Constitution of all Governments is not alike; The Model of *Lacedemonian* Policy, would suit ill with *Athens*.

Thou whose Education was in the *Royal Seraglio* of the *Osman Emperours*; that hast been instructed to imitate the *Bees*, which sucks Honey, from every Flower: Thou that knowest how to make a Choice of Good Examples, and to reject the Ill; practise the Valour of One Nation, the Prudence of Another, the Frugality of a Third; so shalt thou be consummate in

Vertue, and acquit thy self a good General.

Paris, 15th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1646.

## LETTER XVIII.

To Solyman, Kyzlar Aga, Chief of  
the Black Eunuchs.

**I** Am just now return'd to my Chamber, from the *Palace* of the *King*. As I pass'd along the *Streets*, I saw in every Face the Signatures of a profound Sorrow, which seems to have diffused it self over their whole Bodies; for, both the *Court* and *City* have put on Mourning, for the Death of *Henry Bourbon*, late *Prince of Conde*.

He was not full Sixty Years of Age, when he left this Visible World, to be new-born in a Region utterly unknown to Morals. The *French*, not without Reason, lament the Loss of a Man, who, to speak the Least of him, buoy'd up the Domestick Interest of this Kingdom, which seemed otherwise inclining to totter. He was the Balance which pos'd the different Passions of the *Court* and *City*, by his Prudence and Justice, calming both into a peaceable Mediocrity.



He was born some *Moons* after his Father's Death, whom the most execrable Method of Murdering, would not suffer to Spin out those Years which *Nature* would have indulg'd him; being snatch'd away by Poison.

*Henry IV.* So long as he remain'd without Issue, fix'd his Eyes on this Posthumous Young Prince, and gave him an Education suitable to one, whom *Fate* had designed to be the Heir of the *Crown*. Yet afterwards, Jealousie cool'd his Affection, when the Prince had married *Charleotte*, the *Duke of Montmorency's* Daughter, whom *Henry IV.* loved to a Degree of Passion.

It is dangerous to have a Sovereign Prince, whose Rival in Love. That Match had well-nigh ruined the Young Prince of *Conde*. He was forced to fly into *Holland* with his Princess, and make that Province the Sanctuary of her Honour. From thence he travell'd through *Germany*, and return'd not to *France*, till after the Murder of *Henry IV.*

During the Minority of *Lewis XIII.* he Headed the Factions, affecting to become Popular. Were it not for this Ambition, his Life had been without Blemish, and he might have blown out *Diogenes* his Mid-day-Candle. But, no Man is free from Fault. All the Difference between the Vertuous and Vicious, consists in this, That one commits fewer Crimes than the other, and those not by Intention or Habit, but through the Insupportable Proclivity of *Nature*. Every Man has

his *Genial Vices*, his *Constitutional Errors*; and though he may appear a *Saint* in all Things else, yet in these he will still be a *Sinner*.

He suffered Five Years Imprisonment in the *Bastile*, which is a Place put to the same Use, as the *Castle of the Seven Towers* in *Constantinople*. The *Princess* his Wife, was his Companion all the Time, and shared in his Misfortunes, as well as his Prosperity.

During that tedious Confinement, he became Father of a Daughter, who was afterwards Married to the *Duke of Longueville*. And, when he was set at Liberty, he begot the *Duke of Enguien*, now *Prince of Conde*, and the *Prince of Conti*.

The *French* speak well of the Departed *Prince*. He was of a lively Spirit, cheerful and affable in Conversation, mixing daily Recreations with his severer Business, regularly observing Order in all his Affairs. Yet, they say, he was Coverous, having heaped up great Treasures by a Parsimony which none of that *Blood* had ever before practised.

On his Death-bed he recommended Two Things to the Practice of his Son, the *Duke of Enguien*; *Never to revenge a Private Injury*; And, *freely to hazard his Life, for the Pullick Good*.

I chose to transmit to thee the News of this *Prince's* Death, with this brief Account of his Life, and Character of his Disposition, in Regard thou hast seen him in *Germany*, and I remember to have heard thee speak in his Praise.

Con-

Continue to love *Mahmut*, who is never forgetful to oblige his Friends.

Paris, 15th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1646.

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L E T T E R   X I X.

*To the Kaimacham.*

THE *Posts* from *Catalonia* came in last Night, laden with ill News from the Army, which has been forced to decamp from before *Lerida*, leaving the greatest Part of their Artillery to the *Spaniards*. That Place, was always Fatal to the *French*. Yet, the Passion of the Court, vents it self on the *Count d' Harcourt*, because he could not reverse the *Decrees of Destiny*. All his former Meritorious Actions, seem now to be cancell'd, by this one Disgrace, though it was unavoidable: So pœvish are *Princes*, when their Expectations are cross'd. Some suspect him guilty of private Correspondence; Others tax him with Cowardise. All this is, during the Heat of their Resentments: The same Persons, it may be, will change their Censure, when they consider, that he had lain before it Seven *Moons*, even till the Trenches of his Camp were filled with Snow, and that his Soldiers died of Famine or Cold: For, the

*Winter*, began to be insupportable, and the Country was barren of all Things necessary to sustain such an Army. I cannot see, wherein this *General* deserves Reproach; unless it be a Crime to be a Man, and to have the Command of such as are made of Flesh and Blood, as well as he.

In *Italy*, the *French* have taken *Piombino* and *Portolongone*. This Latter, is the most Important Town in the *Isle* of *Elbe*; yet, was not able to sustain above Nineteen Days Siege.

They say, there is a Fountain in this *Island*, whose Waters flow at the *Sun-rising*; but, in the *Evening*, are dried up. The *Superstitions* have odd Conceits of this Fountain, relishing of the Ancient *Pagan* Vanities; but, the *Learned* attribute it to *Natural Causes*. So, the *Jews* tell of a River in the *East*, that stands still on the *Seventh* Day of the Week. This they adduce, as a Confirmation of their *Law*, which commands them, to rest from Labours on the *Seventh* Day; because, on that Day God rested from forming the *Creatures* of the *World*. They say also, That the *Satyrs*, and other *Monsters* of the *Desart*, shun the Light of the Sun that Day; hiding themselves in Caverns of the Earth, and Cursing the *Sabbath* because it surpriz'd God, before he had quite finish'd their *Forms*; for which Reason, they are *Imperfect* and *Monstrous* to this Day.

The *Divine Unity*, who is the *Root* of all *Numbers*, and has consecrated the Number  
Seven,

*Seven*, to many *Mysterious* Ends, grant, that neither thou nor I may forget the Answers we must give to the *Seven* Questions of the *Porter of Paradise*.

Paris, 7th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

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## LETTER XX.

To Bajazet, Bassa of Greece.

IT appears to me, by evident Symptoms, That there is some deep Design afoot in this Court. The *Grandeess* assemble often, and sit late. Extraordinary *Couriers* are sent out, and come in, at all Hours of the Nighr. Strange Reports are industriously spread about the City. Trading is at a Stand, the Banquiers reserv'd, and little Money stirring; which makes the Populace murmur. They complain of the Times, as is usual in Publick Discontents: The *Old* discourage and incense the *Young*, by making Comparisons of this Age and Reign, with the Happy Days of *Henry the Great*. They fill their Ears, with Golden Stories of former Times; and inspiring into them a Love of the Past, they equally introduce a Hatred of the Present Government. These are the Common Artifices of Faction. And, though none appears

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yet under any distinct Name or Title, yet 'tis easie to prognosticate, from these Preludes, That ere long the Masque will be taken off, and Sedition will shew her self bare-fac'd.

Tother Day, a Fellow run Crying through the Streets, *God save the King, but the Devil take the Italian.* He was followed by a few, and those of the most Contemptible. Yet, no Officer or Magistrate in this City, would cause him to be apprehended, or attempt to suppress the Mutiny he was raising. The Citizens smil'd at his Boldness, and Money was brought him from unknown Hands: The Women bless'd him as a Prophet, and the Virgins fell down before the Altars, on his Behalf: The Temples were crowded with Votaries, or rather with the Fautors of this new Sedition; as if they strove to draw their Gods into the Cabal, and would make Heaven it self abett their Tumults. His Train increas'd as he measured the Streets; till at length he was seiz'd by the Royal Guards, the Rabble dispersed, and all Things restored to Quiet. That Night, a Double Watch was kept throughout the City; the Fellow was strictly examin'd, and put to the Rack; yet no Confession could be extorted from him, save, *That the Publick Good inclin'd him to take this Course: That the Tyranny and Oppression which Cardinal Mazzarini exercised, were Insupportable; and, That he was ready to sacrifice his Life for the Welfare of his Country.* He is condemn'd to the Gallies

Gallies during his Life. And, great Endeavours are used to find out the Authors of this Novelty. For he is looked on but as an Instrument, set at work by some Malecontents of higher Quality, and the Fore-runner of some more formidable Insurrection.

*Proclamations* are issued out, to forbid all Discourse of *State-Matters*; but, the People spare not, to whisper their Sentiments.

The Young King is taken Ill, which augments the Publick Jealousie: Men shake their Heads, and look dejected, as they walk along the Streets. Some menace Revenge with their furrow'd Brows; Others speak openly, *That the Kingdom is sold to Strangers.* A General Consternation and Disorder has seiz'd all, while their Fears prompt 'em daily to expect a Change. To obviate the Mischiefs which those Popular Passions threaten, Soldiers are drawn from divers Parts of the Country by *Mazarini's* Order, and by insensible Companies quarter'd up and down *Paris*. Between these and the Citizens, there happen divers Quarrels, frequent Murders are committed; while the Night, which covers all Things with Darkness, serves to shroud their mutual Outrages, and private Reverages. Thus, the Publick Calamities are cherish'd: What will be the Issue, Time will evince.

In the mean while, the Affairs of *Germany* and *Suedeland*, seem to be in a fair Way of Composure. Divers *Treaties* are on Foot,  
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in Order to a General Peace in *Christendom*. The *Embassadors* and *Daputies* of the several Contending *Crowns*, have frequent *Conferences*. But, each Party insists so vehemently on *Circumstantial*s, that Nothing but fruitless *Demurs* conclude their *Meerings*. *France* has a great Stroke in all these Affairs: And, 'tis grown to a *Proverb*, That Cardinal *Mazarini* carries all the Courts of Europe, in his *Bosom*.

The *Suedes* treat like *Victors*; and the *Germans*, though much enfeebld, yet cannot forget the *Majesty* of the *Imperial Sceptre*. The *Danes* have an Interest to prosecute; and, the *Poles* are not without their *Pretensions*. *National Pride* and *Honour* have a great Influence on these *Crowns*. But, the *Hollanders*, like *Merchants*, act according to the *Rules of Profit*. They stand on no *Punctilio's*, but such as advance their *Traffick*; knowing, that *Money* is the *Nerves of War*. In this they are to be esteemed *Wise*, their *Commonwealth* being as yet but in her *Nonage*; her *Strength* not knit, nor she in a *Capacity* to wrestle with her *Potent Neighbours*.

*England* finds *Business* enough at home, to employ both her *Money*, *Wit* and *Arms*. Nor can she be at *Leisure*, to attend to *Foreign Transactions*.

*Spain* ever follows the Interest of the *German Court*; it being the *Unalterable Maxim* of the *House of Austria*, To remain *United*, and aggrandize it self.

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Italy



*Italy* has various Interests; and, *Venice* in particular, is in strict-Friendship with this Court.

*Portugal* is still upon her Guard, against the restless *Spaniards*: And *Don Juan de Braganza*, makes Foreign Alliances.

The Supreme Monarch of the *Visible* and *Invisible Worlds*, who sits on the Throne of *Adamant*, under the Couvert of the *Eternal Tree*, grant, That the Distractions of these *Infidel-Princes* and *States*, may continue, till the Time appointed by *Fate* shall come, wherein the *Faithful Osmans* shall possess the *Red-Apple*.

Paris, 25th. of the 1st. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

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## LETTER

## LETTER XXI.

To Pesteliali, his Brother.

**I** Thought my self forgotten by the Son of my Mother, who has suffer'd so many Decads of Moons to measure out the Term of his unkind Silence, and of my Melancholy. 'Tis now Three Years since I heard from thee: But, I will not complain of a Fault so ingenuously expiated, though late. Thou hast made me ample Amends, in sending me such an Elaborate and Succinct History of thy Travels: In reading of which, I know not whether my Pleasure or Profit is greater. Thou hast so interwoven Delightful Adventures of thy own, and pleasant Passages of others, with Curious and Solid Observations, that a Man Improves himself Insensibly; whilst the Charming Language and Miscellany, serve as a Spur, at once to rowze and fasten his Attention, to Points of most useful Knowledge.

The Christians are apt to despise the True Believers, as a Company of Ignorant People, Unacquainted with the World, Unpolish'd both in their Understandings and Manners, not vers'd in the Liberal Sciences, nor addicted to the Study of any Thing, but Riches and Honour, and how to augment the Mussulman Empire. They consider not at the same time, that God has made us Rational Creatures,

Creatures, as well as them; has indued us with the same *Natural Faculties*; and, that in all *Nations*, he has Inspir'd some with a Thirst of Knowledge, furnishing them also with the Abilities and Means to attain it. They consider not, that if *Printing* be prohibited among us, 'tis to suppress the Multitude of Unprofitable *Books*, with which *Europe* too much abounds: And, that in their Stead we have many Thousands of Industrious *Scribes*, whose whole Employment is, to translate the most Excellent and Learned *Treatises* of the *Ancients*. And, that consequently, a studious *Mahometan* cannot be destitute of such *Books*, as may instruct him in *True Philosophy*, sound *Morals*, and the *History* of the Most Memorable *Transactions* in the World. Assuredly, our *Arabia* may boast of her *Avicen's*; *Mesue's*, *Averroe's*, *Hali's* and *Albumazar's*; and, that she has brought forth many others who need not in any Point of *Humane* or *Divine Learning*, yield the *Palm* to the most Eminent *Doctors*, *Philosophers*, *Orators* and *Poets* among the *Christians*.

Add to this the equal Benefit some of our *Belief* reap, by Travelling into Foreign Countries, which crowns all their Studies with Experimental Knowledge and Wisdom: Rendering them as familiar, with the different *Natures* of Men, and the various *Constitutions* of *Government*, as before they were with *Books*.

This appears evident in thy Letter, which  
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is replenished with so many solid Remarks and sage Comments, on the *Laws* and *Customs* of the *Regions*, through which thou hast pass'd, their *Religions*, *Strength* and *Riches*, and whatsoever elle was worthy a Traveller's Notice; That were this *Narrative* publish'd in *Christendom*, the *Nazarenes*, would forbear to speak so contemptibly of the *True Believers*.

But, they flatter themselves with a false Notion, That the *Ottomans* never travel beyond the Limits of their own *Empire*, except the *Publick Chiauses*, who are sent by the *Grand Signior*. They are ignorant, that the *August Port* maintains *Private Agents* in all *Nations*; and, that there is hardly any *Prince's Court* in *Christendom* without a *Musselman* in it one Time or other. 'Tis true, we appear not in the *Garb* peculiar to the *East*. Our *Mission* requires a *Conformity* to the *Fashions* of the *People* where we *Reside*. But, we still retain the *Interiour Vestment* of *Mahometan Purity*; being in a double Sence *Circumcised*. Thus we become *Masters* of the *Christians* *Secrets*, whilst they account us *Stupid*, *Ignorant*, and *Men void of Common Sense*.

Besides, had we not this Advantage, in these *Western Parts*; yet, the *Universal Privilege* of *Travelling* and maintaining free *Commerce* over all the *East*, must needs afford great opportunities of *Accomplishment*, to some among the *Caravans* of so many *Thousands*, as visit *Persia*, *India*, *China*, *Tartary*, and all *Places* where the *Faith* of the *Missioner* of *God* is professed.

I am

I am extremely pleased with thy fortunate Escapes from *Robbers* on the Road; whose Malice rarely extends farther, than to deprive a Man of those *Outward Goods*, which, if he be wise, he will not call *his Own*. Much more am I delighted, with thy Deliverance from those *Female Thieves*, who steal from Men their Hearts and Reason; which last is our Noblest, and only proper Inheritance. All *Persia* and the *Indies*, abound with *Courtezans*; and he had need of *Osman's* Chastity, who would withstand so many and strong Temptations.

Thou needest not wonder at the Effeminacy of the present *Mogul*, who suffers himself and his *State*, to be govern'd by *Women*. That Subtle and Aspiring *Sex*, have always sought to undermine or over-reach our *Race*. They keep behind the *Scenes*, yet act their Parts, in all the *Tragedies* and *Revolutions* of the *World*. The Father of the present *Indian King*, made an Absolute Resignation of his *Sovereignty* to his *Queen*, for Four and Twenty Hours. This *Prince*, by a strange Affectation, called himself, *King of the World*. His Wife was the Daughter of an *Arabian Captain*, who had served him in the Wars: But, having forfeited his Head by some Notorious *Treason*, his Daughter went and threw herself at the *Mogul's* Feet, to beg his Life. He fell passionately in Love with her, (for, she had not her Equal for Beauty in all the *East*) granted her *Petition*, and married her. Afterwards, she got such an *Empire* over him,

him, that he would do Nothing without her Advice and Consent. At her Instigation, he made *War or Peace*: And to please her cruel Humour, he put out the Eyes of his Eldest Son. But, not satisfied with these Discoveries of his Love, and resolving to make herself Famous by some Extraordinary Action, she never ceas'd soliciting the King, with all the Arts of Female Policy, till she had prevailed on him, to surrender up his Authority to her for the Space of a Day. In which Time (having prepared all things beforehand ready for her Purpose) she caused Two Millions of *Roupies*, in Silver and Gold, to be coin'd, and stamp'd with the *Twelve Signs* of the *Zodiack*; contrary to the *Fundamental Laws* of the *Empire*, the *Express Prohibition* of our *Holy Prophet*, and the *Universal Practice* of the *Mussulmans* throughout the *World*, who admit not the *Representations* of any *Creatures* that have *Life*. This Relation I had from my Uncle *Useph*, who resided in the *Indian Court* Eleven Years. He added moreover, That during this short *Female Reign*, she cut off the Heads of Seven *Grandees*, the most zealous for the *Mussulman Faith* among all the *Indian Princes*, and established as many *Idolaters* in their *Places*. And, that if her Orders had been fully executed, she had quite changed the *Government*, Consecrated the most beautiful *Mosques* to the *Service* of *Idols*, Exterminated the *True Faithful*, and restored the *Ancient Abominations* of the *Infidels*, Which thou wilt not think

think Impracticable, when thou considerest, That the Number of the *Uncircumcised* in the *Indies*, far exceeds that of the *Mussulmans*; there being Ten thousand of those, to a Hundred of such as profess the *Unity* of the *Divine Nature*. But however, there was *Loyalty* found even among those *Pagans*; and, they would not suffer a *Blind Zeal* for the *Worship* of their *Gods*, to supplant the *Duty* they ow'd their *King*.

The Description thou hast made of *Candahar*, and the Method thou hast projected to take that *Impregnable City*, discover at once thy Conduct and Diligence, in procuring Liberty to survey so narrowly, the most Important Place of the *Indies*; and thy Skill in Fortifications, with the Quickness of thy Invention, which has suggested to thee, that which all the *Engineers* of *Asia* have never so much as dreamt of. This is the right Use of Travelling, when a Man returns from Foreign Nations, cultivated with Experimental Knowledge, and stock'd with Improvements, that may render him serviceable to his Country.

Thou condemnest the Injustice and Avarice of the *Indian Moguls*; who, as soon as any of the *Omrabs*, or *Great Men* die, cause all his Estate and Goods to be seiz'd, to their own proper Use. Whereby it comes to pass, that the Widow and Children of the Deceased, are reduced to the lowest Condition of Poverty, being many Times forced to beg for a Subsistence. 'Tis true, this is an Oppression not to be justified, especially in those who profess  
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to Believe in One God Creator of All Things, the Incorrupt Judge of the Universe. But, what thinkest thou then of our Sultans, who not having Patience to wait, till a Natural Death shall make them Heirs to the Wealth of a Bassa, generally secure their Title, and hasten their Possession by a Bow-string? These are Royals Violences: Though the Resignation of Subjects, must not tax them with any Crime, who are Accountable to none but God.

It was, however a notable Piece of Railery, with which the Widow of a Rich Merchant, reproved this Unreasonable Custom in the present Mogul. Her Husband was an Idolator, who had heaped together an Infinite Treasure by Trading and Usury; and, when he died, left her worth Two Hundred Thousand Roupies. Her Son, some Years after coming of Age, demanded of her a Stock to set up with as a Merchant. Which she, either out of Avarice, or for other Ends, refused him; furnishing him onely with such small Sums, as served to nourish his Discontent, and tempt him to a lewd, careless Life. But, at length, not being able to prevail on his Mother, to part with so much as would answer his Expectations, he complained to the Mogul, disclosing also what Estate his Father had left. The Mogul being informed of so much Riches, sent for the Young Man's Mother, and commanded her, to send him Half her Money; ordering, that the other Half, should be divided between her Self and her Son. The Widow not being at all surprized,

or



or cast down at this unjust Proposal, made the Mogul this short Reply : *O King, may the Gods make thee Happy. My Son has some Reason to require his Share of his Father's Estate, having his Blood running in his Veins ; but I desire to know, what Relation Thou art to my Husband or Me, that Thou claimest a Share in his Inheritance.* The Prince abash'd at so smart and bold an Address, commanded her to give Half her Estate to her Son, and so dismissed her.

I have heard some of our *Chiaufes* praise the *Magnificence* of the *Mogul's Court*, the Infinite Number of his Attendants : But above all they extoll the Inimitable Grandeur of his *Throne*, which is adorn'd with so many *Topazes*, *Rubies*, *Emeraulds*, *Pearls* and *Diamonds*, as amount to Thirty Millions of *Roupies*. But, were it not much better, if in stead of all this Needless Glory, he could boast, That his *Empire* is founded in the Hearts of his *Subjects* ? He does not consider, That such prodigious Heaps of envied Treasure are but so many glittering *Snares*, *Golden Manacles*, which serve for no other Use, but to chain him up from that Freedom, and those more Innocent Delights, that the Meanest of his Subjects enjoy.

Thou hast, I perceive, discoursed with the *Indian Bramins* : Dost not thou discover, even in these *Idolaters*, a Contempt of Riches ? What mean Thoughts have they of the Splendor and Gayeties of the Court ? What a low Esteem,

Esteem, of the Long and Proud Series of Titles, with which the *Moguls* endeavour to exalt themselves? Whilst they are call'd the *Lights of the World*, and *Companions of the Sun*; these poor *Philosophers* know, That in a little Time they shall be laid in *Darkness*, and have no better *Society* than that of *Worms*. What signifies their *Pedigree*; or, that the present *Mogul*, is but the *Tenth Descendent* from the *Mighty Temurlen*, who made all *Asia* tremble, if he has lost the *Vertue* of his *Glorious Ancestor*? 'Tis that alone, makes all Men truly *Noble*.

Thou tellest me, That the *Empire* of the *Mogul*, affords him more *Revenues*, than the *Dominions* of any Two the most Potent *Monarchs* on Earth. I have heard as much from Others; which convinces me, That thou hast inform'd thy self rightly of the *Present State* of the *Indies*. But dost thou therefore esteem this *Monarch* the *Richer*? Consider the vast *Extent* of his *Dominions*, which are said to contain more than Six Hundred Leagues in Length, and thou wilt find, that to maintain so great a Tract of Ground, both against his *Foreign* and *Domestic* Enemies, he is oblig'd to keep in Constant Pay, some Millions of his Subjects and Strangers: For he is in the Midst of Enemies, even among his own Subjects. There are above an Hundred *Sovereigns* in his *Empire*, who perpetually by Turns molest his *Government*, refusing to pay *Tribute*, and raising Armies against him: Whereby it comes

comes to pass, That he is at an Infinite Expence to defend himself, and carry on those Endless Wars. Thou thy self having observ'd, That once in two Moons, there is an Indispensible Necessity of paying these prodigious Armies: Not a Soldier throughout his *Empire*, having any thing to live on, save the Wages he receives of the King.

Consider also, that this *Monarch*, always keeps some Thousands of the finest Horses in the World, near his Person, such as cost him Thousands of *Roupies* apiece: Besides a Thousand Elephants; with an Incredible Number of Mules, Camels, and other Beasts of Burden, to carry his Wives, his Goods and Provisions, when he takes the Field: That whole Cities, even as Large as *Constantinople*, are obliged to follow the King's Camp for Subsistence, their Livelihood altogether depending on the Army. Add to this, the Immense Charges of his *Seraglio*, his Castles and Sea-Port Towns, with all the other Necessary Expences of the *State*, and thou wilt conclude, That when this *Potentate* comes to cast up his Accounts, he will find himself a Poor Man.

But, I shall cloy thee with a Rehearsal of such Things, as thou canst not be a Stranger to.

Only tell me, Whether one of the *Rajas* or Princes subject to the *Mogul*, be the real Descendant of *Porus*, the Ancient King of *India*, in the Time of *Alexander the Great*? have been told by several Travellers, that there

there is such an One, that his Name is *Rana*, and that an Hundred of the *Idolatrous Princes* pay Homage to him, as to their *Natural Sovereign*.

Thou confirmest the Truth, of what has been so often reported in these Parts, That the *Prince of Java* has Six Fingers on each Hand, and as many Toes on his Feet.

But, that seems very strange, which thou relatest, of a certain *Language* among the *Indians*, which is not *Vulgarly* spoken; but, that all their *Books* of *Theology*, the *Pandects* of their *Laws*, the *Records* of their *Nation*, and the *Treatises* of *Human Arts* and *Sciences* are written in it. And, that this *Language* is taught in their *Schools*, *Colleges*, and *Academies*, even as *Latin* is among the *Christians*. I cannot enough admire at this: For, where and when was this *Language* spoken? How came it to be disus'd? There seems to be a *Mystery* in it, that none of their *Brachmans* can give any other Account of this, save That it is the *Language*, wherein God gave to the *First Creature* he made, the *Former Books* of the *Law*; which, according to their *Chronology*, was above Thirty Millions of Years ago. I tell thee, my Dear Brother, this News has started some odd Notions in my Mind: For, when I consider, that this *Language*, as thou sayest, has nothing in it Common with the *Indian* that is now spoken, nor with any other *Language* of *Asia*, or of the *World*; and yet, that it is a *Copious* and *Regular Language*, learn'd by *Grammar*

like the other *Maternal Languages*; and, that in this *Obsolete Language*, Books are written, wherein it is asserted, that the *World* is so many Millions of Years old; I could almost turn *Pythagorean*, and believe the *World* to be within a *Minute* of *Eternal*. And, where would be the Absurdity? Since *God* had equally the same Infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness from all *Eternity*, as he had Five or Six Thousand Years ago. What should hinder him then from exerting these *Divine Attributes* sooner? What should retard him, from drawing forth this Glorious *Fabrick* earlier, from the *Womb* of *Nothing*? Suffer thy Imagination to start backwards as far as thou canst, even to Millions of Ages, and yet thou canst not conceive a Time, wherein this Fair Unmeasurable *Expanse*, was not stretch'd out. As if *Nature* her self had engraven on our Intellects, this *Record* of the *World's* Untraceable *Antiquity*; in that our strongest, swiftest Thoughts, are far too weak and slow, to follow Time back to its Endless Origin.

The *Revolution* in *China*, surpasses the *Common Changes* in *Kingdoms* and *Empires*. There is Something Excessively *Tragical*, in the *Catastrophe* of that *Royal House*.

Brother, in beholding that; thou hast seen *Humane Nature* in a *Trance*: And, thou art to thy self, if, after this, thou canst be fond of any Thing on Earth. Traveller, adieu.

Paris, 25th. of the 1st. Moon, of the Year 1647.

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## LETTER XXII.

To Afis Bassa.

Several *Dispatches* have been lately sent between this Court, and that of *Suedeland*; containing rather Matter of Compliment, than any Thing of Great Importance. *Queen Christina* has been very Ill, which has occasion'd Letters of Condolence from the *Queen-Regent of France*.

Those which come from that Part, say, That *General Torstenson* is made a Count; and the *Dignity* entail'd to his *Posterity*, in Recompence of his Eminent Services to the *Suedish Crown*.

These Letters add, That there have pass'd some high Words, between *Monsieur Chanut*, and the *Suedish Secretary of State*. And, that the latter, in going out of the Chamber where they discours'd, laid his Hand upon his Sword, with these Words: *Monsieur Chanut, Were it not for the Fence which the Law of Nations has rais'd about your Person, I would answer you in another Language.* To which *Monsieur Chanut* replied, That he wore a Sword to defend himself and his Private Honour, as well as any *Suede* in the Kingdom.

The Occasion of this Quarrel was, the great Resort of *Roman Catholick* Strangers to *Monsieur Chanut's Chapel*, which gave dis-

gust to the *Suedes*, who allow not the *Exercise* of the *Roman Religion* within their Territories. They castrate all the *Priests* of that *Communion*, whom they find; and persecute the *Laity* with rigorous Penalties. But, *Monsieur Chanut* pleaded the *Law* of Nations: And, when the *Secretary* told him, That the *Queen* permitted him and his Family the Liberty of their Religion, but desired him not to admit any other Persons of what Nations soever; This *Minister* replied, That he could not receive as a Favour or Permission from her Majesty, the Liberty of Exercising his Religion; since, he held it only of his Master, the King of France, who had sent him thither, and, that he would not shut the Door of his Chapel, against any that would come in; That their Law, which according to their own Calcule, was made above Two Thousand Years after the Foundation of their Estate, could not abrogate the Law of Nations, which is Eternal: That this Perpetual Law, gave particular Privileges to certain Persons, and especially to the Ministers of Foreign Princes: That their New Law, such as it was, being only made to maintain the Publick Worship, respected not what was done in the House of a Foreign Minister, by a Special Privilege; it being of no Consequence to the State, whether such Foreigners served God or not, or whether they worshipped Him in a Right or Wrong Way: That no Suede came to his Chapel, but only some French who were Sojourners in the Land: That they did not use the Suedish

Ambassadors so in France, who admitted whom they pleased into their Chappels. That the House where he now dwelt, was the House of the King of France; and that therefore, he could not by Consequence refuse any Catholicks an Entrance into it, especially such as were born Subjects of his Master: And, in Fine, That it was very Rude, to oblige him to be the Executioner of this severe Law, in requiring him to shut his Doors upon his Countrymen against the Common Laws of Hospitality, the Honour of a Publick Minister, and the Pleasure of the King his Sovereign.

To this the Secretary made something too tart a Reply. Whereupon, Words increasing between them, and the French Ambassador being resolute to assert his Privilege, the Secretary broke out into a Passion, as I have before mention'd; laying his Hand upon his Sword, as he was leaving the Room.

The Suedes, are Naturally a ruggid, surly People, as are all the Northern Europeans. They are Strangers to Civility, and the Gentle Address of the French. Yet, the Queen, when she heard of this Passage, was angry with her Minister, and excused his Rudeness to Monsieur Chanut; telling him, That the Secretary was a Faithful Servant, but had been educated among the Bears of the Forrest.

This puts me in mind of a Story, which the French tell of another Ambassador, whom Lewis XIII. sent to the Court of Spain. The Spaniards are of a haughty Temper, expect-



ing more than ordinary Submissions, from those who approach the King's Presence. This *Ambassador*, on the same Ground, was required to do some Homage, which would not consist with the Instructions of his *Master*; and therefore he refused to comply. The King of *Spain*, thinking to put him out Countenance, said aloud, *What! has the King of France, no other Men in his Court, that he sends to me such a Fool as this?* To which the *Ambassador* replied, *My Master has many Wiser Men than my self about him; but, to such a King, such an Ambassador.*

Thou wilt not perhaps approve such Railery as this to *Crown'd Heads*, who ought to be treated with Reverence and Gravity. Yet, I believe, thou wilt condemn the Cruelty of a *Duke of Muscovy*, who caused the Hat of a *French Ambassador* to be nailed to his Head, for sitting covered before him. This is contrary to the *Genius* of the *East*, who abhor to see a Man bare-headed.

But, every Nation has its *Mode*: And I, according to the Fashion of my Country, kiss the Border of thy Veste, in Token of my Submission and Respect.

Paris, 7th. of the 2d. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

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LETTER

## LETTER XXII.

To the Mufti, most Venerable, and Wor-  
thy of all Honour.

THE Criticks, who spend their Time, and manifest their Wit, in discanting on the Court and the Grandees, find perpetual Matter of Discourse concerning Cardinal *Mazarini*. His daily Actions, furnish them with New Themes; and sometimes, they rehearse the Old. They compare him with his Predecessour *Richlieu*, and with Cardinal *Ximenes*, a Spanish Minister. They term these Three, the Trinity of Christian Statesmen; Thus distinguishing their Personal Characters: *Richlieu*, they say, was Crafty, Covetous, and Revengeful; *Ximenes* was Politick, Severe, and Valiant; *Mazarini* is Wise, Merciful, and Liberal.

The First made good his Character, they say, in heaping up such Prodigious Treasures; in raising all those of his Family or Dependance to the Highest Honours; in occasioning the Voluntary Banishment of the Queen-Mother; in ruining whomsoever he suspected; and finally, in making himself so much the Master of all Secrets, that the King, however disgusted and averse from him, yet could neither sit safe on his Throne without him when *Living*, nor venture the Management of

of the *Publick* to any of his Creatures when *Dead*. Thus speak they of that Great Minister.

As to *Cardinal Ximenes*, they say he discover'd the Qualities which they ascribe to him, in the Method he took to raise himself to that envied Greatness; which was, by seeming to shun the Honours at which he secretly aim'd. For, being a *Devoted Dervise*, or *Religious Friar*, he appeared to be the most Mortify'd Man of the whole Order: Which being taken Notice of, he was made *Provincial*; from which *Dignity*, he made but one Step more to the *Purple*: And, growing Eminent for his Abilities, he was made the *First Minister* in the Court of Spain.

He levy'd Sixteen Thousand Men at his own Cost, invaded *Barbary*, storm'd their strongest Cities, and reduc'd the whole Kingdom of *Tripoli* and *Algiers* to his Master's Obedience.

Whilst he was at the Head of his Army, one Day there happened a Mutiny among his Soldiers. A certain Fellow, running up and down between the Ranks, and exciting them to chuse a New General, saying, *It was a Shame to serve a poor-spirited Friar*: The Cardinal perceiving this, stepp'd to the Fellow, and, with one Blow, sever'd his Head from his Body. This struck such a Terror into all, that from that time, there was not the least Tumult or Disorder in his Army.

They say, he was in the End poison'd by eating of a *Fish*, of which a Friend of his receiv'd

ceiv'd Intimation on the Road, as he was riding to the Place where the *Cardinal* was at Dinner. But, he came too late, to prevent the Effects of the Poison: For, though the *Cardinal* was but just risen from the Table, yet he began to void Blood by his Ears, and the Extremities of his Fingers; and, in a few Days, drew his Last Breath. He was Tall, and well Limb'd: His Two Fore-Teeth of the Upper Jaw, grew so far out of his Mouth, that he was call'd, *The Ecclesiastical Elephant*. The Sutures of his Skull were so closely indented, that there was no more room for Transpiration of the Grosser Vapours, than through the most Solid Part of the Bone. On this Account, he was ever troubled with the Head-ach; contrary to *Cardinal Richlieu*, who never felt any Pain in that Part, because he had two little Holes in his Crown, through which the Fumes exhal'd.

These are the Remarks which are made on *Cardinal Ximenes*. As to *Mazarini*, they say he surpasses both these *Ministers*, in the exquisite Moderation of his Temper: And, comes short of neither, in the Contrivance or Success of Affairs; being solid in his Counsels, secret and swift in their Execution. He has this also peculiar in his Conduct, that none are more sure of his Favour, than those who have done him Injuries. He is Magnificent in his Expences; building *Palaces*, that may vie with the most Celebrated Structures of the Ancient *Romans*: A curious Collector of Choice Paintings and Sculptures; furnishing  
the

the Houses, with Utensils of Cedar, Ebony, Silver, Gold and other Ornaments befitting the *Palace* of a King: Liberal beyond the Expectation of his Friends and Servants; yet, not to Profuseness. He was a wonderful Sagacity in discovering Cheats and Impostors; and, no less Dexterity, in discerning Men of Merit, though never so much obscur'd by Misfortune.

Not long ago, he catch'd a Gentleman in a Crime, which expos'd him to the Laughter and Contempt of the whole *Court*, but not to the *Cardinal's* Hatred. He had been recommended to this *Minister*, by a *Lady* of the *Court*, for whom he had a great Esteem. On which Account, he had free Access to the *Cardinal's* Presence, and would always mix with his *Retinue*.

But, his Curious *Patron*, had observ'd something in his Carriage, which gave him Ground of Mistrust. For, he would always place himself, as near as he could, to a certain Table in the Chamber, where the *Cardinal* gives Audience. There is a Drawer under this Table, which commonly stands half open, it being the Place where all *Petitioners* throw in their Bribes or Presents; It not being seemly for a *Prince* of the *Church*, to take Money himself. The *Cardinal* observ'd, that this Spark always had his Eye glancing on that Drawer, as if he cover'd what was there contained. However, he took no Notice, but gave him all the Opportunities imaginable to do his Pleasure; yet, till one Accident or other,

hinder'd the Gentleman from executing his Design; which was to borrow some of the Gold that lay in that Drawer. At length it happ'n'd, that the *Cardinal* having appointed some Curious *Pageants* to be made in Honour of the King's *Birrh-Day*, he with several of the *Courtiers*, stood looking out of the Windows, to see these Triumphant Shows pass by. The Gentleman, taking this Opportunity, whilst he thought all Eyes were intent on the Gayeties without, slips to the Table, and takes out of the Drawer a Bag of Gold, putting it up in his Pocket, and retiring to the Window again. He imagined that no Body had seen him, and therefore hugged himself in the Thoughts of his Booty. When the *Show* was over, and the Company withdrew from the Window; after a while, they all took their Leave, and departed: And, among the Rest, this Gentleman Thief was going out. But the *Cardinal* desired him to tarry in that he had something to say to him. The Gentleman, stung with the Guilt of what he had done, fell a trembling, and was ready to drop down at the *Cardinal's* Feet. But, he bid him be of good Comfort, saying thus to him; *My Friend, what thou hast done, is not hid from me. If thou hast not Gold enough, I will double thy Sum.* Therewith, he gave him another Bag of equal Value; saying withal, *Go thy Way, and see my Face no more. I pardon, but cannot trust thee.*

Wouldst

Would'st thou know, by what means the *Cardinal* discovered this Theft? He always wears on his Finger a Ring, in which is set a *Jewel* of Inestimable Value; it being a *Natural Mirror*, and discovering all Things that are done in the Room, though behind a Man's Back. 'Twas on this Stone the *Cardinal* cast his Eye, when the Gentleman thought he was looking out of the Window. Therein he beheld him go to the Table, take out the Money, and put it in his Pocket. Thou seest how curious this Minister is, to stock himself with useful Rareties.

May that *Great Chancellor* of Heaven, the *Angel* who beholds in the *Divine Essence*, as in a *Mirror*, whatsoever is done on Earth, and records all Humane Actions in the *Book of Judgment*, never discern any thing in *Mahmut*, which may render him worthy to be excluded the *Presence* of God.

Paris, 12th. of the 2d. Moon,  
of the Year, 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER XXIV.

To Danecmar Kesrou, Kadilesquer  
of Romania.

**T**HOU that art Principal among the Judges of High Dignity, the Illustrious Ornament of Three *Empires*, the Strong Support of Equity, who preservest Reason, and correctest Vice; I congratulate thy deserved Honour: And, in doing so, I wish Encrease of Joy to all the *Faithful Osmans*.

The Knowledge which thou hast acquir'd in the *Law of Nations*, and in the most perfect Sanctions of our *August Monarchy*, has made thee famous through the *Seven Precincts* of the *Earth*; and has vested thee with the Robe of Sublime Honour, the Gift of the *Lieutenant of God*.

I made Choice of this Occasion, at once to perform my Duty, and to acquaint thee with a *National Villany*; such a Violation of the *Publick Faith* of a *Kingdom*, as it will be difficult to Parallel.

The *Civil Wars* of *England*, are known throughout the *World*: And, thou art no Stranger to the Particular Intelligences I have sent to the *Sublime Port*, concerning that *Nation*.

Since that time, the *Rebels* have by Degrees gain'd Ground of their *Unhappy King*,  
chasing



chasing him from One Place to Another : till at Length, finding, that neither by *Arms* nor *Treaties*, he could reduce them to any Terms of Reconciliation ; and, being Besieged in One of his Cities, which was not in a Condition to hold out long, this *Unfortunate Monarch* was forc'd to disguise himself, and escape by Night ; wandering through Unfrequented Ways, and enduring much Hardship. He at length threw himself upon the *Faith* of the *Scots* ; who had solemnly engaged themselves upon *Oath*, to defend him against all his Enemies whatsoever.

The *Scottish* Army was then in *England*, being hired to assist the *Rebels*. Whence some take Occasion, to accuse this *Prince* of Rashness, and too much Credulity, in seeking Protection from those, who first began the *Rebellion* ; and, who had stain'd the *Records* of *Scotland*, with the *Blood* of many of their *Kings*. But, Innocency is void of Suspicion ; and therefore, because his own Intentions were sincere, he knew not how to be Jealous of others.

However, the *Scots* at First, seem'd to act the Parts of *Loyal* Men. And, when they were threatned by the *English Rebels*, and their Pay was stopp'd, with *Declarations* also issued out against their Proceedings ; they continued to assert the Justice of their Deportment, in receiving and defending their Injur'd *King*, who had fled to them for Succour.

They

They detained him thus, from the 4<sup>th</sup>. of the 5<sup>th</sup>. Moon, of the Year 1646. to the 30<sup>th</sup>. Day of the 1<sup>st</sup>. Moon of this present Year. At which time, having agreed with the *English Parliament*, for the Sum 400000 *Sequins*, as the Price of their *Sovereign*, they deliver'd him up to the *English Commissioners*, deputed by the *Rebels* for that Purpose.

The *French Ambassador*, was at that time in the *Scotch Army*: Who having been a Witness of their Detestable Perjury, took his Leave: And being attended with a Guard of *Light-Horse* to the Sea-Port, at parting he pull'd out a Piece of *English Money*, valued at *Half a Crown*; and asking the *Captain* of the *Guards*, into how many Pieces of Coined Silver, that *Half Crown* might be divided, he answer'd, *Into Thirty*. For so much (replied the *Ambassador*) did *Judas* betray his Master.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Force of this *Repartee*, when thou considerest, that according to the *Christians Belief*, this *Judas* was a *Slave* of *Jesus*, the *Son* of *Mary*; and, that for *Thirty Pieces* of *Silver*, he betray'd that *Prophet* to the *Jews*.

But, these *Infidels* have found out Ways, to elude all Engagements and Promises. They couch their *Oaths*, in Words more Ambiguous than the *Oracles* of *Delphos*. As if they thought, not only to circumvent Men by their Equivocations; but also to deceive Him who formed the *Tongue* and the *Ear*; even *God*, who is *Perfect in Knowledge*.

Such

Such a Story I have read of one *Hatto*, a German Bishop, whose Perjury is recorded. This Prelate, had a Cousin who was accused of Treason against the Emperor. On which Account, he was closely besieged by the Imperial Forces, in a Castle seated on the Top of an Impregnable Rock. So that the Emperor, despairing to take him by Force, had withdrawn his Army; when this Bishop came to him, and for a Sum of Money, promised to betray his Kinsman into the Emperor's Hands.

The Bargain being concluded, the Bishop went to visit his Cousin at the Castle, persuading him to go and humble himself to the Emperor, and he would engage to procure his Pardon: Binding himself with a Solemn Oath, That if he would rely on him, as he carried him safe out of the Castle, so he would bring him back alive and safe again.

His Kinsman deluded with these fair Pretences, and secured by the Sanction of an Oath, trusts himself to the Conduct and Fidelity of the Prelate.

When they had rode about Half a League from the Castle, the Bishop pretending he had forgot some Papers of Moment, which he had left behind him in his Chamber, they return'd back to the Castle; And, when they had found the Papers, they set forward again toward the Emperor's Camp. Being arrived there, the Impious Wretch deliver'd his Kinsman to the Emperor, who Condemn'd him to

to Die. He sending for the *Bishop* reproaches him with the *Violation* of his *Oath*. But, the *Perfidious Bishop*, sought to acquit himself, by saying, *He had perform'd his Promise, in carrying him back safe to the Castle, when he returned to seek his Papers.* Thus was his *Kinsman* betray'd by a *Quibble*, and lost his *Head*. The *Bishop* acquiring, for that *Impious Deed*, the *Odious Title*, of *Hatto the Traytor*. And, the *Germans* report, That he was afterwards carried away by *Devils*, and thrown alive into the *Hollow* of *Mount Ætna*: A *Voice* being heard at the same *Instant* in the *Air* saying, *This is the Reward of Perjury.*

The *Nazarenes* believe this *Flaming Mountain*, to be One of the *Mouths* of *Hell*: The same *Opinion* they have of *Strombolo* and *Vesuvius*. I am not curious, to pry into the *Truth* of so *Costly* a *Secret*; but leave the *Experiment* to the *Forsworn*, *Treacherous Scots*, who by this *Barbarous Action*, deserve to follow the *Fate* of *Hatto*.

Much greater was the *Integrity* and *Vertue* of the *Ancient Romans*, whom these *Infidels* Number among the *Damn'd*. They esteem'd Nothing more *Sacred*, than the *Publick Faith*; building *Temples* to its *Honour*, and stamping their *Money*, with the *Figure* of *Two Hands* joined together; having this *Motto*, *THE FAITH OF THE ROMANS*. But, the *Scots* shew themselves to be of *Lyfander's* *Mind*, who us'd to say, *Children must be circumvented with Good Words, and Men with Oaths.*

This

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This *Monarch* is now led in Triumph, like a Captive, by his *Rebellious* Subjects, who have confin'd him to one of his Country *Palaces*; suffering none of his Friends, or Faithful Servants, to come near him; but in all things, endeavouring to render his Restraint Insupportable.

Thou who art accurate in interpreting the *Laws of Justice*, wilt condemn these *Infidels* of Horrid *Treason*; yet canst not acquit the *Mussulmans*, who have often Deposed our most *August Emperors*.

I divide my Intelligence, among the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, and the other *Grandeess* of the *State*; praying *God*, to guard the *Sultan* from Secret Machinations, and Open Enemies; and to grant, That an Excess of Good Nature, may not betray him to such Misfortunes, as have befallen this Imprison'd *Monarch*.

Paris, 21<sup>st</sup>. of the 3<sup>d</sup>. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER XXV.

To Ragel Hamet, Antiquary  
to the Sultan.

**T**HIS City is pester'd with an Innumerable Multitude of *Bats*, and a Kind of *Serpents*, which they call *Lizards* or *Newts*. They breed in the Walls of their Houses, and molest the Inhabitants Night and Day, swarming more than ordinary every Ninth Year.

The *Parisians* give an odd Reason for this *Plague*. They say, That in former Ages, a certain *Magician* had undertaken to free this City from all *Venomous Creatures*; and, that accordingly, he had made several *Images* of those *Animals*, annexing to them *Enchantments*, and hiding them in obscure Places under the Earth; promising also, that so long as those *Images* remain'd untouch'd, *Paris* should not be molested with any Hurtful Thing. This succeeded according to his Words; till, at a certain time, as they were digging up the Foundations of an Old Temple, the Work-men found several Brazen *Images*; some representing a *Bat*, some a *Lizard*. They making small Account of these *Magical Reliques*, sold them to the next *Brazier* for a piece of Money: Who, being ignorant also of the hidden Force of these *Images*, melt-

ed

ed them down for his own Use. And, ever since that time, the City has been over-run with *Bats* and *Lizards*.

I relate this to thee, in regard I have often heard thee speak of the Ancient *Statues*, that were in the *Atmidan* at *Constantinople*, and in other Parts of the City; particularly of that *Pillar*, which had Three *Brazen Serpents* winding about it; which, when *Mahomet the Great* beheld, the *Conqueror* struck one of them with a *Battle-Axe*, and smote off the *Lower Jaw*. Upon which, a Multitude of *Serpents* infested the City; but were soon exterminated, in Regard the *Sultan*, being warned by the Citizens, forbore to do any farther Injury to those *Images*, which were the *Guardians* of the City.

The *Annals* of the *Mussulman Empire*, make Mention of these *Statues*, as also of a *Horse of Brass*, and a *Bull* of the same Metal: The One erected as a *Charm* against the *Pestilence*; the Other, as an *Oraculous Sign*, that the Enemies of the *Grecian Monarchy*, should in that Place be repulsed, and driven out of the City. Yet, it proved otherwise: For, the Victorious *Mussulmans*, against whom the *Enchantments* of the *Infidels* could not prevail, entered the *Market-Place*, where this *Image* stood, and drove from thence the timorous *Grecians*; cutting in *Pieces* all that made Resistance, and rendering themselves *Lords* of *Constantinople*, at that Time the Richest City in the World.

The

The Romans were extremely addicted to these *Superstitious Vanities*; Believing, the Safety of their City and Empire, consisted in the Preservation of the *Palladium*, an Image which they thought fell down from *Jupiter*, and was transported from *Troy* to *Italy* by *Aeneas*; being afterwards repositied in the Temple of *Vesta*, but burnt in that dreadful *Conflagration*, which happen'd in the *Reign* of *Nero*.

They had in no less *Veneration*, the *Buckler*, which they were taught, drop'd down from *Heaven*, into the Hands of *Numa Pompilius*; whereon, the *Fate* of *Rome* was engraven, in *Characters* which none could read. Fearing lest this *Sacred Shield* might be stoln, they caus'd Eleven others of the same Figure to be made, and all to be hung up together in the *Temple* of *Mars*.

And, to the End the *Guardian Genius* of the City, should not be entic'd from them by the *Enchantments* of their Enemies, the *True Name* of the City of *Rome* was kept Secret, even from its own Inhabitants: Insomuch, that *Valerius Soranus* was put to Death, for publishing it to one of his Friends. Many have guess'd at this *hidden Name*; Some saying, it was *Valencia*; Others, that it was *Velia*; a Third Sort, call it *Anthusa*. But, there is no Certainty in their Conjectures. For the *Pagans* were above all Things careful, to conceal the *Names* of their *Cities* and *Patron-Gods*: knowing, that those *Spirits* would not forsake them, till they were call'd forth by their *Proper Names*.

They



They us'd also, to chain the *Images* of their *Gods* to the *Altars*, lest they should depart from them by *Stealth*. Thus the *Tyrians*, when *Alexander* besieged their *City*, and they understood from the *Priests*, that *Apollo*, the *Guardian* of *Tyre*, was displeas'd with 'em, they fastned his *Image* with strong *Fetters* of *Iron*. So dealt the *Spartans*, with the *Image* of *Mars*. And this was the *Common Practice*, among those *Idolatrous Nations*.

As for *Us*, who have receiv'd the *Law* Clear and *Intelligible*, and believe in the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*: We use no *Charms* our Selves, neither do we fear the *Magick* of the *Uncircumcised*. All our *Confidence* is in *God*, and the *Protection* of his *Prophet*: We go boldly to the *Wars*, whilst we fight in *Defence*, neither of *Statues*, nor *Fictitious Reliques*, but of the *Volume* replenish'd with *Truth* and *Light*, the *Book* brought down from *Heaven* by an *Angel*.

Paris, 17th. of the 4th, Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER XXVI.

*To the Vizier Azem.*

**I** AM now returned from *Orleans*, whither I went in Obedience to thy Appointments: And, not without Abundance of Pleasure to my self; it being the Time of Year, when all things conspire to make a Traveller pass his time away with Delight.

Yet, my Return was Melancholy, in Regard I could not accomplish what I aim'd at, nor be in a Capacity to render thee that Satisfaction thou requirest, either in buying the *Jewels*, or in establishing any Correspondence. Those who informed thee of the *Germans* inhabiting that City, were mistaken in their Character, they being only a *Society*, or *Corporation* of *Students*, and no ways concerned in Traffick or Merchandize.

They told thee right in saying, There are a great Number of Strangers in *Orleans*: I think the *Imperial* City which commands the *World* cannot boast a greater Diversity of *Languages*, than are spoken daily in the Streets and Houses of *Orleans*. There are some, almost of all Nations, residing in that City.

Wouldst thou know the real Occasion of this mighty Conflux of Foreigners. It is, that they may study that which the *Nazarenes* call the *Civil Law*, which is there professed as in an *Academy*, erected for that Purpose

by *Philip the Fair*, one of the *Kings* of *France*.

If thou knowest not the Meaning of the *Civil Law*, It is a Collection of the *Ancient Roman Laws*, drawn from above two Thousand *Books* of their *Scribes*, by the Command of the *Emperor Justinian*, for a *Standard of Equity* in those *Corrupt Times*, in that *Universal Relaxation and Decline of Good Government*.

This is the *Attractive*, which draws so many *Strangers* from all *Parts of Europe*, to that pleasant *City*: Where, besides the *Opportunity of improving themselves in the most Honourable Profession* among the *Nazarenes*, next to that of the *Priesthood*; they enjoy a pure and serene *Heaven*, a fruitful and delicious *Part of the Earth*, and the *Company of the most obliging and courteous People* in all *France*.

'Tis for this Reason, the *Germans*, among other *Nations*, flock to *Orleans*; and, through the *Favour of the French Kings*, have obtained a *Privilege* beyond other *Nations*; that is, to *Incorporate themselves into a Society of Students*. Neither is there any such Thing as *Merchandize* known among them.

If I have not answer'd thy *Expectation*, *Supreme Prince of the Bassa's*, blame not *Mahomet*, but accule the *Germans of Orleans*, for not exchanging their *Studies* for *Traffick*; or rather, blame those who presumed to tell thee this far-fetch'd *Fable*. In finishing this Letter, I bow my *Head to the Floor of my Chamber*; and kiss the *Paper*, which shall have

have the Honour to be touch'd by thy Illu-  
strious Hands.

Paris, 1st. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1647.

## LETTER XXVII.

*To the Aga of the Janizaries.*

**T**HOU hast heard of the *Affyrian, Scythian,*  
and *Roman Heronies*. These were all Va-  
liant Leaders of Armies, Women of Honour  
and Renown. Now I will inform thee of a  
*Female*, which *France* has brought upon the  
*Stage of War*.

According to the Orders which I receiv'd  
from the *Vizier Azem*, I took a Journey to Or-  
leans last Moon: Where, on the Third Day af-  
ter my Arrival, beholding a Solemn *Procession*  
in the Streets of that Populous City, attended  
with some uncommon Ceremonies and Re-  
joycings, my Curiosity prompted me to en-  
quire the Occasion of it. Thou may't ima-  
gine, I did not apply my self for Informa-  
tion to the Multitude, who take up Things  
on the Common Credit of Fame, which  
does not always deliver the Truth. I ad-  
dress'd my self to those that were acquainted  
with the *Records* of the Town: Who told me,  
That this Solemnity was Yearly observ'd, on the  
Eight

Eighth Day of the Fifth *Moon*, in Memory of their Deliverance from the *English*, who besieged this *City*, and were beaten from before it by *Joan d' Arc*, a *Maid* of *Lorraine*, in the *Reign* of *Charles I.* This *Virago*, seem'd to be the *Tutelar Angel* of *France*: For, to her *Valour* and *Conduct*, that *Monarch* ow'd the *Recovery* of his *Kingdom*, almost lost to the *King* of *England*; this being the last Place of *Importance*, which had not receiv'd *English* *Garrisons*. After she had rais'd the *Siege*, she pursu'd the *Enemy*, gave them several *Battels*, defeated them, took the *Generals* *Captive*, reduced all the *Cities* to their former *Obedience*, and never sheath'd her *Sword*, till she saw her *Master* solemnly *Crown'd* at *Rhemes*. Yet, at length she herself was made a *Prisoner* by the *English*, and was publicly burnt for a *Witch*, at *Rouen*.

The *Inhabitants* of *Orleans*, have erected *Brazen Statues* in her *Honour*: They celebrate her *Praises*, and esteem her, a *Woman Divinely Inspir'd*, to save her *Country*. Yet, the more *Intelligent* Sort say, That she was neither *Witch* nor *Prophetess*, but only a *Maid* of good *Wit* and *Courage*, whom some of the *Princes* of the *Blood Royal*, had instructed to act the *Part* of a *Missionary* from *Heaven*; That so by pretending *Visions* and *Revelations*, she might raise the *Courage* of the *French*, now almost dispirited by their many *Losses*; and, whom *Nothing* less than a *Miracle* could perswade to abide the *Field* against the *Victorious English*. This is cer-

tain, that she distinguished the *King*, though disguised like a *Peasant*, and in a Crowd of People: She went boldly up to him, and saluted him by his *Title*, to the Astonishment of those that stood by. She sent a Messenger to bring her a Sword of Antique Workmanship, that lay hid in a *Tomb* in one of their famous *Mosques*; (for, the *Nazarenes* of the *West*, bury the *Dead* in their *Temples*.) This Action extremely enhanced her Reputation; in regard, none knew of this Sword but the *King* himself. She was therefore look'd upon as an Extraordinary Person; and the People could hardly be restrain'd from paying her *Divine* Honours.

When they were Encamped on a certain Plain of a vast Extent, where there was no Water to be found, so that the Army was ready to perish through Thirst; the *King* came to the *Tent* of this *Prophetess*, to consult her as an *Oracle* in the General Distress. She bid him be of good Courage, and follow her. They went out together to the Door of her *Tent*, where, at a little Distance, there grew a Knot of Flowers. The Admirable *Maid* struck her Spear into the Ground amidst the Flowers, and incontinently there sprung forth a Fountain of Water, to which the whole Army repaired, to allay their Thirst. They say, the Place is shown to this Day, with an *Image* of this *Maid* standing in an Oratory close by it; a Place of Refreshment and Devotion for Travellers that pass over those barren Plains.

However, whether it were Artifice, or that she was endued with some *Supernatural* Gift; it had a marvellous Influence on the Soldiers who began to reassume Courage, and feared nothing under the Conduct of such a *General*.

'Twas Revenge, without Doubt, rather than Justice, that extorted that *Cruel Sentence* from the *English*, which put a Period to the *Heroick Actions* of this *Illustrious Maid*, whose Fame will live for ever.

It is recorded, That whilst she was bound fast to the Stake with strong Cords, they would have kindled the Fire upon her before she had spoke to the Spectatour; but, that she suddenly became loosned, and snatching a Lance from one of the Soldiers, she drove the Guards before her: Then returning of her own Accord to the Stake, she made her last Dying Speech, foretelling many Things to come, which afterwards prov'd true. And having made an End of speaking, she bid the Executioner, set fire to the Wood. Which he did according; and she was burnt to Ashes.

Certainly, every Nation may boast of some *Female Warriour*, that at one Time or other, has done remarkable Service to her Country, And, thou art not a Stranger to the History of the *Amazons*, who excluded Men from their Society, yet became formidable to all the Regions round about them.

Adieu, Brave Commander of the *Mussulman* Forces; and let the Memory of these *Valiant Females*, inspire thee with fresh *Ar- dours*, when the *Ottoman* Empire is in *Dan- ger*.

Paris, 1st. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

## LETTER XXVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

**T**HOU art the Man that must participate in all my Adventures. And, I should be a Churle, in not letting thee share with me, the Pleasure I found in a late Journey to *Orleans*, one of the *Presidiary* Towns of *France*. It was by the Order of the *Vizir Azem*, I undertook that Journey. Some body had informed Him, That this Town was full of Merchant-Travellers of several *Nations*, but especially of *Germany*, who brought the choicest Jewels of the *East*, to vend in this Place at ordinary Rates. That *Minister* gave me Com- mands, to buy certain Stones; with Instruc- tions to treat of another Affair, which it is not necessary for thee to know. I accordingly set out from *Paris*, the Third Day of the 5th. Moon; and, *Eliachim* the *Jew* (of whom thou hast heard) bore me Company.

I need



I need not describe to thee, the Country through which we pass'd: It exactly resembleth the *Plains* of *St. Isidore*, not far from *Palermo* in *Sicily*. Thou and I, have Reason to remember that Place of our *Captivity*, carrying the Marks of our *Master's* Cruel Anger yet in our Bodies. Those *Plains*, thou knowest, afford a very agreeable Prospect; especially at this Time of the Year, when the Verdure of the Trees, mixed with the Brightness of the Corn-fields, and the parti-coloured Meadows, tempt the Eye into a Controversy of Pleasure; a Man neither knowing well how to take it off, nor yet where to fix it, in such an Orderly Confusion and Medley of Charming Objects.

Such is the *Province* between *Paris* and *Orleans*; which has this Advantage of those *Sicilian Plains*, That here all the way one rides, Innumerable Magnificent and Beautiful Palaces appear, shooting up their glittering Turrets above the lofty Groves, which environ those *Seats of Pleasure*. Indeed, this is one of the purest Airs, and the most fertile Soil in all the Kingdom; which invites the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, to reside here during the *Summer*, and occasions much Travelling on this Road.

About Mid-day, we came to a Town called *Chastres*, where we alighted to refresh our selves. Travellers in these *Western* Parts, are better accommodated with Provisions, than they can be in *Asia*, where they must carry their own Beds with them, and dress their

own Victuals, or lie on the naked Floor fasting. This makes the *Nazarenes*, call the *East* Inhospitable. They consider not at the same Time, that 'tis the Niceness and Delicacy of the *Mahometans*, which occasions this Custom. For, the *Eastern* People, are fearful of defiling themselves, by eating Meat prepared by other Hands than their own, or those of their Servants: As also, to lie on a Bed, common to all Passengers.

But, these *Infidels* are like the *Swine*, to whom all Meat is Welcom, and every Ditch an Acceptable Bed. Here are Inns all along the Roads, whereinto when you enter, the *Host* provides you both Bed and all other Necessaries. A Man must venture to sleep on the same Pillow, where perhaps a *Leper* has lain the Night before, or some Person Infected with a worse Disease. The *Host* examines none, but harbours all alike, provided they have Money to pay him. And as for Victuals 'tis the Custom for all Travellers, to eat together at one Common Table, where several Dishes of Meat are served up, and every Man is free to eat what and how much he pleases, paying a stated Price for his Dinner.

Thus no sooner were we come into our Inn at *Chastres*, but the *Host* saluting us after the Manner of the Country, invited us to sit down at the *Ordinary*, (for so they call their Publick Dinner in an Inn.) We were not so scrupulous as to refuse his Offer, but followed him into the Chamber, where the Dinner

Dinner was prepared. There were many Guests at the Table, and all busie in feeding themselves. We took such Seats as we found vacant, and without much Ceremony, fell to eating. The *Jew* trusted to the Indulgence of *Moses*, and I to that of *Mahomet*, for eating with the *Uncircumcised*, whose Meat is seldom free from the *Pollutions* of *Blood*. We knew, that neither *God* nor his *Prophets* required us to starve.

There was Plenty of Wine, and that so delicious, as would have tempted an *Hogia* to taste it, without the *Mufti's* Dispensation, to avoid Singularity, I made a Shew of eating, as the Rest; but the greatest Part of my Repast, consisted in Bread, and some Fruits, with that exhilarating Juice of the Grape.

The honest *Jew* swore, 'twas a Banquet prepared by *Cupid*, to render him the most Miserable of all Men. For, just in the midst of our Mirth, came in a *French* Gentleman, with a Lady in his Hand, who placed themselves at the Table exactly opposite to us. I perceived evident Symptoms of some Disorder in *Eliachim*, who seem'd to read his Fate in that fair Creature's Face; yet had not Power to check his wandring Eyes, or guard 'em from Inevitable Wounds. He'd almost acted o'er the Story of the *Egyptian* Wives, whom *Joseph's* Mistress had invited to behold his Beauty; they cut their Fingers for their Meat, whilst gazing on the Charming Youth: So poor *Eliachim* was all Confusion, turn'd to a

M 4
Statue,

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M 4
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Statue, whilst he look'd on this enchanting *Gorgon*. He had forgot to eat or drink, till I began to rouse him from his Dream. I told him softly in the Ear, this Lady was but the Younger Sister of *Ixion's* Mistress. This brought him to his Sence again, but could not restore his Peace. Prudence taught him, to dissemble the violent Emotion of his Soul, and not to expose himself in such a Company; but, Nothing could expel the Fatal Poyson from his Breast.

When we had sufficiently repos'd our selves, we bid adieu to the Inn; all joining company, and setting forward to *Orleans*. On the Road, both *Eliachim* and I, had many Opportunities of conversing with this Young Lady; such Familiarity with Women, being allowed in *France*. We found her Wit surprizing as her Beauty; and, her Mien and Conduct, such as gave Advantage to them both. In a Word, *Eliachim* was lost amidst so many Perfections.

When we came to our Inn at Night, and were in our Chamber together, he vented his Passion in these Words: *Mahmut, I've pass'd these Years hitherto, without any other Sentiments of Love, save those which in General I owe to all our Race, and some more particular Regards of Friendship and Duty. But, since I saw this lovely Creature, methinks my Friends, and all that ought to be belov'd on Earth, is now contracted into her. 'Tis not her Snowy Skin, or Matchless Features, are of Force to move me; though they are such,*  
by

thy self being Judge, as would have foiled Appelles Art to imitate: but, 'tis a Lustre which I can't express! Surely, 'twas Lightning darted from her Eyes, those fair Avenues of her brighter Soul! the subtle Flame, glanced through my Breast, and in a Moment scorcht my Reason up! The lovely Basilisk, shot Deaths at every Look: Thou sawest how I sate as one transformed; so lifeless and without motion was I, whilst gazing on my Ruine! And, to this Hour, a Fatal Numbness spreads through all my Veins, as if I'd touch'd some dire Torpedo.

Thus went he raving on, till I interrupted him with Laughter and Raillery, endeavouring to cure him of this Love-sick Humour, by ridiculing it. I told him my own Experience of this Foolish Passion, rehearsed my former Adventures with *Daria*, and how at length I got the Victory of this vain Fondess, by Absence, and the Exercise of my Reason. But, all that I could say, made no Impression on the stupid Lover. He grew but worse, and so I left him to seek Repose from Sleep.

We came not to *Orleans* till the next Day, where we tarried not long, having no other Business, as it happen'd, but to see the Rareties of the Town, and inform our selves of those things it is convenient for Travellers to know. After which, we returned to *Paris*; I with the same Sentiments, I had at my first setting out from thence; but, it seems, the *World* was Metamorphos'd in poor *Elia* him's

Opinion: To him the Trees had now lost all their Greeness; the Flowers, and Grass, and Corn look'd wither'd; the Birds sung mournful Notes; the Winds blew hoarse, unwelcome Sounds; and, every thing in Nature seem'd to him to droop, because *Falante* was not there (so was the Fair One call'd) as *Eliachim* had learned of her, when we parted from *Orleans*.

In this Melancholy Condition, the poor Brain-sick *Jew* has continued ever since. When his Cure will commence, I know not.

If thou yet retainest thy Native Liberty, and hast not sacrificed it to Unhappy Love, learn by his Misfortune to watch thy Senses, which are the First Traytors to the Soul. Adieu.

Paris, 1st. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1647.

LETTER



## LETTER XXIX.

*To the Captain Bassa.*

**T**HOU that hast had thy Education in *Arsenals*, and hast led the rest of thy Life in *Ships of War*, wilt be best able to Judge of the Proposal, which a certain bold *Sea-Captain* made to *Cardinal Mazarini* not long ago.

It being the General Discourse of this City, with what Insult and Defiance *Admiral Morosini*, with about Thirty Men of War, entred the *Hellepont*, and brav'd the *Dardanelis*: This Officer told the *Cardinal*, That if he would furnish him with half that Number of Ships, he would engage to drive the *Sultan* out of his *Seraglio*, lay that *Palace* in the Dust, and beat down the Towers of all the *Mosques* in *Constantinople*, or lose his Life in the Attempt. To which the *Cardinal* replied: *Monsieur*, I believe 'tis possible, if you could finish your Work, before they would board your Men of War with a Hundred Gallies and Saiques full of Armed Men.

It is said, that *Cardinal Richlieu* had such a Project once; which made him propose the building of prodigious High Ships, whose out-fides should be stuck all over with sharp Spikes, that should render it Impossible for Gallies to board them.

By

By this thou may'st know, that such an Attempt is not thought Impracticable by the *Christians*. I wish it be not put in Effectual execution by them, when the *Port* may least dream of it.

*Christina*, *Queen* of *Suedeland*, has caused a most Magnificent *Vessel* to be built, with Design to present it to *Cardinal Mazarini*. The Inner Work of the Cabin, is of Cedar, curiously overlaid with Flowers and other Imagery of Gold. The Extremity of the Stern, adorned with Windows, Statues and Galleries; the Wooden Work, all overlaid with the same Metal. The Roof of the Cabin, presents the *Story* of *Jason's Expedition* to get the *Golden Fleece*, painted by the best Masters in *Suedeland*. All the Furniture, speaks the *Royal Bounty* of her that gives it. The Canon, are of the purest Brass. The Rest of the Tackle, such as are fittest to weather the Winds and Waves; from which neither this *Queen's* Sovereignty in *Suedeland*, nor the *Cardinal's* Grandeur in *France*, could exempt either of them, were they exposed to Sea.

There are those who whisper on this Occasion, that the *Queen* of *Suedeland* has some Inclinations to the *Roman Catholick Religion*; That she has had several Conferences with *Monsieur Chanut*, on that Subject, as also with his *Priests*; that her *Resident* in *Portugal*, has openly embraced that *Faith*, not without the *Queen's* private Consent and Approbation. It is not Material to us, what Religion

ligion the *Infidels* profess, whilst they assert *Doctrines* repugnant to the *Divine Unity*, and the *Truth* of the *Sent* of *God*. I behold, at this *Time*, an evident *Sign* of his *Unity* in the *Heavens*; it is the *New Moon*, just rising from the *Lower Hemisphere*. At the *Sight* of this *Planet*, the *Messenger* of *God* has commanded me to fall on my *Face*, and adore the *Eternal*.

Wherefore praying, that her *Influences* may prove propitious to thee, whilst thou art on the *Ocean*, I bid thee adieu.

Paris, 23d. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

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*The End of the Second Book.*

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LETTERS

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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The Public for General Book

# LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. III.

BOOK III.

## LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Convent  
of Dervises, at Cogni in Natolia.

**N**OT more welcome are the Rich  
Perfumes of Arabia, to a Soul al-  
most expiring through Grief and  
Melancholy, than is thy Letter to  
Mahmut, wherein is contain'd the Certificate  
of thy being yet on this Side the State of In-  
visibles.

*visibles*, Methinks, all *Nature* flourishes, while thou art alive. And, I feel a Spirit within me, prompts me to presage, that thy Death, like the fall of Leaves in *Autumn*, will prove the *Harbinger* of the *World's Last Winter*. Whilst thou livest, thy Prayers and Merits, support the drooping *Elements*: Which are now almost ready to fall, into their Primitive *Chaos* and Inactivity. The *Angel* of the *Trumpet*, in Contemplation of thy Vertue, delays to sound the *Grand Tremendous Blast*; which, at an Instant, shall puff out the Light of Sun, Moon and Stars, and blow the Breath out of the Nostrils of all the Living Generations. That Day, shall be a Day of Darkness, Horror and Silence, till the Hour of *Transmigration* comes: When, at the *Second Blast*, the Firmament shall rent asunder, like the Opening of Curtains; this *Old World* shall fly away, like a Shadow, to the Right Hand and to the Left. Then shall *Naked Souls* hang hovering in the *Empty Space*, 'twixt *Paradise* and *Hell*. The *Throne* shall be plac'd, *Judgment* shall be given: And, to wind up the *Mysteries* of *Fate*, A *New* and *Immortal World*, shall at a Moment spring forth from the *Womb* of *Eternity*, and possess the Place of the *Former*.

I write not this to Instruct thee, Venerable *Bedredin*, who art a *Mine* of *Knowledge*; but, to satisfy thee, that tho' I live amongst *Infidels*, yet I conserve *Inviolat*e the *Faith* of my *Fathers*, believing the *Book* brought down from the *Eternal Archives*. Thou fearest,

that I shall turn *Christian*, being accused by Some, of Levity in my Opinions; by Others, of Profaneness and Atheism; by All, of discovering too favourable an Inclination to the *Nazarenes*.

Suffer me, O *Holy President* of the *Servants of God*, to purge my self of these false Impurations, the Product of Envy and Malice. Permit me to lay at thy *Sacred Feet*, a *Modest Apology* for my *Faith*.

Let not that Description of the *Christians Messias*, which I sent thee in my last Letter, create in thee an Opinion to my Disadvantage; nor prevail on thee to think, I can ever swerve from the profound Attach I owe to the *Sent of God*. I Honour *Jesus*, the *Son of Mary*; and so I do all his *Brethren*, the *Prophets in Paradise*: This I am taught in the *Alcoran*. Where is then my Crime? If I give Vertue its due Praise, even in the *Infidels*, am I therefore a *Nazarene*? If I speak with Reverence and Modesty of *Christian Princes*, am not I therefore a *Mussulman*? Or, does the *Book of Glory* teach us *Arrogance*? Surely, my Traducers will blush, when they shall consider, that our *August Emperors* themselves, (who are *Sovereigns of All the Kings on Earth*,) when they vouchsafe to write to *Christian Princes*, they dictate their Letters in a Style, full of Affection and Regard. They give them Magnificent *Titles* at the Beginning; and, at the Conclusion, they wish them Encrease of Felicity, both *Here and in Paradise*. And, would it become

become a *Slave*, to treat *Crown'd Heads* with less Respect, than does the *Master* of the *Universe*? If I have contracted Friendship with some of the *Christian Dervises*, it was to serve the Ends of the *Sublime Port*, and perform the Rites of Gratitude. I thought it no *Crime*, to receive a Kindness from any Man; or to return it, without examining his *Religion*. But perhaps they suspect the Intimacies I had with *Cardinal Richlien*, and still have with his Successor *Mazarini*. Rest assured, O Holy *Dervise*, That my Access to these *Princes* of the *Roman Church*, is so far from being Criminal, that without it I never had been capable of penetrating into the Counsels of the *Infidels*, nor of doing any *effectual* Service to the *Grand Signior*. The Countenance which my Familiarity with these two Great *Ministers* affords me, has all along facilitated my Designs: And, whilst under their Umbrage, I am taken for a Zealous *Christian*; I secretly lay a Foundation whereon, in due time, shall be built, even in the Heart of *Christendom*, Triumphal Arches, for the Victorious *Mussulmans*. 'Tis strange, methinks, that after all this, I should be suspected! That notwithstanding I have patiently endur'd Nine Years Confinement, to an Obscure and Private Life; a Melancholy Banishment to a strange Country; yea, to a City for which I have a Natural Aversion; a City the most Unclean, Noisie and Vain in the whole Earth; to be shut up, for the sake of avoiding Discovery, in a Chamber so Nar-



row, that *Suspicion* it self; nay, even *Thought*, the *Mother* of that *Little Passion*, would sweat and be stifled, when once Circumscrib'd within these Walls; and after all this, to be made a *Prisoner of State*, on Jealousie of being a *Mahometan*: To abide that Punishment so many *Moons*, unmov'd, uncorrupted, and at length to be released, to the Advantage of the *Ottoman* Interest; and yet, to be traduc'd at Home, for a *Traitor* to God, his *Prophet*, and my *Sovereign*, has surely something in it of Inconsistent.

What is then my Crime? Or, why am I thus aspers'd? Let my Slanderers hereafter be silent. Unless they will lay it to my Charge, That in some of my Letters, I have discover'd a Mind free from *Superstition*; That I put a high Value on Reason, and have no low Esteem, for some of the Ancient *Philosophers*; That I endeavour to guard my Sense, and will not suffer it to be muzzled with the Impositions of Ignorance and Prejudice; That I do not think it a Necessary Qualification of a *Mussulman*, to pursue with Inexorable Hatred, all Men that differ from me in Opinion. In fine, that in all my Conversation, I strive to comport my self, as One who asserts the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, the *Plurality* of his *Prophets*, the *Determinate Number* of the *Elect*; and, who is resolv'd and prepar'd, rather to die a Thousand Deaths, than voluntarily to commit any *Impiety* against these *Principles*, or the *Interest* of the *Grand Signior*, who has a *Right* to command all *Mankind*. If these

these be Crimes, I must own my self Culpable: If not, let my Accusers lay their Hand upon their Mouth. And continue thou, *Sage Doctor* of our *Holy Law*, to instruct me with thy Counsels, to assist me with thy Prayers, and to protect me with thy Friendship. Then shall *Mahmut* persevere a *True Believer*, a *Faithful Slave* to the *Osman Emperor*, and a *Devout Admirer* of thy Longevity and Vertue.

I should fear this might be the last Letter I should have the Honour to send thee, were I not convinced by some near Examples, that Old Age was not restrained to the Times before the *Flood*. Though thou hast far out-pass'd the ordinary Years of Men, yet there is at this Time, not far from *Paris*, a Man who has near doubled thy Age. He is an *Hermit*, living on a Hill, where all Things necessary for Human Sustenance seem to be wanting. The walls of his House are built of Mud, with his own Hands (a weak Defence against Wind and Rains.) His Bed is composed of Leaves of Trees. A Stone serves him for his Pillow. His Diet consists of such Herbs and Fruits, as that Mountain affords him. A Neighbouring Well, allays his Thirst. He has dwelt in this Place, and in this manner Eighty Three Years, after he had Travelled most Parts of *Europe* and *Asia*. Ask him by what means he preserv'd his Life so long, he answers, *By living free from Care, and by being Indifferent to all Things*. He foretells Things to come with marvellous Success, as has often been observ'd. Which, makes the People esteem him a *Prophet*.

The

The *French* tell me of another, who lived longer than he, being Three Hundred Sixty and One Years Old when he died. He was call'd, *John of the Times*, in Regard he liv'd from the *Reign of Charles the Great*, to that of the *Emperor Conrade*. And, being ask'd What Diet he used, his Answer was, *Honey within, and Oil without*.

This comforts me with the Hopes of seeing thee on Earth, tho' many Years hence: Since, no Man can exceed thee in Abstinence, Sobriety, and the Calmness of thy Mind.

The *Great Author of Life* so grant, that if I may not enjoy this Felicity *Here*, yet I may not, by any enormous Crimes, merit to be excluded thy Society in *Paradise*.

Paris, 11th. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

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LETTER

## LETTER II.

To Murat Bassa.

**T**HE *French* are puffed up, with the late Defeat they gave the *Spanish* Fleet in Sight of *Naples*. Their Joy would know no Bounds were it not curb'd by the Loss of the *Duke of Breze*, who was slain by a Canon Bullet in this Naval Combat.

The Young Prince of *Conde*, has been also forced to withdraw his Army from before *Lerida*; that Place being ever Fatal to the *French*. This has lessen'd the Disgrace, which the Count of *Harcourt* received last Campaign, in not being able to carry that Town, after Six Moons Siege.

But, the News from the *Levant*, has elated all the *Franks* beyond Measure: Yet, I hope the Relations that are scatter'd abroad on that Subject, are rather an Effect of their Wishes, than of any real Success against the *Invincible* *Osmans*.

It is reported, that there have been two Sea-Fights, between our Fleets and the *Venetians*; that in the Former, we lost two Thousand Men, Seven Gallies and a *Bassa*; that in the Latter, the *Venetians* took Forty Gallies, Six *Caramusals*, and Fifty *Saiques*, laden with Men and Ammunition for the Relief of our Army in *Candy*.

The

The Honour of this last Victory, is ascribed to the Valour and Conduct of *Bernard Morosini*, and *General Grimani*; *Bernard* succeeding his Brother *Thomas Morosini*, who was kill'd, as they say, in the First Battel.

The *Christians* every where express great Joy for these Victories. The open Streets are fill'd with Tables, cover'd with all manner of Dainties, at the Publick Cost. They feast and revel Night and Day. The Bells ring continually, and Bonfires are made, to celebrate the Triumph of the *Nazarenes*. They presage to themselves, the Conquest of the *Ottoman Empire*, and Eternal Victories.

From *Dalmatia*, the *Posts* bring daily News of our Losses and Disgraces. It is known here, that the Castles of *Xemonido* *Novigrade*, *Nadin*, *Carin*, and all the Places of Strength which we had in our Possession, except *Cliffa*, are taken by the *Venetians*.

They laugh at our Siege of *Sebenigo*, where we lost two thousand Men, and at length were forced to leave our Camp to the *Christians*; our *General* being frightened away by a few Women.

It seems Strange and Ominous to me, that those Arms which have formerly crush'd the Greatest *Monarchies* to Pieces, and have chang'd the Face of the whole Earth, should now be foil'd by a few *Desperado's*! I dare be thus far a *Prophet*, that either the Soldiers are disgusted, which will produce a *Revolution*; or, the Mighty *Empire* of the  
*Osmons*,

*Osmans*, is in its Decline; which God avert.

The *Christians* (who are not ignorant of our Affairs, nor of the very *Secrets* of the *Seragilo*) by an Odd Kind of Charity, pray for the Long Life of *Sultan Ibrahim*: For, they say, our Armies must needs miscarry during his Reign; most of the Officers, being offended at his Licentious Life, and Cruel Actions. Besides, they tax him with Profuseness, in that he has not spared the Private-Treasury of Gold, which, by the Frugality of his *Predecessors*, had been heap'd together; and, which it was not counted lawful for them to touch, unless in the utmost Peril of the *Empire*. They say, that by the Additions which *Sultan Amurat* had made, this Treasure was augmented to above Thirty Millions of *Sequins*: But, that our present *Emperor* has squander'd most of it away, on his Pleasure. They compare him to *Heliogabalus*, the most Effeminate Prince that ever Reign'd: Praising at the same Time, the Magnanimity and Valour of *Sultan Amurat*; who, they say, was the Stoutest Man on Earth. They highly applaud his Bravery at the Siege of *Babylon*, when he accepted the Challenge of the *Persian* Soldier; and entring into a single Combat with the Unhappy *Redhead*, at one Blow, with his *Sabre*, cleft him (though in *Armour*) to the Middle. In Memorial whereof, thou knowest, that *Armour* hangs to this Day in the *Hazoda*. In fine, they extoll

extoll his Justice: Whereof he gave a remarkable Instance, in punishing a certain *Hogia*, who had cheated a *Pilgrim* of his *Jewels*: Thou remembrest that Passage. And, the *Stone-Mortar*, wherein that Miserable Wretch was poudred alive by his Own Sentence, is yet to be seen at the Gate of the *Divan*, a Monument of his Villainy, and the *Sultan's* Justice.

These things are not unknown in the *West*: For, the *Nazarenes* have their Intelligences, in the *Imperial City*. Hence they derive Occasions, to Censure or Praise the Actions of our *August Emperors*, who are *Companions* of the *Sun*, and *Brothers* of the *Stars*.

What I have said, I trust to thy Integrity: Whereof I have had Experience. Those who degenerate from that Vertue, Souls may their find no more Rest in the *Other World*, than a *Frenchman's Hat* has in *This*, which is always in Motion. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1647.

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## LETTER III.

To Mahomet Techli, Bassa of Bosnia,  
at his Camp in Dalmatia.

THOU art a fit Man to lead the *Mussul-*  
*man* Armies, who durst not hold up thy  
Head against a few Women? Perhaps thy Mo-  
ther's Milk hangs yet on thy Chin; thou art  
wean'd from the Discipline of the Nursery. Was  
the Strong *Fortress* of *Sebenico* of so small a  
Price, that should'st basely decamp from be-  
fore it, because a few Females appear'd on the  
Walls? Is this the Way to aggrandize thy  
Master? What will the *Christians* say to this  
Cowardice? Nay, What do they not say  
already? The News of that Siege, had  
reach'd all Parts of *Europe*; the *Nazarenes*  
were big with Expectation of the Event.  
Now they know it, they laugh both at thee,  
and at all the *Mussulmans*. Thou hast brought  
a Disgrace on the most Exalted *Empire* in  
the *World*.

What if thou did'st lose two thousand Men  
before the Walls of that Fort? Is that a  
sufficient Justification of thy Raising the Siege?  
Our Glorious *Sultans* do not use to win Cities  
and Castles without Blood; neither do they  
spare to sacrifice the best part of their Army  
to the Honour of their Arms; whilst our In-  
defatigable Soldiers have mounted on Heaps  
of



of Slaughter'd *Spahi's*, and scal'd the Battlements of their Enemies. Whereas, thou wert afraid of a few Stones, that the Women hurl'd on thy Men from the Walls! Thou art more effeminate than *Sardanapalus*! It were fitter for thee, to handle the Distaff, and Spin for thy Bread, than to draw a Sword in the Field of Honour. It is a wonder thy own Soldiers do not abandon thee, being asham'd to serve under so Weak a Commander.

I counsel thee, speedily to recover thy lost Reputation, by some notable Service. Let not Perils affright thee; but remember, that true Fortitude surmounts all Difficulties; and, that thou canst not pass into the Temple of Honour, but through that of *Vertue*. It is not my Part to project for thee: the whole Country is before thee: Thou knowest, on at least oughtest, to know, the Motions and Strength of thy Enemies. Do something speedily, that shall speak thee Wise and Valiant. Thou hadst better lose thy Life so, than by a *Bow-string*.

Take this Advice as a Mark of my Friendship; for, *Mahmut* uses not so frankly to reprove those, whom he esteems his Enemies. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1647.

## LETTER IV.

To Achmet Bassa.

**N**OT long ago arriv'd here a *Courier* from *Suedeland*, bringing Letters from *Queen Christina*, and *Monsieur Chanut*, the *French Resident* at *Stockholme*.

Among other Matters, they give an Account, That on the *Twenty Seventh Day* of the *Seventh Moon*, that *Great Princess* had like to have been stabb'd, in the *Midst* of her *Guards*, furrounded with her *Courtiers*, before the *Altar* of her *God*; at an *Hour*, when all the *Subjects* of that *Kingdom*, were on their *Knees*, to render *Heaven* Propitious to *Her* and the *Publick*.

That *Day*, there was a *Fast* proclaim'd through all *Suedeland*; and, he was esteemed no *Good Subject*, who did not repair to the *Publick Solemnities*. The *Queen*, to give an *Example*, went at the *Third Hour* of the *Day* to the *Mosque* of her *Palace*, attended by the *Great Officers* of *State*, and a *Numerous Train* of the *Nobility*. When the *Preacher* (as in the *Custom*) had made an *End* of speaking, all that were present fell on their *Knees*, to perform the appointed *Devotions*. But, it being the *Fashion* of the *Nazarenes*, to utter some *secret preparative Oraisons*; the *Men* covered their *Faces* with their *Hats*, to be more recollected.

While

While all Eyes were thus veil'd, a certain Fellow snatching the Opportunity, steps from his Place; and, without making any great Noise, by large Strides, advances unseen to the *Rails* which enclose the *Pavement*, next to the *Altar*, where the *Queen* was on her Knees. But, in leaping over, he was perceived by a certain *Nobleman*; who immediately cryed out to the *Guards*, to stop the *Assassin*. They cross'd their *Partisans*; but the *Villain*, hurl'd them one against another with so great Violence, that while they were striving to recover their entangled Weapons, he got quite through them. At which time the *Queen* also raising her self up at the Noise, push'd the *Captain* of her *Guards*, who kneeled Beside her. He starting from his Place, leap'd between the *Queen* and the *Murderer*, who was now within Two Paces of her. He seizes the Wretch; and, upon immediate Search, they found Two long sharp pointed Knives about him, without Sheaths; One in his Bosom, the other in his Pocket. The *Prison* being in the *Castle* or *Palace* of the *Queen*, under her very Apartment, she was not willing he should be carried thither; but ordered him, to be reconducted to his own Chamber, which was in the *College* of *Stockholme*; he being an *Ecclesiastick* of the said *College*: Commanding also, a good *Guard* to be set over him; which was performed accordingly.

As soon as the *Wretch* saw himself in his Chamber, he said aloud, *That when he went*

out in the Morning, he little thought of ever returning again; having undertaken an Action, in doing of which he expected to lose his Life.

They used all Diligence imaginable, in discovering the Authors of this intended Murder; but, could learn Nothing more, than that this Fellow was a *Lunatick*, whom at Certain Seasons an Unaccountable Fury spurred on to many Extravagancies.

Yet some suspect, that he was hired by the *Lutheran Clergy* to give this Execrable Blow; who were apprehensive, that the *Queen* hearkning too much to the Insinuations of her Tutor, who was a *Calvinist*, would Innovate the *Establis'd Religion* of the Country.

If this be a well grounded Suspicion, it follows at the best, that Religion, which ought to correct the *Morals* of Men, and have an Influence in restraining their Exorbitant Passions, is become the Corrupter of their Manners, and the Fomenter of the most Enormous Crimes. But, this is common among the *Christians*, who being divided into Innumerable *Parties*; distinguished by as many several Names; yet each *Sect* is so sure that their *Way* is the only *Right Path* to *Salvation*, that they spare for neither Murders, Sacrileges, nor Treasons, to proselyte the Rest to their Opinion; being unwilling that any should live, who are not of the same Mind with them.

The *King* of *France*, and the *Queen-Regent*, received the News of *Queen Christina's* Delivery from this Designed Blow, with much Joy; the *Interests* of both *Crowns* being at this time closely intermingled.

I can inform thee of Nothing more Remarkable at present, save, That certain Letters are intercepted, which the *Duke of Bavaria* had written to the *Duke of Wirtemberg*, and the *Electör of Cologne*: The Contents of which discover, That the *Duke of Bavaria* is not far from a Reconciliation with the *Emperor*; and that, in the mean time, he only waits the Event of Things, to direct him in the Choice of his *Party*.

God confirm thee in thy Integrity, that thou may'st never waver or swerve from the Service and Duty thou owest the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 28th. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

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LETTER

## LETTER V.

To Cara Hali, a Physician at Constantinople.

**T**HOU hast heap'd many Favours on me ; yet I have never had an Opportunity of making the least Acknowledgment. Accept now a *Small Present* from *Mahmud's* Hands, who being not Master of Wealth, can make no *Great Ones*. I send thee neither Silver, Gold, nor Jewels, which the Insatiable Avarice of Mortals, has violently torn from the Bowels of their *Common Mother*. Neither shalt thou receive from me, any of the more familiar Products of the Earth, such as grow on her Surface. Expect no choice Fruits, or Wine, or Oil ; nor any thing framed by the Art of Man, whether for Delight, or Use. What I send thee, is the *Dew of Heaven*, a certain *Quintessence* of the *Elements*, an *Ætheral Spirit*, first condens'd into a Vapour, then into a more liquid Substance, and afterwards congealed into a Gum. It is the celebrated *Manna* of *Calabria*.

*Adonai* the *Jew*, sent it to me out of *Italy*, as a *Rarity*. I knew not whom so properly to oblige with this Present, as the Studious of *Natural Things*, *Hali* the *Sage Physician*, and my Friend.

The

The *Philosopher Averroes*, our Countryman, has written much of this excellent Substance. He calls it, the Food of the *Airy Angels*. And says, the Young *Ravens* crying in their Nests, are nourish'd by this Heavenly Diet, when the Old ones forsake them: And, that the *Chamelions*, seek no other Repast during their Lives, but the Invisible *Manna* that every where floats in the Morning Air. He holds it possible, That a Man, after he has pass'd his *Great Climacter*, may live without any other Sustenance, save what he receives from this *Heavenly Distillation*; that he may thus prolong his Life, for the Space of Seven Years, which will complete the appointed Age of Mortals. Many of the sublimely instructed among the *Arabians*, are of the same Opinion; so are not a few of the *Hebrew Rabbi's*: But, the *Christians*, who are Gluttons, laugh at this Doctrine, as Ridiculous and Impracticable: Forgetting at the same time, what they read in their *Bible* (which they pretend is the *Rule* of their Faith) that the *Israelites* had Nothing else to feed on, for a considerable time, in the *Desart*, when they were almost Eight Hundred Thousand Souls, and the Greatest Part of them in their full Strength, Men of Arms, and inur'd to the Toils of War.

Certainly, it were a desirable Thing, that this *Divine Largess*, were distributed to all the Regions on Earth. But, God sends his Blessings to whom, and when he pleases. 'Tis he that directeth the Clouds, when they

N 5

move

move through the Air, and rest not till they arrive at barren and dry Places, where they pour forth their Water to refresh the Earth, and render it fruitful. *God!* There is but One God, Lord of the *Worlds!* These are Signs of his *Unity to True Believers*, but the *Incredulous* have hardened their Hearts.

It is recorded, That in former Times, the Ground whereon this *Manna* descended, belong'd to a certain *Nobleman* of the *Country*; who, covetous of the *Unusual Blessing*, undertook to enclose all that Land with a high Wall, to the End that so rare a Gift, might not be made Common to every one. But, as soon as the Workmen had begun to lay the Foundation of this Enclosure, the *Manna* ceas'd to fall and so continu'd, as long as they proceeded in that Envious work. Which, when the Lord of the Ground was made sensible of, he commanded the Workmen to desist: Saying withal, *The Almighty gives, and the Almighty takes away. Henceforward, I will not seek to restrain the Free Gift of Heaven.* Upon which, the *Manna* descended daily as before, and so has continued to do ever since. Doubtless, this is a Sign of *God's Omnipotence.*

If thou wilt permit me to play the *Philosopher*, I will tell thee my Opinion, why this *Manna* is seen rather in the *Kingdom of Naples*, than in any other *Region* of the *Earth.*

It is well known, that the Earth of this Country, abounds with Veins of Sulphur, which are diffused up and down through all Parts,



Parts, and heat the Soil to an Extraordinary Degree. Hence it follows, that the *Lower Region* of the Air, in this Country, must needs acquire a greater Degree of Heat and Dryness also, being perpetually rarefied by the Fiery *Atomes*, which every where transpire through the Pores of the Earth, as from a Furnace.

This being so, it is not hard to conceive, that the Vapours which are exhal'd by the Sun into the *Upper Region*, in the Heat of a *Summers* Day, and there become impregnated by the *Ætheral Spirit*, (which remains pure and uncloath'd in those serener Tracts, and consequently, is apt to Incorporate with any proper Vegicle,) Naturally descend again in the Cool of the Night; but not meeting with a Congenious Body of Vapours in the *Lower Region*, that Air being over-purify'd, and grown defecate, through the too near Neighbourhood of the Burning Soil; so that they cannot diffuse themselves through the Air, for want of a fit *Medium*, they consisting of *Homogeneous* Parts, and following the Natural Position of the *Element*, and the *Laws* of *Gravity*; contract themselves into little Globular Forms the lower they descend, thus settling on the Leaves of Trees, on the Grass and Herbs, on Stones, and any Part of the Earth, appearing like Grains of Transparent Gum.

Hence also I conceive, That the same *Manna* (which is Nothing else but an *Ætheral Spirit*, embodied in light and dulcid Vapours)

Vapours) abounds in the Air of most Countries, but remains invifible, rarely fo far condens'd, as to fettle in a grofs Body on the Ground, becaufe the Air of thofe Regions is not fo rarify'd as is that of *Calabria*, having no fuch *Subterranean* Fires to drink the Vapours up; but being moift and thick, the defcending *Manna*, inftead of contracting it felf into Globular Bodies, and through its Weight finking to the Earth, dilates it felf, and incorporates with the floating Vapours: Juft as if you pour Drops of Water into a Veffel-full of the fame Element, thofe Drops do not fink to the Bottom; but finding an Homogeneous Body, they mix with it, and are difperfed every way; whereas, if there be nothing in the way to ftop them, they immediately fall to the Ground.

But I fhall tire thee with my *Philofophy*, forgetting that I fpeak to a Man confummate in all *Sciences*. *Adonai* relates many remarkable *Paflages* of this Country, too tedious for a Letter. I will only tell thee in fhort, That the *Kingdom* of *Naples* is efteemed one of the moft Delectable *Regions* on *Earth*, the Trees flourishing Twice a Year, and the Soil abounding to Prodigality with Corn, Wine, Oil and Fruits, and all Things neceffary for the Life of Man. Yet the Inhabitants have this *Proverb* common among them; *The Kingdom of Naples, is a Paradife of Delights, but it is inhabited with Devils*: So corrupted are the Manners of the People.

Adieu,

Adieu, Dear *Hali*, and think not *Mahmut* tedious in his Letters, who has no other way, at this distance, to converse with his Friends.

Paris, 19th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

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LETTER VI.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

WHEN this *Dispatch* shall come to thy Hands, be assured, that *Mahmut* thy Countryman, and Slave to the Slaves of the Grand Signior, wishes thee multiplicity of Happiness. I have many Reasons to honour thee, besides the Natural Affection, which is, or ought to be, between those who were born in the same *Region*. The many Favours thou hast done me, have far exceeded the Obligation which arises from the Vicinity of our Birth: Though, that was so near, that a strong Man would have measur'd the Distance with one Flight of an Arrow.

The *Present* of *Kopha*, for which I returned thee Thanks in my last, has wrought wonderful Effects on me, being a perfect Cure of the Melancholy, to which I was before subject. It has freed me from many Distempers;  
and,

and, I owe the present Ease and Cheerfulness I enjoy to this Generous Gift.

Metinks, while I am drinking this excellent Liquor, I am at *Constantinople*, conversing with my Friends. It revives in me the *Genius* of *Asia*; and so advantageously transforms the *Idea's* of things which I see, that the *Crosses* on the Tops of the *Christian Temples*, appear to me as *Half-Moons*; And, my Imagination Presents to me, *Turbants* instead of *Hats*, as Men walk along the Streets of *Paris*.

Doubtless, great is the Force of what we eat or drink, which has occasioned all Wise *Law-givers*, among other Sanctions, to prescribe certain Rules of Diet: And, the Care of our *Holy Prophet*, has been exquisite in this Point, his Prohibitions, extending to all Unclean Meats and Drinks; since, they deprave the Constitutions of Men, and encline them to Vice. But, by his own Example, he recommended to us the Use of this Admirable Berry; Imposing a New Name on the Tree that bears it, when he called it, the *Tree of Purification*. Hence it is, that all the *Mussulmans* affect to partake of the *Sanctifi'd* Benefit; it being the Universal Beverage, of the *Osman Empire*. Were the Virtues of it known in these *Western* Parts, it would match, if not supplant the Credit of their Wines: since it equally refreshes the Spirits, without Intoxicating the Brain.

I know not whether thou hast seen *Pest-libali* my Brother, since thy Return from *Arabia*.

*Arabia* : Or, whether thou hast heard the News he brought with him out of the East. He has survey'd the *Indies*, *Tartary*, *China*, *Tunquin*, *Persia*, and other *Regions*, whose Names are hardly known in some Parts of the *Ottoman Empire*. Indeed, we have formerly had but an odd *Idea* of those Remote Countries : But especially *China*, has been hid from the greatest Part of the Earth.

In my earlier Years, I have heard Men of Gravity, who would be taken for Knowing Persons, say, That *China* was but a *Tributary Province* of the *Tartars*, a Contemptible Corner of *Asia*, and so barren, as it could hardly afford Sustenance for its Inhabitants ; which is a Sign, it is well Peopl'd. Assuredly, our *Fathers* were ignorant of this *Country* ; which, after the *Perpetual Monarchy* of the *Osmans*, may be esteemed the *Second Empire* on Earth.

My Brother says, it contains Sixteen *Provinces*, each as large as a *Kingdom* : And, that all together, they fill up a Tract of Ground as big as *Europe*, which, thou knowest, is one of the *Four Quarters* of the *World* : And, that this vast Dominion, contains above a Hundred Millions of Inhabitants.

The *Emperor* who Reigned, when *Pesteliali* was there, was called *Zunchin* : A young Prince, not above Thirty Years of Age ; in whose Veins, ran the Blood of Sixteen *Emperors*, his *Progenitors*.

In the Year 1640. Two Great Officers in his Army, having drawn to their Party an Innumerable

numerable Company of the Soldiers, and being encouraged by some *Grandeers* at the Court, made a Revolt. The Names of these *Rebels* were *Lycungz* and *Changien*. They soon became Masters of Five *Provinces*: But, quarrelling about their Shares, *Lycungz* caused his Associate to be poisoned; and taking on himself the sole Command of the *Rebels*, was proclaimed by them, *Emperor* of *China*. After which, he marched directly with his whole Forces against *Pequin*, a City where the *Emperor* kept his Court: Knowing that the Conquest of this Place, would secure to him, all the remaining *Provinces* of the *Empire*.

The *Chinese* are reputed a most Ingenious People, excelling in all manner of *Mechanick* Inventions; and the boldest *Architects* in the World. They build Bridges from one Mountain to another, to shorten the Travellers Journey o'er the Plain between them; and, raise Towers almost up to the Clouds. Some of their Cities, are said to be near Thirty Leagues in Compass, having Double Walls and Ditches. And, my Brother says, that *Pequin*, wants not much of this Extent: And, that the Palace of the *Emperor*, is near a League in Circuit, environ'd by Three Walls, and as many Moats; besides Bulwarks, and other Fortifications. He adds, That this Mighty City and Palace, is guarded by an Hundred Thousand Soldiers.

This Impregnable Place, the *Rebels* took by Stratagem, which was able to have resisted

sisted all the Force of *Asia*. *Lycungz* held a Private Correspondence with several *Grandees* within the Town and Palace. By whose Connivence, he sent great Numbers of the Stoutest Men in his Army, disguised in the Habit of *Merchants*; who lodging themselves in divers Quarters of the City, on a Day appointed, suddenly appear'd in Arms; and surprizing the Guards who defended the Gates, slew them all, and opened the Gates to the *Rebels*.

Who can express the Confusion and Slaughter, that filled all Parts of the City with Mourning and Blood? The Barbarous Conqueror sacrificed all the Loyal and the Brave, to his Unpardonable Ambition; disarmed those who escaped the first Massacre; and having made himself Absolute Master of the City, lays a close Siege to the *Imperial Palace*.

The *Emperor* now finding that he was betrayed, and that it was too late to defend himself from the Cruel Persecution and Insult of the Traytors; takes Advantage of the short Resistance, which some of his Faithful Servants made, to consult his own Honour, with that of the *Empress* and his Daughter. He had above Three thousand Wives; for whom he could not provide in that Flood of Calamities; all his Care being employed, to prevent the last Triumph of his Enemies, in not suffering the *Royal Blood* to be shed by the profane Hands of those Villains. He entered into the *Gardens* of the *Palace*, accompanied

panied onely by his *Empress* and Daughter, with Three Faithful *Eunuchs*. The Young *Princess*, (who was a *Lady* Educated in all the *Chinese* Learning) seeing the great Affliction of her *Royal* Parents, the Inevitable Ruine of their *Family*, and the Universal Desolation; fell on her Knees, and spoke to her Father, as follows:

*My Lord,*

‘ Since it is the Will of the *Immortal*  
 ‘ *Gods*, thus to extinguish the Lustre  
 ‘ and Majesty of our *Sublime Race*, let  
 ‘ their *Decrees* be fulfilled. But, let not  
 ‘ me be a Spectator of my *Parents* Fall,  
 ‘ or survive a *Tragedy*, at which the  
 ‘ Earth it self must tremble. Have this  
 ‘ Compassion on my tender Years, and  
 ‘ let these Eyes be closed, before Death  
 ‘ seal up Yours, from which mine bor-  
 ‘ rowed all their Light. Think not, be-  
 ‘ cause I am Young, I fear to die: I long  
 ‘ to see our *Kindred Gods*, and represent  
 ‘ the *Fate of China*, so as to provoke their  
 ‘ speedy Vengeance. Surely, our *Deify’d*  
 ‘ *Ancestors*, at my Complaint, would  
 ‘ gather all the *Thunder* in the Heavens,  
 ‘ and shower it down upon these *Perjur’d*  
 ‘ and *Ungrateful Traytors*. Or else, they’d  
 ‘ play the *Chymists*, and extract the most  
 ‘ *Envenom’d Influence* of the Stars, and  
 ‘ dart



' dart the *Heavenly* Poyson on the *Rebels*,  
' as they lie before these Sacred Walls,  
' and thus would put a Period to their  
' Cursed *Treason*. Make no Delay, my  
' *Royal Father*, but, try the Experiment ;  
' release me from these Chains, which  
' hinder my Escape to *Paradise* : And, let  
' me be the *Herauld* of such News, as  
' ne'er before surpriz'd the *Bless'd Above*.

The *Emperor* mov'd with this *Passionate*  
Address of his Daughter, drew a Dagger from  
his Girdle, and therewith stabb'd her to the  
Heart. And then, struck with Remorse at so  
Unnatural a Deed, covered his Face with a  
Veil of Silk. Thus acting *Agamemnon's-Part*,  
when, to fulfil the Oracle, he Sacrific'd his  
Daughter *Iphigenia*.

After this, the *Empress* overwhelm'd with  
so many Sorrows, retired into a Grove, and  
Hang'd her self with a Silken Cord on a Tree.  
The *Emperor* seeing this Mournful Spectacle,  
was resolv'd no longer to delay his own Death.  
Wherefore, following her Example, he dis-  
patch'd himself likewise by a String. But he  
first bit a Vein ; and, with his Blood, writ  
the following Words :

' What is there now desirable on Earth,  
' after I am thus betray'd by my own *Sub-*  
' jects ? I accuse not the *Inferior* People :  
' They are Innocent ? 'Tis to the *Man-*  
' darins,

' *darins*, I owe my sudden Fall, with the  
 ' Ruine of this Mighty *Empire*. Behold  
 ' in me, the *Royal Line* extinct. I am the  
 ' Last of Sixteen *Emperors*. I, that was  
 ' Lord of so many Spacious *Regions*,  
 ' Guardian of the *Bedchamber* of the *Sun*,  
 ' sole *Monarch* of the *Orient*, Lieutenant  
 ' to the *Gods* of the *Mines*, Possessor of  
 ' Infinite Treasures, at whose Name a  
 ' Hundred Millions of my Subjects touch-  
 ' ed the Ground with their Foreheads;  
 ' am now ready to be trampled under  
 ' Foot, by the Basest of my *Slaves*. But,  
 ' I will prevent my own Disgrace, and  
 ' carry this Majestick Soul Inviolatè, to  
 ' my renowned *Fathers*: VVhose Ven-  
 ' geance join'd with that of all the *Gods*,  
 ' shall fall on the Perfidious *Mandarins*,  
 ' who have betrayed both Me and this  
 ' exalted *State* to Ruine.

A Narrative of these Mournful Passages,  
 was Printed in the *Chinese* Language; sup-  
 posed to be done, by the Order of the *Em-  
 peror's* Attendants, who follow'd him into  
 the Garden, and were Witnesses of what was  
 said and done. A Copy of which, my Bro-  
 ther procur'd to be translated into *Arabick*,  
 by a *Merchant* of our Nation, who under-  
 stood the *Chinese* Language, and resided in  
*Pequin*.

In

In fine, my Brother says, That when he departed from *China*, he left the Tyrant *Ly-cungz* in possession of the *Emperor's Palace*; where he found an Hundred Millions of Ingots in Gold and Silver, besides an Inestimable Treasury of Pearls and Precious Stones. All which Wealth, had been heap'd together, by the Frugality of the *Chinese Emperors*.

By this thou may'st take an Estimate, of the Grandeur and Strength of this Formidable Monarchy, of which we have had such Contemprible Notions. Neither shalt thou have Occasion, to be surprized at the Monstrous Rise and Fortune of this *Rebel*, who in so short a Time, was lifted to the Height of Humane Sovereignty; when thou considerest that all Things are subject to Vicissitude and Change.

That *God*, who establishes whom he pleases on the *Thrones* of the *Earth*, and at the *Determined Period* of *Empires*, deposes such as trust in their Strength and Riches; defend our *Sovereign* from *Treasons*, and from the *Arrows* that fly in *Obscurity*.

Paris, 13th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER VII.

To Darnish Mehemet, Bassa.

**W**HAT Obligation have I, to be concerned for the *Infidels*? Or, what Interest in the *Uncircumcised*? Yet, *Nature* has tied all our *Race*, in some *Common Bonds of Affection*; and *Humanity* teaches us, to rejoice at the *Deliverance* of the *Oppressed*.

The *Kingdom* of *Naples*, has long groan'd under the *Yoke* of *Spanish Tyranny*. The *Labour* of the *People*, sufficed not to pay the *Unreasonable Taxes*, that were *Imposed* on them. They sweat *Blood* to become yet more *Miserable*; whilst their *Cruel Masters*, having fleec'd 'em to *Nakedness*, would take *Advantage* of their *Poverty*, to rivet their *Chains* yet deeper, and render their *Servitude* past *Redemption*.

The *People* were sensible of their *Calamity*, yet knew not how to shake off the *Yoke*. It had gall'd 'em to the *Nerves* and *Sinews*; their *Strength* was gone. *Despair* of *Redress*, had rendred 'em supine; and took from 'em, the very *Power* of meditating their *Recovery*. But *Heaven*, which protects the *Oppressed*, has raised up a *Youth* from among the *Meanest* of the *People*, to assert the *Publick Liberty*. A *Fiskerman*, who has not seen *Four* and *Twenty Winters*, has under-  
taken

taken to restore the Ancient Privileges of the *Neapolitans*. Who can penetrate into the *Methods* of *Eternal Destiny*, which makes Use of so Contemptible Instruments, to check the Power of the Greatest *Monarchs*?

This bold *Youth*, inspired with a Zeal for the *Publick*, ran one Day into the Streets, crying with a loud Voice, *Long live the King of Spain, but let the Corrupt Officers perish*. He had no other Weapon, save a *Reed* in his Hand; but was soon followed, by a Multitude of Boys and Young Men, with Clubs and Staves, who went along the Streets of that Populous City, repeating the Cry after him; *Long live the King of Spain, but let the Corrupt Officers perish*. At first, the Citizens laugh'd at the Infant Tumult; but, in less than Two Hours, this *Fisherman* (whose Name was *Masanello*) had enrolled above Two Thousand Boys.

The next Day his Numbers encreased, by the Accession of all sorts of Lewd and idle Persons, Malecontents, Debtors, and such as were desirous of Novelty. Nay, some of the better Sort of Citizens, shut up their Shops, took Arms, and mingled with the Popular Insurrection; So that, ere Mid-day, there were above Ten thousand Men and Boys, marching along the Streets, and burning the *Custom-Houses*, with all their *Books of Accounts*, throughout the City.

When *Masanello* beheld himself at the Head of so vast a Multitude, he thought it time to declare the Reason of his raising this Tumult.

Tumult. Wherefore, getting on an Eminent Place in one of the Markets, he speak to his Followers to this Effect :

*Rejoice, O ye Faithful People, and send up Acclamations to the God of Heaven, who hath this Day put it into your Hearts and Hands to be your own Redeemers. As for me, my Spirit burneth within me, to see the Publick Oppression; and, I set no Value on my Life, when I first began this Glorious Enterprize. One of the Princes threatned me with the Gallies, if I persisted; but, here are Thousands my Witnesses, that instead of fearing him, I smote him on the Breast and sent him away joyful, that he escaped with his Life. O ye Faithful People, trust not the Princes or Nobles: They are the Men who Oppress you, and would enslave you. Trust in your Arms, and the Justice of your Cause. God has brought you together; let Nothing separate you, till you have freed your Country, your selves, your Wives and Children, from perpetual Servitude. Chuse you a Leader, a Man of Courage and Resolution, who is willing to sacrifice his Life for the Common Good. As for me, I have hitherto liv'd a Fisherman, and so I intend to die.*

The People exceedingly mov'd with this Speech, chose him with one Accord for their Leader; crying out with loud Acclamations, *Long live Masanello, the Patron of the Neapolitan Liberties.*

The

The first thing he did, after he was confirmed in this Authority, was, to set open the Prisons, and list the Prisoners under the *Banner* of the *People*. Then he divided this confused Army, into Regiments and Companies; and sent forth a *Proclamation* throughout *Naples*, commanding all to take Arms, on pain of having their Houses burnt. So that in a little time, he had above Fifty thousand Armed Men at his Heels.

Thus accompanied, he marches directly toward the *Viceroy's Palace*, vested in *Cloth* of *Silver*, with a Naked Sword in his Hand. He was accompanied by a *Cardinal*, who undertook to be a *Mediator* between the *Viceroy* and the *People*. His Presence restrain'd the Multitude within some Bounds of Moderation; for they reverenc'd him, as the *Father* of the *City*. Yet they burnt above Sixty *Palaces* of the *Nobles* to the Ground with all their Furniture and Goods; and it was present Death for any one to rescue or purloin any thing from the Flames; so rigorously just was this New *Law giver*, this *Moses* of the *Neapolitans*. It was in vain for the *Viceroy*, to oppose Force against so Formidable an *Insurrection*. He entertain'd the Young *Fisherman* with Ceremonies due to a *Prince*: And having concluded a *Truce*, gave him the Title of *Chief Tribune of the Faithful People*. This increased the Veneration the Citizens had already conceiv'd for *Masanello*: So that in a Day or two more, he saw himself at the Head of an Hundred and fifty thousand

O

Armed

Armed Men. He gave out all Orders for the *Republick*; published new Edicts; and, all Commissions, were issued in his Name. He procured the *Gabels* to be for ever abolish'd; restor'd the People to their Ancient Liberty: And, in Fine, was Murder'd by his own Followers.

Let me not seem an *Advocate* for *Sedition* when I tell thee, there was something Brave and Heroick in the Actions of this *Youth*. So strange a *Revolution*, in so short a time, has scarce been heard of in the World: For a *Beardless Slave*, to raise himself in Six Days, to as Absolute and Uncontroulable a *Sovereignty*, as the Greatest *Monarch* on Earth enjoys; to be obeyed by an infinite Number of People, without the least *Hesitation* or *Demur*, were it for Life or Death; and all this, without any Motive of Ambition or Interest, but only to assert the Publick Liberty; Is a convincing Argument of his *Vertue*; and shews, That *Heaven* approved his Enterprize. But then again, for him to lose all this Power in Four Days more, to be Murder'd in Cold Blood by his own Party, by the People whose Cause he had so successfully vindicated; this shews the Instability of Human Affairs; and, that there is nothing Permanent on this side the *Moon*.

I pray *God* to inspire the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, to take such Measures as may preserve the *Mussulman Peace*. Adieu.

Paris, 13th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LET-



LETTER VIII.

To Solyman, *his* Cousin, at  
Constantinople.

WHEN I clos'd up my Last, the Hour of the *Post* was near expir'd; and the Messenger who carries my Letters to him, hastened my *Dispatch*, preventing what I had farther to say to thee.

I am solicitous for thy Welfare, both as thou art a *Mussulman*, and so near a *Relation*. Do not forfeit those Titles, by degenerating from thy *Kindred*, and from all the *Illuminated* of *God*. Truth is compriz'd in a little Room; but, Error is Infinite. Thou makest a wrong Inference, from the Moderation and Charity of the *True Believers*, when thou concludest, That because they believe, it shall go well with all Honest Men, let their Opinions and Ceremonies be what they will; therefore thou shalt be safe, in retrenching the Endless and Burdensome *Washings* (as thou termest them) of the *Mussulmans*, so long as thou ledest a Good Moral Life.

Art thou such a Friend to Idleness and Impurity, that thou wilt by a most pitiful Sophistry, cheat thy self of *Salvation*; rather than take the Pains to wash thy self after the Manner, and at the Times appointed by

the *Prophet* of God, and practis'd by our *Fathers*, and all the *Faithful* throughout the *World*? If it be allow'd, that such as either out of Ignorance, or hindred by some other Invincible Cause, do not embrace our *Holy Law*, are not *Circumcised*, and repair not to the *Assemblies* of the *Faithful*, shall nevertheless enter into *Paradise*, provided they obey the *Law* of *Nature* Imprinted on their *Hearts*; does it follow therefore, that one who has been bred up in the *Undefiled Faith*, who has been *Circumcised*, and lifting up his Right Hand to *Heaven* has pronounc'd the *Seven Mystrious Words*, which cannot be repealed; does it follow, I say, that such an one, shall be regarded by *God* or his *Prophet*, any otherwise than as a *Heretick* or an *Infidel*, if he live not up exactly to the *Graces* that have been given him? No, assure thy self, if thou art in the Number of these, thou art an *Apostate*; thy *Vertues* are *Vices*, and all thy *Good Works* are an *Abomination*.

Remember the *Piety* and *Magnanimous Zeal* of *Affan Hali*, thy *Grandfather*; who, when he was taken *Prisoner* by the *Cossacks*, was entertained with extream *Rigor* and *Severity*. Nevertheless, a certain *Few* in the *City*, who knew him, brought him every *Day*, by *Permission* of the *Keeper*, as much *Water* as would suffice to wash him, and to quench his *Thirst*. But, one *Day*, as he went with his accustomed *Load*, and was entering the *Gate* of the *Prison*; the *Keeper*,  
either

either out of Malice or Wantoness, spilt most of the Water on the Ground, forbidding the *Jew* at the same time, to bring any more that Day.

The honest *Hebrew*, went in with the Remainder of the Water, and deliver'd it to the Prisoner; who, presently prepared to wash himself, after the accustomed Manner of the *Mussulmans*. The *Jew* seeing that, told him, There was not Water enough to quench his Thirst. And therewith, related to him what the *Keeper* had done. *I see there is but a Little* (reply'd the Vertuous Old Man) *but, he that Drinks, or Eats, before he has Wash'd himself, is guilty of defiling his Soul, and is not worthy to be numbred among the True Believers. Therefore, it is better for me to die for Thirst, than violate the Law brought down from Heaven, and transgress the Traditions of my Fathers.* Having said this, he *Wash'd* himself, being Resign'd to Providence.

*Cousin*, deceive not thy self with vain Opinions, nor suffer *Hypocrites* to seduce thee. Imitate the *Adder*, and stop thy Ears against the Crafty Insinuations of *Hereticks*. It is reported of this little *Serpent*, That by Natural Instinct, being sensible when a *Magician* is about to utter words, which being heard will ensnare it, lays one Ear close to the Ground, and with its Tails stops the other, to the End the *Enchantment* may have no Effect.

Admit not any Man to thy Conversation, who shall attempt to warp thee from the Simplicity of the *Faith* and *Obedience*, which thou owest to the *Apostle* of God. Without *Water*, there is no *Purity* on this Side the Grave. That *Element*, has a Force in it, of which thou art not aware. 'Tis the Third, in the Rank of Living Principles. 'Tis the *Tabernacle* of the Winds; The *Seraglio* of the Generative Spirit; The Stage of Wonders. In fine, it is the Purifier of every Thing that has Breath.

Thou knowest, that to serve the Necessities of the *Prophet* and his Army, *Understanding* and *Speech* was given to a *Fountain* in *Arabia*; which having promised to follow him to the Place of his Repose, made a Channel through the *Desart*, and kept Pace with the Troops of the *Faithful*, till they came *Medina Tainabi*: That so, the *Submissive* to the *Will* of Heaven, might not want that *Element*; without which, Life it self would be a Burden and a Curse.

And yet, thou speakest contemptibly of *Water* as a very Indifferent Thing, whether we use it or not, any other ways than to quench our Thirst. Thus, making no Difference, between the many Advantages we reap from that *Element*, and that Common Use, to which the Beasts put it. In how many Places of the *Alcoran*, does the *Holy Prophet*, record the *Mercy* of God, in giving us *Water* that is Fresh and not Salt? How does he celebrate his Wisdom and Goodness, for directing

recting the Clouds to barren and dry Places ? Thou canst not be ignorant, that it is one of the *Encomiums* of *Paradise*, that there are Gardens wherein flow many Rivers : And after all this, wilt thou despise so Holy and Blessed a Gift, without which, Earth and Heaven, Men and Angels, could not be completely happy ?

Go learn then of the *Indian Idolaters*, who have never heard of the *Book of Glory* : Go learn of these *Barbarians*, to prize this *Sanctify'd Creature*. They travel many Hundreds of Leagues, to bath themselves in the Waters of *Ganges*. With those Incorruptible and All-purging Streams, the *Brachmans* fill certain Vessels, and transport the Invaluable Liquor, to the utmost Parts of that Wide *Empire*. They travel on Foot, sometimes Two thousand Miles together, each Man with his Load of that precious Water, to supply the Wants of those who live so remote from the River. So that a Bottle of it is many times sold to the *Princes* and *Nobles*, for Two hundred *Sequins*, or Eight hundred *Roupies* : And yet, for all this, those very *Princes* would not die with a safe Conscience, had they not at least once in their Lives made a *Pilgrimage* to this Renowned River, and bath'd themselves in the *Waves* which blot out *Sins*.

O *Cousin*, let the Example of these *Infidels* make thee blush at thy Impiety, and excite thee to a diligent and indispensable Practice of *Cleaness* : So shalt thou

have a Sound Mind, in a Healthy Body : And the *Angel* of thy *Nativity*, will not shun thy Person. Adieu.

Paris, 7th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1647.

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## LETTER IX.

*To the Kaimachmam.*

— THE Defeat of the *Venetians* and *Mor-*  
*lacks* in *Bosna*, has reached these Parts.  
That News is not unwelcome to *Mahmut*.  
But, I could wish our *General* had used his  
Victory with more Moderation. The *Chri-*  
*stians* term him *Barbarian*, *Salvage*, *Devil*  
*Incarnate*; and load him with Execrations:  
For, having taken Prisoner the *Captain* of  
the *Morlacks*, he caus'd him to be Flea'd a-  
live, and afterwards to be Impal'd. This  
*Captain* was an *Ecclesiastick*: They call him  
*Stephano Scrich*; and, in Honour of his Zeal  
and Fidelity, they entitle him, *The Good Priest*.  
They applaud his Magnanimity and Cou-  
rage in Battel; and no less do they extoll  
his Constancy, during the Torments of so  
Cruel and Ignominious a Death. But, I trem-  
ble to think of the Blasphemies and Curses  
they utter against our *Holy Prophet*, and all  
the *Mussulmans*! For, this Cruel Execu-  
tion,

tion, has scandaliz'd the *Nazarenes*, and im-  
bitter'd 'em even to Fury. Their Revenge  
is implacable: They would go to *Hell*, them-  
selves, provided the *True Faithful* might be  
*Damn'd for Company!*

What will our *Divine Law-giver* say? Or,  
what Apology will our *General* make, when  
the *Sent of God* shall charge him, with driving  
so many thousand Souls, into an Irreconcilable  
Hatred of the *Undeified Faith*? For, they look  
not on this as the Action of a *Private Man*,  
but of one who represents the *Person* of our  
*August Sovereign*, the Great Protector of the  
*Law* brought down from *Heaven*. They sup-  
pose him to be honour'd with the particular In-  
structions of his *Master*: And therefore, they  
say, the *Sultan* has authoriz'd this Unheard of  
Cruelty; and, that our *Religion* countenances  
Tyranny, and the most Nefarious Method of  
shedding Innocent Blood.

I am no Advocate for *Infidels*; yet, suffer  
me to vindicate *Nature*, which is the *Common*  
*Parent* of us all. Suffer me to be Solicitous,  
for the Honour of our *Holy Profession*, which  
is blemish'd by this Inhumane Murder. What  
Offence had this Unhappy *Captain* given,  
that deserv'd so dire a Punishment? Was it,  
because he fought valiantly, and perform'd  
Wonders in Defence of his Country? This is  
Nothing, but what becomes every Honest  
Man to do. And, had our *General* been truly  
Brave, he would have entertain'd his Prisoner,  
with a Respect due to his Merit.

Who was a more Inveterate Enemy of the *Mussulmans*, than the Renowned *Iscbenderbeg*, Prince of *Albania*? Who more Valiant or Successful, against the *Ottoman* Armies? It is Recorded of him, That he never shun'd a Battel, never fled from his Enemies, never shrunk from Perils, nor was ever wounded but once, in all his Life. And yet, he sustain'd a Continual War, from Two Successive *Osman Emperors*; defeated Seven *Vizirs*, with their Forces; took all their Ammunition and Baggage; and, in several Combats, slew with his own Hands, above Two thousand *Mahometans*.

Our *Fathers* did not basely revenge themselves for all this, but cherish'd a Veneration for this *Heroick* Enemy, and honour'd the very *Dust* of such an extraordinary Person. For, after his Death, having conquer'd *Albania*, they sought out his *Tomb*, where they performed their *Devotions*, as at the *Sepulcher* of a *Prophet*. They open'd the *Dormitory* of the Defunct *Warrior*, and, with *Religious Solemnity*, took up his *Bones*, sharing the Honour'd *Reliques* among them; and, wrapping them up in *Silk*, wore them continually at their Breasts, esteeming them as *Sacred Amulets* against *Misfortune*.

Surely, our *General* would blush, at an Example of so great *Vertue*. But, perhaps he was incens'd, because his *Captive* was a *Priest*: Mistaken *Zèal* might prompt him to this horrid *Butchery*. Thou, who art *Justice* it self, wilt not approve his *Bloody Passion*,



Passion, when thou considerest, That the *Priests* of *Jesus*, are Men, as well as others; and, if they live in Error, the Fault is in their Education. However, many of them, are Humble, Chast, Sober, and Lovers of Vertue. If there be others, whose Corrupt Lives have contradicted this Character, let the Crime and the Punishment rest on their Heads. It is not Reasonable, that the Innocent should suffer for the Faults of the Guilty. The *Captain* of the *Morlacks*, had the Reputation, of a Devout and Just Man, and a Stout Champion for his Country: Had he been taken for a *Spy*, or an *Assassin*, the *Law of Arms* would have adjudg'd him to Death. Yet such was the Clemency of *Porfenna*, King of the *Hetrurians*, that when *Mutius Scevola*, a Valiant *Roman*, came into his Camp, with design to Murder him, but by Mistake stabb'd one of the *Captains*, thinking it had been *Porfenna*; and to revenge that Miscarriage on himself, thrust his Hand into the Fire, till the Flesh was consum'd to the Bones: The *King*, astonish'd at his Undaunted Spirit, sent him away in Peace, rais'd the Siege of *Rome*, and entred into a strict Friendship with that Nation: Such Honour he bore to the Fortitude of his Enemy, and designed Murderer. But, the *Captain* of the *Morlacks* was not taken under these Circumstances: He lost his Liberty in the Heat of Battel, bravely Combating at the Head of his Army.

Would'st thou know the Grounds then of our *General's* Cruelty? It was purely for the Sake.

Sake of a *Jest*. There went a Report, That when this *Priest* was born, his Body was all over raw; so that the *Physicians* were forc'd, by Arr, to supply him with a Skin. Our Cruel *General* to sport himself in the Poor Man's Misery, commanded him to be Flea'd alive; uttering at the same time this Inhumane *Sarcasm*; *There was no Reason that he should carry a Skin out of the World, who brought none in.* This is attested by Two Gentlemen, who were made Prisoners with their *Captain*, heard these Words, saw him Executed, and afterwards made their Escape.

The *Nazarenes* Vow to Revenge this Unparallell'd Cruelty, on all the *Mussulmans* that fall into their Hands, if this *Butcher* (as they term him) be suffer'd to go unpunish'd. I tell thee, such Barbarous Actions, draw down the *Vengeance* of *Heaven*, on those that commit them; and excite the very *Beasts* of the *Earth*, to make *War*, and rid the *World* of such *Monsters*.

Thou knowest what Use to make of this Intelligence: I will not pretend to Instruct the *Second Minister* in the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 7th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER X.

*To the Mufti.*

**I**F there be any Truth in what the *Astrologers* tell us, That the *Stars* have Influence on the *Governments* of the *Earth*; One would think that *Spain* lies under some *Malignant Aspect*.

The Fortune of that *Kingdom*, has for a long time run Retrograde. They have had nothing but Losses by Sea and Land. The *Revolution*; in *Portugal*, the *Revolt* of *Catalonia* and *Roussillon*, the Loss of *Ormus*, in *Persia*, and the Defection of *God*, with other Rich Towns of Traffick in the *Indies*, came one upon the Back of another.

Since which, there have been many Towns and Castles taken from the *Spaniards* in *Flanders*. The *French* made an *Insurrection* in *Palermo*, breaking open the Prisons, and releasing the Prisoners: And grew to such a Head, that the *Viceroy*, fearing they would revenge the *Tragedy* of the *Sicilian Vespers*; to pacifie the Multitude, was forc'd to Repeal the *Edicts* for *Taxes*, and Disannul them for ever; and to pass an *Act* of *General Indemnity*, both to the *Rabble*, and to the *Prisoners* whom they had freed.

This Tumultuous Spirit pass'd from thence to the *Kingdom* of *Naples*; and there, like an Infection, soon spread it self through all Parts,  
both

both of City and Country: Two hundred thousand Men took up Arms, to vindicate the *Privileges* of the *Neapolitans*, under the Conduct of a Poor Young *Fisherman*. I have already transmitted to the *Sublime Port*, a Relation of this Formidable *Sedition*: Wherein, it may be thought, I have discovered too much *Tenderness* to the *Infidels*, and seem'd to Favour the *Violences* of a *Faction*. But, I hope thou wilt acquit me, when thou considerest, that these *Governments* of the *Nazarenes*, are not to be compared to the Sacred *Osman Empire*, which is Establish'd by a *Divine Right*: It having been determined by the *Angel*, That he who should possess the Glorious *Dormitory* of the *Sent of God*, should be Entituled, *The Sovereign of all the Kings on Earth*. Therefore, it would be a Crime of the Highest Nature, to raise a Tumult or Sedition, within the *Territories* of our *August Emperor*, whose Dominion is confirm'd to him for ever, by a *Patent* from *Heaven*. But, the Case of the *Nazarene Princes* is different; who being professed *Enemies* to the *Messenger of God*, have no other Right to any thing, but what their *Swords* purchase. And therefore, when they prey upon others, and by *Rapine* and *Spoil* augment their *Riches*; it is no Wonder, if the *Great Avenger of Crimes*, stirs up some undaunted *Spirits*, to free their Country from Slavery and Ruine.

Those who are Curious, have remark'd many *Observable Circumstances* in this *Revolution* at *Naples*: As, That it was foretold by an *Astrologer*,

*Astrologer*, a considerable Time before it happen'd, who pointed out the very Year wherein it should come to pass. The Extraordinary Eruptions also of *Mount Vesuvius* some Years ago, were esteem'd as Presages of some approaching Troubles in the *State*: For, it rain'd Ashes on the City of *Naples*. I spoke of this Mountain, in one of my former Letters.

This reported also, That about the same Hour, wherein *Masanello*, the *Ringleader* of the *Seditious* was Murder'd, there was seen a *Man* hovering in the Air, over the Principal Temple of *Naples*, with a Sword in his Hand, which he was putting up in his Scabbard: And, that a Voice was at the same time heard from on High, to utter these Words, *His Labour is finish'd, give him Rest.*

This is certain, that whilst he was at the Head of an Hundred Thousand Men, Seven *Assassines* were hired by some of the *Princes* to shoot him; yet none of the Bullets could penetrate his Body, though Unarm'd, and only covered with his Fishing Rags: And, it was evident that these Bullets smote him in divers Places; his Garments being marked with them, and he stagger'd with the Force of the Blows.

These are Extraordinary Occurrences, and would tempt one to believe, That this Young *Fisherman* was the Instrument of *Providence*, and that *Heaven* protected both *Him* and his Cause.

'Tis true indeed, it seem'd at last, as if he were abandon'd by that *Divine Power*, which had carried him through so Important an Enterprize, in that he was Slain by his own Soldiers. But, then it must be remembred, that this was not done, till his *Work* was *finished*, and he went beyond his *Commission*. Want of Sleep, the Multitude of Affairs, and much Wine, had impaired his Reason, and rendred him Frantick; so that, his Actions were Insupportable, and his own Admirers grew weary of him. After his Death, his Head was cut off, and carried up and down the Streets on a Lance; and his Body was dragged through the Kennels. Yet the very next Day, the Multitude, to shew their own Fickleness, took the Dead Body out of a Ditch, where they had laid it all Night: They Washed and Embalmed it; and having join'd the Head to it, carried it with great Pomp and Solemnity to the Principal Temple of Naples, attended with Drums and Trumpets, and above a Thousand Priests, with Torches in their Hands, A Crown of Gold was put on his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand.

Thus the *Neapolitans* honoured that Beardless Youth, who in Ten Days time, had caused such a *Revolution*, as is scarce to be parallell'd, For, he was an Absolute *Monarch*, in Effect during that time. And of him it may be said, as it was once of an *Emperour*, That during his whole *Reign*, there was neither *Spring*, nor *Autumn*, nor *Winter*: For, his *Royalty* begun and ended, in the Seventh Moon.

By

By Letters from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, at *Vienna*, I perceive he is molested with Scruples about his *Religion*, being desirous to build upon the *surest Foundation*. I sent him the best Advice I could, without making my self a *Hypocrite*; which, thou knowest, is more offensive to *God*, than an *Open Sinner*. I drew up an *Abstract* of the *Mussulman Records*; and presented him with the *Faithful Genealogy*, from *Ismael*, the Son of the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, down to our *Holy Prophet*. This I did, to rectifie an Old Inherent Error of the *Jews*, who boast, That only the *Sons of Isaac* were *True Believers*. I endeavoured not to preselyte him, by *Sophistry* and *Artifice*; but referred him, for better Satisfaction, to the *Writings* of the *Ancients*. I promised to furnish him with *Books* of our *Law*, and the *Comments* of our *Holy Doctors*. This is impossible for me to perform, whilst I am in this Place; unless thou, who art a *Guide* of those who seek the *Truth*, vouchsafest to second my Zeal. I address to thee, *Sovereign Prelate* of the *Faithful*, in Behalf of a *Descendent* from the *Younger Brother of Ismael*; in Behalf of one *Circumcised*, but not in the *Right Way*. Favour him with thy *Divine Instructions*, and supply him with *Treatises* of *Light* and *Reason*. A seasonable Application, may bring this *Hebrew* into the Number of the *Mussulmans*; for, he is already disgusted at the *Synagogue*.

But, if I have presumed too far, in endeavouring to snatch a *Soul* from the *Paws* of  
*Tagot,*

*Tagot*, correct me in thy Wisdom ; for, I am  
but as an *Infant* before thee.

Paris, 15th. of the 1st. Moon,  
of the Year, 1648.

## LETTER XI.

*The Beginning of this  
Letter is wanting in the  
Italian Translation, the O-  
riginal Paper being torn.*

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. . . . .  
. . . . .

All Mens Hearts  
are filled with Joy, for this prosperous News,  
whilst I mourn for the Dishonour of Our Arms.  
Nothing but sad Tidings grate my Ears from  
those Parts, and more melancholy Prefages  
possess my Soul. Methinks, I see thick Clouds  
gathering o'er the *Imperial* City. My Sleep is  
disturb'd with fearful Visions : I start in my  
Bed ; and waking lay my Hand on my Sword,  
as if some Danger were at hand : I dream of  
Tumults and Disorders, Neighing of Horses,  
and Clashing of Arms in the Streets of *Constantinople*. I pray God avert the Omen.

It is reported here, That *Ali*, the *Sangiac-Bey* of *Lippa* is taken Prisoner ; and that his  
Son was tormented to Death before his Face,  
in a Manner peculiar to the Invention of the  
most Barbarous Tyrants : For, they caused  
sharp Thorns to be thrust between his Nails  
and his Flesh ; which creates an intolerable  
Anguish : They laid him on a Bed of Iron-  
Spikes,



Spikes, and poured Melted Lead, Drop by Drop, on all Parts of his Flesh. Then they made a small Fire, and roasted him slowly to Death. If he chanced to groan, or make the least Complaint, in the midst of those grievous Tortures, they bid him remember the Good *Priest Sorich*, who set him an Example of Constancy and Courage; in that he never shed a Tear, or so much as sigh'd, when he was *Flea'd alive*.

Thou seest, that Revenge is sweet, even to those, who having receiv'd no Injury in their own Persons, yet are touched to the Quick, with the Violence that is done to another. This will appear in the Humour of the *Italians*, who prosecute their Enemies, with irreconcilable Hatred and Malice; whole *Families* being often engaged, in executing the Resentments of Two single Persons, who first began the Quarrel: But, much more forcible is this Passion in those, who have been notoriously hurt themselves. And, the Revenge of a certain *Captain* was Extravagant; who being informed, that his *General* had Debauch'd his Wife, took an Opportunity to single him out from all other Company, pretending to walk in the Fields. When he had him there alone, he clapt a Pistol to his Breast, threatening to kill him forthwith, if he moved Hand or Foot. Then he upbraided him with what he had done, in such Language, as convinced the *General*, his Life was in extreme Danger. Wherefore, he humbled himself, and confessed his Crime; begging

begging of the *Captain* to spare his Life, and he would preferr him forthwith, to the best Office in the Army next his own. But, the furious *Italian* would not sell his *Honour* so Cheap. He forced him to deny *God*, and utter many *Blasphemies*, in Hopes of Saving his Life: And, when he had thus done, the *Captain* said, *Now my Revenge is complete, since I shall send thee Body and Soul to the Devil.* With that he pistoll'd him.

But, leaving these *Infidels* to their *Diabolical* Passions, I am concern'd at the Captivity of thy Brother; if it be true, which is related here, That he was taken in his Return from *Canea* to *Constantinople*. It will cost the *Bassa* of *Algiers* a Thousand Crowns to ransom him.

Adieu, *Renarba*. And if thou art desirous to raise thy Self, take that Method which I have now propos'd to thee. *God* be propitious to thy Endeavours.

Paris, 4th. of the 2d. Moon,  
of the Year 1648.

## LETTER XII.

To the Venerable Musti.

THOU wilt say, the *Neapolitans* are a restless People, when thou shalt know, That there have been no less than Forty General Insurrections

*surrections* in this *Kingdom*, since its first Separation from the *Grecian Empire*, whereof it was formerly a Member ; and, that in the Space of Two Years, they have had Five *Kings*, all of different *Nations*.

One would have thought, That after the Death of *Masanello*, the *Ringleader* of the late *Innovation*, the Popular Heats would have slacken'd, and the People returned to their Duty ; but, the passionate Desire of Liberty, caus'd them to continue in Arms, till the Confirmation of their Privileges, should come from the King of *Spain*.

In the mean Time, *Don John* of *Austria* who lay before the City with a Fleet of Fifty *Galleons*, play'd upon them incessantly with his Cannon by Sea ; and, the Castles batter'd them by Land.

*Cardinal Mazzerini*, who has the earliest Intelligence of Foreign Transactions, has had a Principal Hand in fomenting this Flame. For, as soon as the News of *Masanello's* Death arriv'd here, he dispatch'd away *Couriers* to *Rome*, with Instructions to the *French Embassadour* at that Court, requiring him, to use all possible Means, to cherish the *Tumults* in *Naples*, and not neglect so fair an Opportunity, of reducing that *Kingdom* under the *Protection* of *France*.

It will not appear strange, That this great *Genius*, should aim at the Conquest of *Naples*, when we consider, That this *Kingdom* abounds in all Manner of Riches, to which its fortunate Situation contributes not a Little :  
For,

For, it lies in the most Temperate Part of the World. And, the Inhabitants are not *Second* to any People of *Europe*, in *Martial* Courage and Bravery. This is a Bait, which tempts the *Cardinal*; who is not ignorant, how valiantly the Ancestors of the present *Neapolitans*, behav'd themselves in the *Wars* of *Cesar* and *Pompey*, and those between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*. Nor are they less Celebrated, for the stout Resistance they made against the *Huns*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*. So that, this *Kingdom*, were it once brought under the *French* Dominion, would prove a *Nursery* from whence this *Monarch* might draw many Thousands of excellent Soldiers, to serve him in his Wars.

Besides, it would be more commodious for him, to make IncurSIONS from hence into the *Pope's* Territories, if there should arise any Difference between the two *Courts*; as there often do, about the Rights of the *Gallican Church*, the *Franchises* of the *Embassadors*, of this *Crown* in *Rome*, and other Privileges to which they pretend.

Therefore the *French Ambassador*, according to the Instructions of *Mazarini*, sent *Commissioners* to treat privately with the People of *Naples*, offering them Two Millions of Crowns, Twenty Gallions, with Eight and Fifty Gallies, and other Vessels. They accepted the Proposal, being weary of the *Spanish* Government, and desirous of Novelty, Encourag'd also by what those *Commissioners* represented to them concerning the Success

Success of the *English*, who by standing on their Guard, and using that Power which *God* and *Nature* had given them, for the Defence of their Lives and Liberties, were now in a manner, become a *Free People*, having Abolish'd the *Monarchy*, and set up a *Commonwealth*: And this, they told them, was also done by *Cardinal Mazarini's* Counsels and Assistance. Now, all the Cry in *Naples*, was, *Let France and the People of England flourish; and let the Faithful Neapolitans assert their own Liberty*. So blind were these People, as not to consider, That in putting themselves under the Protection of the *French*, they did but exchange One Bondage for another; it being impossible for any Foreign *Prince* to keep this *Kingdom*, and pay all his Officers, Civil and Military, together with those under their Commands, with much less Charge than the Revenues amount to. And, the *French* are as good at Inventing New *Taxes*, as any Court in *Europe*.

However, the *Neapolitans* were enchanted with the Thoughts of so much Gold, and other Assistance offer'd by the *French Commissioners*; and sweeten'd with their fair Words, and glorious Promises. So that they immediately sent *Deputies*, to entreat the *Duke of Guise*, who was then at *Rome*, to come and protect them, in taking on him the Chief Command of their Arms.

This *Prince*, thinking it a Generous Action, to Relieve the *Oppressed*: And, that at the same time, he should do a considerable Service to  
the

the King of *France*, in rendring him *Master* of this Noble and Opulent *Kingdom*, went to *Naples*. Where, at first, he was receiv'd with Infinite Applause; was made their *General*; took an Oath of Fidelity to the *People*; did many notable Services; but was, in the end, Betray'd, and sent Prisoner to *Spain*.

If the Generosity, and brave Resolution of this *Prince* has acquired Commendation from some, in attempting to rescue these People from the Tyranny of their Governours; yet his Conduct is call'd in Question by others, who say, He discover'd but little Prudence in trusting himself to the *Neapolitans*, who had already sacrific'd Two of their *Generals*. (For, after the Death of *Masanello*, they chose another *Captain*, whom they call'd the *Prince of Massa*: This *Prince* falling under their Suspicion, was Beheaded by the *Inconstant* People.)

'Tis certain, that there is little Confidence to be put in the *Multitude*, whose Passions Ebb and Flow, and are more Tempestuous than the Sea. Yet a Brave and Generous Mind will shun no Dangers, to serve his *Prince* and his *Country*; for whom it is a Glorious *Martyrdom* to Die. There is no great Undertaking without Hazards; and he that is afraid to venture his Liberty and Life in a Good Cause, is not worthy to bear Arms. Had the *Duke of Guize* succeeded, his Conquest of *Naples* had made him *Viceroy* of one of the largest *Kingdoms* in *Europe*. It is said to be Five hundred Leagues in Circuit, containing Twelve  
ample

ample *Provinces* : Twenty Archbishopricks : Bishopricks , One hundred twenty seven : Thirty Castles : Barons, One thousand four hundred : Earls, Fifty three : Forty Marquises : Thirty four Dukes ; and Twenty Princes. The Inhabitants of this Kingdom, are said to be above Two millions. The ordinary Revenues of the King, amount to Three millions of Crowns yearly, besides the Voluntary Donatives which have been given by the Subjects of this *State* to their Kings, within the space of Forty Years, amounting to Twenty Eight millions, and Six hundred thousand Duckats. This *Kingdom* is water'd by a Hundred and fifty Rivers, besides Ten Lakes stor'd with all manner of Fish ; among which is one called *Averno*, over which if any Birds flie, they immediately drop down dead. The Ancient *Pagans* had strange Opinions of this *Lake*, it being the place where they used to Sacrifice Men to the *Infernal Gods*. And, hard by, is the *Cave* of one of the *Sybil*s.

There are Thirty high Mountains in this Country, of which *Adonai* relates many strange and delightful Passages, (for 'tis from him I receiv'd this Account of the *Kingdom*.) I will not trouble thee with a Repetition of all that this *Jew* tells me, only One Thing is worthy of Remark.

He says, That the Bodies of the Three Young *Hebrews*, who were put into the burning Oven by the *Babylonian Monarch*, because they would not adore his *Idols*, are preserv'd in a *Mosque* on one of these Mountains.

And that on the said Hill, no Eggs, Flesh or Milk, will endure an Hour without Putrefaction, but presently breed an infinite Number of Worms. He speaks in the Praise of these Mountains, which are cloath'd with Vineyards, Gardens and Woods on the Top and Sides; and in their Bottoms, have very Rich Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Crystal, Alabaſter, Adamant. In fine, *Adonai*, who has travell'd over all this *Kingdom*, calls it, The Fertileſt *Region* of all *Italy*, which is eſteem'd the *Paradiſe* of *Europe*.

Doſt thou not think now, *Venerable Guide* of the *Elect*, that the *Duke* of *Guiſe* had Reason to prefer the Honour of Conquering ſo Renowned a *Kingdom*, to the Safety of his Perſon? Or wilt thou not rather conclude, That the Reduction of this Happy *State* would be an Expedition worthy of the *Ottoman* Arms? It is certain, That the Riches and Plenty of this *Region*, have tempted more Nations to Invade it, than any other *Kingdom* on Earth: It having been the Prize, at which no leſs than Five and twenty ſeveral *Nations* have aim'd.

*Cardinal Mazarini* is much troubled at the *Duke* of *Guiſe*'s Captivity, and has offer'd great Sums of Money for his Ransom; but the King of *Spain* rejects all Propoſals of that Nature. So that 'tis thought, the *Cardinal* will contrive ſome Way for the *Duke*'s Escape; either by Bribing his Keepers, or by ſome ſecret Stratagem.



I am not much concern'd for the *Infidels*; but, it would be no small Joy to hear, that some Care were taken, for the Redemption of *Mahomet Celebee*, who, thou knowest, has not deserv'd ill of the *Sublime Port*. Adieu, Holy *Patriarch*, and forget not *Mahmut* in thy Addresses to *Heaven*.

Paris, 27th. of the 3d. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

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## LETTER XIII.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Superintendent of the College of Sciences at Fez.

THOU, to whom the *Issues* of *Paradise* are Revealed, and the *Road* of the *Angels* when they come down and go up through the *Seven Heavens*? Thou that canst marshal the *Host* of the *Stars*, and understandest the Discipline of the Armies living and strong, the Orders of the Potentates encamp'd in the Fields of Light, the *Domestick Guards* of the *Throne* Blessed for Ever; Tell me the *Age* of the *World*, and declare the *Beginning* of *Time*. Resolve me, whether this Mighty Fabrick be but of Yesterday, that is, of Five or Six Thousand Years standing, as the *Jews*

and *Christians* say ; or, whether the Years of its Duration, be not past a Calcule.

— The *Visions* of thy Progenitor, the Lieutenant to the *Sent* of God, are extant in the *Arabick Tongue*. In them it is written, My Soul on a sudden, became as though it had *Wings* ; a Spirit enter'd me, and a subtle *Wind* lifted me up to the Top of Mount *Uriel*, where I beheld *Marvellous Things*. I looked behind me, and saw the *Ages* that were past ; and loe, they were without Number, or Beginning. I beheld the Four Seasons of the Year, ever returning at their accustomed Time, and the Sun forsook not his Course, for a Thousand Thousand Generations. I counted a Million of *Ages*, and yet there appeared not an Hour, wherein *Darkness* had possessed the *Abyss* of Matter, or wherein the endless Firmament was not Illuminated by the Moon and Stars. Whilst I considered these Things, a *Liquor* was given me to drink by an *Unknown Hand*, it was of the Colour of *Amber* ; When I had tasted it, I felt a marvellous Force in my Body, and my Eyes were more piercing than an *Eagles*. Another *Wind*, more powerful than the former, blew out of a Cloud, and carried me up to an exceeding High Place, far above the tallest Mountains ; There I trod in the soft Air, as on a Pavement of *Marble*. I was ravish'd at these Things ; and the Exaltation of my State, made me forget my *Morality*. I beheld the Earth at a vast Distance under my Feet, as one That d.d not belong to it ; it look'd like a shining Globe, not much unlike the Moon, but far bigger,

bigger. All the Living Generations, which had successively Inhabited the Earth from its Nativity, pass'd by me; and they appeared in various Forms. First came a Race of Centaurs, then of Satyrs, next of Angels, and last of Men. While I marvelled at these Things, a Voice reach'd my Ears, as from behind me saying, These are the Four Ages of the World, and the Four Species of Beings, to whom I gave the Possession of the Earth; but, for the Impiety of the Three former, I have exterminated them. And, when Men shall have compleated the Measure of their Sins, I will cause the Trumpet to sound, and all Things shall retire into the Cave of Silence and Darknes. Having heard this, I found my self in a moment on the Earth, which I had before seen afar off; then I knew that I had been in a Trance, &c.

I do not rehearse this *Vision*, to teach thee any new Thing, Venerable President of the Southern Sages (for, I know, the Archives of thy College, are replenish'd with all Manner of excellent *Treatises*, and that thou art no Stranger, to the *Writings* of the Prophets) but, to crave thy Interpretation of so great a *Mystery*, and to reason with thee about the *World's* Duration. My Satisfaction would be small, in contemplating the various Beauties of the *Universe*, the Qualities of the Elements, the Natures of Living Things, the Virtues of Plants and Minerals, with the Force of the *Heavenly* Bodies, were I assur'd, That these Things were not always so. That thought would damp my greatest

Enjoyments, if I were convinc'd, That so many Splendors, Riches and Pleasures, as this *Visible Frame* affords, were not disclos'd for Millions of Ages, but lay hid in the Bosom of *Eternity*. Methinks, it is too low an Opinion of the *Omnipotent Goodness*, and looks, as if the Authors of it, suspected God of *Envy*: Who, when he might have made Infinite *Myriads* of Creatures happy, in these *Visible Emanations* of his *Divinity*, without either Beginning or Ending of Time; yet, according to their *Doctrine*, contented himself, to let onely a Determinate Number taste of his Munificence, for a few *Centuries* of Years. This is not suitable to the Character of that *Infinite Being*, the *Eternal Source* of all *Perfections*.

What then is meant by those *Four Ages*, and the *Four Species* of *Beings*; which were shew'd to the *Exalted* of God in that *Holy Vision*? Tell me, Great *Light of Africk*, Is it repugnant to *Reason* or *Faith*, to believe, That the *Earth* has been *Inhabited* from *Eternity*; since our *Holy Doctors* teach us, That it was peopl'd long before the *Creation* of *Adam*? No *Mussulman*, that has ever gone the *Sacred Pilgrimage*, but has visited *Mount Arassa*, where *Adam* first saw *Eve his Wife*. Where he has been instructed, in the *History* of that *First Father* of *Mankind*; and how that before his Time, the *Earth* was *Inhabited* by *Angels*, who being commanded to adore *Adam*, refus'd it, and were turn'd to *Devils*, being expell'd from the *Earth*. Thou knowest

est moreover, that it is in the *Sacred Traditions*, That God gave to *Adam* a Wife, whose Name was *Alileth*; but that she, being of the Race of these *Devils*, refus'd to Obey *Adam*: Whence it came to pass, That they liv'd in continual Quarrels and Enmity, for the Space of Five hundred Years; till at length, *Alileth* flew up into the Air, and abandon'd her Husband. Of which, when *Adam* complain'd to God, he sent three Mighty *Angels* in Pursuit of her, commanding them to tell her, That if she would return to her Husband, it should go well with her; but if she would not, a Hundred of her Children should die every Day. The *Angels* follow'd her, and overtook her on the *Red-Sea*; where they threatened to Drown her, unless she would return to her Husband. But she made Excuses, and told them, *She was created to destroy Young Children*. Then the *Angels* laid Hands on her: When she, to pacifie them, swore by the *Bottom of Hell*, That whensoever the Names of them Three should be written on any *Schedule*, that she should have no Power to hurt the Infants, they dismiss'd her. After this, God compassionating *Adam's* Solitude, gave him another Wife, call'd *Eve*.

This *Tradition*, confirms the *Vision* of the *Prophet*; and we need not doubt, That the *Earth* was Inhabited before *Adam's* time: And if that be granted, why might it not be Peopled for Millions of Ages, as well as for the smallest Term that Ignorance or Error may assign to its Duration?

I have discoursed with several of the *Jewish Rabbis*, and *Christian Doctors*, on this Subject, Men of abstruse Learning, and sublime Thoughts; yet I can find but a few, who are emancipated from the Prejudices of a Superstitious Education. They have been, from their Infancy, prepossess'd with a false Notion of the *Works of God*; believing them to be *Finite*, both in Extent of *Space* and *Time*. They circumscribe this *Visible World*, within, I know not what *Flaming Circle*; and believe the *First Matter* it self, to be but *Five Days* Older than *Adam*, taking each of those *Days*, for the space of *Four and twenty Hours*, wherein the *Sun* finishes his *Diurnal Circuit* through the *Heavens*. They consider not, that, according to their own *Bible*, there was *Light* and *Darkness*, and consequently *Day* and *Night*, before the *Sun* was *Created*. But, how long those *Days* and *Nights* were, is not determin'd by *Moses*: Yet, in another part of their *Bible*, it is said, That a *Day* with *God*, is a *Thousand Years*; and a *Thousand Years*, is a *Day*. So that, according to this Interpretation, *Adam* was not *Created* till above *Five thousand Years* after the *Beginning* of the *World*: Yet, when I bring this *Positive Place* of their *Own Scripture* against the *Nazarene Sages*, they shuffle it off with empty *Evasions*; and rather than believe the *Indefinite Antiquity* of the *World*, they contradict their own *Sence* and *Reason*, invalidate the *Testimony* of a *Prophet*, deny their *Faith*, and appear *Unmask'd Infidels*.

Both

Both *they* and the *Jews*, have corrupted the Truth with many Errors? and, we must seek farther, for the Original Science of Nature. The *Illuminated* of God, have always taught, That the *Earth* was *Inhabited* long before the Appearance of *Adam*. And, all the *Eastern Sages*, believe a *Series* of *Generations*, to have dwelt on this *Globe*, for Indeterminate Ages.

I have a Brother lately come from the *Indies*: He relates strange Things of certain *Books*, which are only in the Hands of the *Brachmans*. They are written in a *Language*, which none understand but these *Priests*; yet a *Language* as Copious as any other, and taught in their *Colleges* by *Rule*. These *Books* contain a *History* of the *World*, which, they say, is above Thirty Millions of Years Old. They divide the Term of its Duration, into *Four Ages*; *Three* of which they say are already past, and a good Part of the *Fourth*. Now I would fain know, who wrote these *Books*; and, at what Time, and where this *Language* was spoken? They call it, the *Holy Language*; saying, that it was the *First* spoken on *Earth*. It is strange, that no *History*, should mention so *Divine* a *Speech*. We have the *Chronology* of the *Latin* and *Greek*; and can give an Account, when and where they were spoken, though they are now grown *Obsolere*, and no otherwise to be learn'd, but in the *Schools* and *Academies*. This argues the Antiquity of the *Bramins Language* and *Books*, in Regard, they fall not within



any other *Record* save their own, which says, they are as Old as the *World*. For, if this Assertion were false, the Imposture would have been discover'd as soon as broach'd, and the Learned *Sages* of the *East*, would quickly have disprov'd so manifest a Lye. There seems to me something Extraordinary, in this Pretension of these *Indian Philosophers*, and I would gladly be convinc'd of the Truth. Methinks, it is an illustrious *Idea* of the *Divine Perfections*, when one conceives all this Vast and Endless Concatenation of *Beings*, to flow from the *Eternal Nature*, as Rays from the Sun: And, that they can no more be seperated from it, than those Beams can from that *Visible Fountain of Light*. It will not be difficult then, to Interpret the *History* of *Moses*, by this Register of the *Bramins*, and reconcile the *Six Days* of the one, with the *Four Ages* of the other; since, a Day in the *Divine Sence*, may amount to Millions of Years, as well as to a Thousand. And, it will be more congruous and agreeable, to believe, that after the Birth of the *First Matter*, there elaps'd Many *Ages*, before it was wrought into such an Infinite Variety of Appearances, as we now behold; and that the *Five Days* which *Moses* computes, before the Production of *Adam*, might be some Millions of Years: In which Time, the *Divine Architect* gradually drew from the *Abyss* of *Matter*, the Sun, Moon, Stars, Plants and Animals; which may serve also to Illustrate, the *Vision* of thy Holy Ancestor, with which I begun this *Discourse*.

Adieu,



Adieu, Sublime Intelligence of the Terrid Zone, and favour Mahmut with a Transcript of thy Thoughts concerning these things. But if thy Silence shall condemn my Presumptions and Importunity, I will wait for thy Answer, till the Platonick Year, when, according to the Doctrine of that Philosopher, we shall all be alive again.

Paris, 19th. of the 4th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1648.

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## LETTER XIV.

To the Musti.

IN a former Dispatch to thy Sanctity, I have acquainted thee with the Insurrections in Palermo, mentioning the Fear of the Viceroy, lest the French in that Island should then take their Opportunity, to revenge the Proverbial Cruelty of the Sicilian Vespers. If thou art unacquainted with that Tragedy, I will inform thee in Brief.

About Three hundred and threescore Years ago, there Reign'd in Sicily, one of the Royal Blood of France; they call him, Charles of Anjou. He had French Garrisons in all the Cities of that Kingdom: But these Soldiers committed so many Insolencies as rendred 'em Odious and Insupportable to the Natives, who

who therefore resolv'd to Exterminate them.

The *French* are very Licentious in thir *Conquests*; neither sparing Men in their Anger, nor Women in their Lust. They make no difference between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*, but sacrifice all the Regards of Honour and Civility to their Impetuous Appetites.

They were guilty of innumerable Rapes and Violences in *Sicily*, among the *meaner* People; and sometimes, extended their Rudeness to Persons of the *best* Quality. It was common for them to affront both Virgins and Matrons as they went along the Streets, by thrusting their Hands under their Garments, on Pretence of Searching for hidden Arms. Among the rest, the Wife of a certain Lord in *Palermo*, going to pay her Devotions at the *Temple*, was seiz'd, by the Command of the Captain of the *Guards*, and strip'd Naked before all the Soldiers, in order to discover certain Treasonable Papers, which they suspected she carried about her: But finding none, she upbraided the Captain with Inhumanity, in offering so gross an Affront to a Lady of her Rank. He seeming to be sorry for the Indignity she had receiv'd, begged her Pardon; and retiring with his Soldiers out of the Room where she was, left her to put on her Apparel. In the mean while, he was enflamed with a furious Passion for this Lady, (she being very Beautiful;) and having sent the Soldiers away, he return'd to the Room where she was: He address'd her with much

Court-

Courtship ; but finding that Ineffectual, he Forc'd her.

When this was made known to her Husband, he burn'd with De ſire of Revenge : And ſtirring up all the *Sicilian Nobles and People*, it was privately agreed between them, that on a certain *Festival*, when the *Bells* ſhould toll to *Even-Song*, all the *Sicilians* ſhould take Arms, and Maſſacre the *French* throughout the *Island*. This Plot was carried ſo ſecretly, that before the *French* could get the leaſt Intimation of it, they were all murder'd on the Day appointed.

I forgot to acquaint thee in my laſt, with a Villany which was discover'd in the late Tumults of *Naples*. As they were marching up and down the Streets burning the *Custom-Houſes*, and the Habitations of thoſe who had been concerned in gathering the *Taxes*, they entred the Houſe of a certain *Notary*, or *Publick Scribe* of that City, who had been repreſented to them, as a Promoter of thoſe Unreaſonable *Impoſitions*: They ſeized on the Man, and began to carry his Goods out into the Street, in order to be burnt: But as they were rummaging in an Apartment which was toward the Gardens, they heard a great Shrieking, as of Women affrighted : and perceiving the Voice to proceed from within a Wall in the Room where they were, they ſearch'd about for a Door to enter into that Place ; but finding none, they broke through the Wall ; where they found Two Women, with their Hair hanging down  
to

to their Ancles, and their Nails grown like the Talons of an Eagle. Enquiring of them how long they had been there, and on what Occasion, the Eldest of the Women made this Answer: *The Master of this House, is my own Brother; who, when my Father died, was entrusted by him to pay me Six hundred Duckets, which he bequeathed me as a Legacy, for my Maintenance, my Husband being dead: But my Brother, instead of doing me this Justice, immur'd both me and my Daughter, whom you see here, between these Walls; where we have lived these Seventeen Years, being allowed by this cruel Man no other Food but Bread and Water.*

The People, Incens'd above Measure at so barbarous a Cruelty, hang'd up the Notary, and gave all his Estate to this Widow and her Daughter. An Exemplary piece of Justice, performed by Mutineers, which could not have been done by the Law, the Crime not reaching his Life; though, in the Sence of all Men, he merited Death. This is another Argument, that *Destiny* had a Hand in this *Insurrection*; and, that *Masanello* the *Fisherman*, was the *Executioner* of God.

I obey thee, Sovereign Prelate, with an Unconditional Devotion, and revere the Idea of thy Sanctity: Vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmut*, that whilst he Condemns the Barbarous Cruelties of the *Nazarenes*, he may not render himself Inexcusable, by doing any Injustice himself.

Paris, 22d. of the 5th. Moon,  
of the Year 1648.

LET.

## LETTER XV.

*To the Kaimachmam.*

**T**HE Arabian Proverb says, *There is more Danger to be fear'd from one of the Coreis, than from a Thousand Bobecks.* Thou knowest, both these were Noble Families in Mecca, and Sworn Enemies of the Messenger of God: But, the *Latter*, as their Name imports, were too open in their Counsels, to do any considerable Execution against the *Holy One*: Whereas the *Former*, were always reserved, and laying of Secret Trains.

Such is Cardinal *Mazarini*, the Hidden Enemy of the *Ottoman Empire*. There seems to be an Ambition in this Great Genius equal to that of his Predecessor *Richlieu*, who would be esteemed the most Eminent among Men. Nothing will satisfy this Minister, less than a Subversion of all the *Monarchies* on Earth, which appear Obstacles of that Grandeur, to which he Designs to raise his Master. Yet he attempts not this by Open Force, knowing, that is impracticable: but, acts in the Dark, striving to undermine those States by *Intrigue*, which he cannot subdue by Arms. He has his Agents in all the Courts of *Christendom*; and, thou needst not startle, if I tell thee there is Ground to suspect, he is not without his Creatures at the Sublime Port. All Europe is sensible, that the Late Revolutions,

tions in Portugal and Catalonia, the Insurrections in Sicily and Naples, and the Rebellion of the English, Scots, and Irish are, in Part owing to the Policies of this Minister: And, I can tell thee more on that Subject, than is known to every one,

*Osmin* the Dwarf, who still retains his good Inclinations to the Sublime Port, finds an unsuspected Access to all the Grandees, to whom the Smallness of his Bulk and Stature, affords no small Divertisement. Besides, they delight to pose him with Problems, in Regard, there is always something so lucky, besides the Wit in his Answers, as either creates Admiration or Laughter. But, their Mirth would quickly be changed into other Passions, were they sensible that their Little Buffoon, is no other than a Spy upon them. For, *Osmin* having so many Opportunities, lurks in Corners like a Spider, undiscovered, and unthought of: He Creeps into their Bedchambers and Cabinets, where he becomes privy to their greatest Secrets. If they should catch him in any of his Concealments, behind the Hangings, or under a Bed, 'twould only pass for a Frolick to give 'em Diversion; and he never wants for a Repartee or a jest, to bring himself off.

I have taught him a Cypher, which he makes Use of, to transcribe any Letters, or other Papers of Moment; with Characters for Speedy Writing, which comprehend whole Sentences in a Dash or Two of the Pen.

Tis

'Tis but lately we have pitched on this Method; and the first attempt *Osmin* made, was in *Cardinal Mazarini's* Closet: Into which he slip'd, under the Skirt of a *Nobleman's* Cloak, who just then went in to speak with the Cardinal. This active *Dwarf*, taking Advantage of the *Nobleman's* Approach to the Table, dextrously crept under the Carpets which cover'd it, reaching down to the Floor, where he lay unseen till the Cardinal was gone, and the Closet lock'd up.

During the time of their Conference, which was not very long, *Osmin* heard the Cardinal speak these words to the Lord: *One of the Slaves of that Bassa, (said he,) is an Italian whom I formerly entertain'd in my Service, and One in whom I confide: He was taken by the Turks at Sea; and as soon as he was sold to this Grandee, he acquainted me in a Letter with his Condition, imploring my Assistance towards his Ransom. I promis'd to Redeem him, on the Conditions I have told you; and since that, he has not fail'd to perform them; his Master having accepted the Pistols, and entred into the Association: So that I hope, in a little time, to see that proud Tyrannical Race exterminated, the Tartars excluded from Succession, and the Empire divided by the Sword of Strangers. Ragorski is the only Obstacle; That Prince is wavering, and we cannot trust him. The Bassa of Aleppo, with those of Sidon, Damascus and Babylon, are ready to cover the Fields of Asia with their Armies. If things were as secure on the Side of Europe, the Blow should soon be given.*

There

There pass'd some other Discourse between them, which *Osmin* could not distinguish, in regard they removed to the Window, and spoke low. But this was enough to rouse his Curiosity, and put him on a farther Inquisition.

As soon as the Room was void, by their Absence, he came forth from his Retirement, and fell to examining the Papers which lay on the Table, hoping to discover more of this Plot; but he was disappointed, and only met with a few Letters from his *Agents* in *England*: Wherein among other Matters, they gave the *Cardinal* an Account, That they had hunted the Lion into the Toils, past all Hopes of an Escape. By which, I suppose, they meant the *English* King, whom the *Rebels* have confined to a certain Castle in their Possession. *Osmin* transcribed some of these Letters, and brought them to me: A Copy of one of them, I here send thee inclosed: 'Twas written from the *Council* of the *Irish* *Rebels*. By which thou mayst see what a Share the *Cardinal* has, in Abetting these *Traytors*. Else, how could they Demand of him, The Performance of the *Queen-Regent's* Promise, to assist them with Money and Men!

There is one also Dated this present Year, and Subscribed my *Monsieur Belliere*, the *French Ambassador* in *England*: But *Osmin* had not time to transcribe that, being prevented by the *Cardinal's* Return; which made the *Dwarf* snatch up his Tools, and abscond



abscond under the *Table*. Yet, he remembered some of the Contents of that Letter, and told them me at his next Visit: The *Ambassadour* in that Letter, informs the *Cardinal*, of a certain *German Prophet*, who foretold, *That there should be a great Revolution in the Government of England; and that One of the Mightiest of all the Eastern Princes, should be Deposed this Year, and Murdered by his Subjects* (I pray Heaven, avert the *Omen* from the *Seraglio*.) He acquaints this *Minister* also, That he had succeeded in his Negotiation with the *Officers of the Rebels Army*. There were other obscure Passages in the Letter, which *Osmin* has forgot. But, these are sufficient to demonstrate, how busie the *Cardinal* is, and what a Hand he has in *Foreign Affairs*.

Another Opportunity, I hope, will bring to Light, more of this *Minister's* Secrets, Adieu.

Paris, 4th. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1648.

LETTER

## LETTER XV.

To Pestelihali, his Brother.

THE oftner I peruse the *Journal* of thy *Travels*, the more I am delighted with it. For it is evident, That the *Countries* through which thou hast pass'd, have been as so many *Schools of Wisdom* to thee; Wherein thou hast learn'd, even from Men's *Vices*, the way to *Perfection*; much more from their *Vertues*. Thou hast found, that though Mens. *Natural Dispositions* differ, as do the *Climates*, which afford them *Breath*; yet they all agree in *Common Frailties*. There are also *Vices* peculiar to certain *Countries*; 'twere to be wished, they could be match'd with as many *National Vertues*. But, *Human Nature* is a *Rank Soil*, more fertile in *Weeds*, than *wholesome Products*. Yet, there are *Gardens* as well as *Desarts*: And, thou hast observed some Persons, *Illustrious* for their *Goodness*, and the *Noble Endowments* of their *Minds*.

I am extreamly pleased with that rare Example of *Generosity*, which thou relatest of an *Indian Merchant*; who, not content to give *Alms* to all that ask'd him, or whom he knew to be *Poor*, sought daily *Occasions* to exercise his *Charity*, hunted out the indigent and *Unfortunate*: And, where-ever he discovered the *Lineaments* of *Poverty* in a  
Man's

Man's Face or trac'd the Footsteps of it in his Behaviour, he could not rest till he had relieved his Wants, and made him Happy, to his very Wishes. I tell thee, *Poverty* is a *Hell upon Earth*; and he that has this Curse, anticipates the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*. It eclipses the brightest Vertues, and is the very Sepulcher of brave Designs; depriving a Man of the Means to accomplish, what *Nature* has fitted him for, and stifling the Noblest Thoughts in their *Embryo*. How many Illustrious Souls may be said, to have been Dead among the Living, or buried alive in the Obscurity of their Condition, whose Perfections have rendred 'em the *Darlings* of *Providence*, and *Companions* of *Angels*; yet the insuperable Penury of all Things, has ranked them among the *Castaways* of the *Earth*, in the Eyes of Men? To such as these, our *Divine Lawgiver* commands us to extend our Charity, giving us certain Characters and Marks, by which we may distinguish them from the Crowd of the Unfortunate. And, I like the *Indian's* Bounty the better, in that he so exactly seems to comply with this *Precept* of the *Alcoran*, generously preventing the Requests of the Indigent, and by an Excess of Benignity, courting them to accept of Relief. In this he also verifies the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *He gives Double, who gives Unask'd*.

Thou commendest the Industry of the *Chinese*, the Advances they have made in Arts and Sciences, which, thou concludest, is

to

to be attributed to the Force of their *Laws*, which oblige the Son to follow his Father's Trade, throughout all Generations. In this I must dissent; for, it seems rather a Curb, than a Spur to Ingenuity, to be confin'd to Employments, for which a Man may have an Aversion. The Son not seldom abhorring those Things, wherein his Parents took Delight. Or, if not so, yet he may be cast in a Finer Mold, have a more subtle Invention; and consequently, be capable of making greater Improvements, in any Trade of his own Choice: Since, Delight sets an Edge on the Mind, gives Vigor to the Body, and adds Wings to Business. Besides, I do not think this to be so much thy own Remark, as the Insinuation of some of that Country, who are the most Conceited People in the World; ever extolling their own Policy, *Laws* and *Government*; and imposing them as a Pattern to all other Nations.

One Thing I grant, they boast of with a great Deal of Truth, that is, their Antiquity and unmixed Race. Though, since the *Conquest* the *Tartars* have made of that Country, they are like to undergo the Fate of other Nations, and Corrupt their *Genealogies* with the *Blood of Strangers*.

Thou camest away before that *Conquest* was begun, or perhaps, before 'twas talked of. And, I can give thee, but a very Imperfect Account of it. All the Intelligence we have from that *Kingdom* of late, comes in fragments: For, the Ships which bring this shatter'd News, left *China* in an Uproar and Confusion: Only they

they assure us, That the *Tartars* had passed the Celebrated *Wall*, which divides them from *China* : That they entred and subdued the *Northern Provinces*, with an Army of Six hundred thousand Men : That very little Resistance was made against them, not even in *Pequin* it self, the *Capital Seat* of the *Chinese Empire*, which the *Usurper Lycungx* had abandon'd to the *Conquerors*, carrying away with him all the Inestimable Treasures of the *Palace*, and retiring into one of the remote *Provinces*, was never heard of afterwards. Whence it was judg'd, That some of his own Party had murder'd him ; partly, for the sake of his prodigious Wealth, which they shared among them ; and partly to Revenge his *Treason* against the *Emperor*, and the Innumerable Calamities he had brought upon his Country.

Before these *Merchants* came away, the *Cham* of *Tartary* was Proclaimed in *Pequin*, and Crowned *Emperor* of *China*. They say, He was not above Thirteen Years Old at that time ; which was in the 12th. *Moon*, of the Year 1644. And, that having sent for the Chief *Nobility* of *Tartary* to *Pequin*, he made Preparations to pursue his Conquests.

This is the best Account we yet have of the Affairs of that *Empire* : By which thou wilt easily be induced to be of my Opinion, That the *Blood* of the *Chinese*, will, in time, be mix'd with that of *Strangers*.

We must not seek for the Originals of any People, in the Country where they dwell. The most Renowned *Kingdoms* and *Empires* in the *World*, had their first Foundations laid by *Vagabonds* and *Fugitives*. Thou art not ignorant, how vast an Extent the Ancient *Roman Empire* had through *Asia*, *Africk* and *Europe*; yet that City, which was call'd the *Mistress of Nations*, the *Governess of the Whole Earth*, was first built by a handful of *Banditi*, People who lived by Pillage and Robbery, the Outlaws and Scum of *Italy*, assembled together from divers Parts, under the Conduct of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*. Neither had that City proved any better than a Sepulchre to them and their Designs, had they not, by a witty Stratagem, over-reach'd the *Sabine Women*, and so secured to themselves a Posterity, who should not only Defend, but Enlarge the Dominions of their Fathers: Yet these People, of so obscure and confused an Original, afterwards boasted of the Antiquity and noble Descent of their Families. No Name more Venerable in succeeding Ages, than that of a *Roman*.

To look no further than the Great and Formidable Empire of the *Osman*s, we shall find it took its first Rise from Colonies of Transplanted *Scythians*; so that he who would have the Genealogy of a *Turk*, must not look in the Registers of *Greeks*, where they now live, but must carry his Search beyond the Mountain *Caucasus*, examine the Borders of *Palus Meotis*, or hunt his Pedigree out in

in *Chersonesus*. What *Revolutions* have not happen'd in *Asia* and *Africk*, since the *Assumption* of the *Messenger* of God into *Paradise*? Where shall we now find any *Remains* of the *Ancient Saracens*, or *Mamaluks*? The *Mighty Empire* of the *Ottomans* has swallow'd up all. Thus, one Nation expells another; and, there is so general a Mixture of *Foreign Blood*, made by the *Conversion* of innumerable different Nations to the *Mussalman Faith*, that it is hard to know, Whether our *Ancestors* were *Scythians* or *Persians*, *Jews* or *Grecians*; Whether they were of the *Mountains* or the *Valleys*, of the *Forests* or the *Plains*.

In this I will except my *Countrymen*; the *Arabians*, and those who seem to approach nearest them in *Manner of Life*, the *Tartars*; the one dwelling in *Tents*, the other in *Waggons*; both in a moving *Posture*; both *Happy* in this, That they are not confin'd to the *Rigors* of a *Cold Winter*, nor the *Scorching Heats* of the *Summer*; but, change their *Soil* and *Climate*, as the *Season* of the *Year* varies: Thus ever securing to themselves in all *Places*, either a *blooming flow'ry Spring*, or a moderate and fruitful *Autumn*. These were never subdued, nor expelled those *Regions* wherein they take *Delight*, neither would they ever mix with *Strangers*. But, the *Chinese* would excell all the *World* in the *Purity* of their *Unmix'd Blood*, were it not for the *Incursions* of their *Potent* and *Victorious Neighbours*.

The *French* say, That these People had the *Use of Guns* and *Printing*, many *Hundreds* of

Q

Years

Years before they were found out in Europe. But, the *Germans* claim the Honour of these *Inventions* to themselves.

Thou confirmest the Opinion of the Former, in telling me, thou hast seen some of the Cannon belonging to the City of *Pequin*, on which was engraven, in *Chinese Characters*, a Register of their *Age*, which was above Two Thousand Years.

I had a great Deal more to say, Dear *Pestels*, but the *Post* calls on me to hasten; Besides an extreme Dulness and Languishing of my Spirits, with which I have been persecuted, ever since this *Moon* first shewed her *Crescent*: Now she is in the *Wane*, and so I hope is my Malady. The Influence this *Planet* seems to have on me, may make thee conclude me a *Lunatick*: We are all so in one Degree or other. There are not more apparent Symptoms, That the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*, owes its Original to the Neighbourhood and Motion of that *Planet*, than that our *Constitutions* vary, according to its *Monthly Appearance*.

He that Created the *Moon*, and the *Constellations*, not without Respect to *Mankind*, give us *Wisdom* which shall enable us to a Dominion over the *Seas*.

Paris, 1 Feb. of the 28th Moon,  
of the Year 1548.

LETTER



## LETTER XVII.

*To the Aga of the Janizaries.*

**T**HE Duke of Chastillon arrived here Six Days ago, from the Army in *Flanders*, bringing News of a Signal Victory, obtained by the Young Prince of *Conde*, on the Plains of *Lens*. This Battel was fought on the 20th. of the last Moon, the French having entirely routed the Spaniards, kill'd Three thousand of them on the spot, taken Six thousand Prisoners, with all their Artillery and Baggage. And, to Crown the Day, they have taken *Lens* also.

But, though Fortune thus favours their Arms Abroad, she has mixed Poyson with their Counsels at Home. All Things here seem to portend a Civil War: The Parliament thwart the Proceedings of the *Cours*, taking on them the Power of the Ancient *Spartan Ephori*: They will be Comptrollers of the Regal Authority, suppressing the King's Edicts, calling his Expences to Account; and, pretending to reform the *Cours*, they play the Pedagogues with their Sovereign. On the other side, Cardinal *Mazarini*, the Duke of *Orleans*, and other Grandees, do their utmost Endeavours, to dissolve the Meetings of this Senate. They persuade the Young King, That it is but a Precarious Reign, where the Sovereign must be curb'd by his Subjects: Thus they instill into his tender Years, those Maxims by which they would have him Rule, when he comes of Age,

Q<sup>2</sup>

There

There is a Man in the *Parliament*, whom they call *Monsieur Brussels*, one of their Great Counsellours, a bitter Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and therefore cry'd up by the *People* for a *Patriot*: He is of a furious Temper, and mean Abilities; yet his noisy Zeal for the *Publick Liberty*, has fastened to him the *Vulgar*: He is become the *Ring-leader* of the *Seditious*.

This Man was seiz'd, as he returned from the *Chief Temple*, where *Te Deum* was sung Yesterday, for the late Victory in *Flanders*: And some are of Opinion, that 'twas this happy News which emboldned the *Court* to snatch from the *People* their *Darling*, their *Idol*, the Man from whose Courage they expect a Redress of all their Grievances. Indeed, one may say, it would seem safer for a Traveller in the Desarts of *Arabia*, to tear from a *Lioness* her Young One: For, the *Heads* of the *Faction* waited but for such an Opportunity, to set all in a Flame. And, the ill Success of the *Court* in this Action, shews, That it is dangerous to provoke the *Multitude*: For presently we were all in Confusion; the *Burgeses* in Arms, the Shops shut up, the Streets chained, and all the Avenues of the Palace barricado'd. The *Rabble* marched up and down the Streets, threatening Destruction to *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all his *Party*. The *Parliament* were forced to become the *Messengers* of the *People*, to carry their *Petitions*, or rather their *Commands*, to the *Court*; being threatned also, if they failed of Success: For, they protested unanimously, that they would not lay down their Arms, till the Imprison'd *Counsellor* was Released.

The

The *Queen* appear'd at first Inexorable, and sent these *Senators* away with Denial and Scoffs, wishing them Joy of their New Honour, in being made the *Porters* of the *Rabble*. And the Young *Monarch*, incensed to see his *Native Royalty* thus Prophaned by his *Subjects*, bent his Brows; and casting a Look, divided betwixt Majesty and Dildain, on the *Senators*, uttered these words: *Sirs! Shall it always be a Custom, thus to molest the Minority of your Kings? Or, Do you think Our tender Years incapable of the Common Sense of other Mortals, that you presume thus Insolently to Invade Our Right? Accuse not the Multitude, nor make them an Umbrage to your Sedition: I know the Authors, of these Tumults, and shall find a time to make, 'em feel the Weight of my Displeasure: Think not, that I wear this Sword only for Ornament* [laying his Hand fiercely on the Hilt;] *or that the Blood of my Renowned Ancestors, is grown degenerate, or turned to Lees within my Veins. Go tell your Factions Comrades, There sits this Day upon the Throne of France a King, who, though he's Young, yet has a Spirit and Memory which will out-last his Pupillage.* With that he commanded them out of his Sight.

Yet notwithstanding this, the *People* threatened to bring their *Darling* away by Force, if he were not released in Two Hours.

There were above a Hundred thousand of them in Arms, and it might have proved a dangerous *Insurrection*. But, the *Queen*, at the Second return of the *Senators*, hearkning to the Advice of *Mazarini*, and the *Duke of Orleans*,

and remembering the late dreadful Effects of *Masanello's* Tumult in *Naples*, releas'd the Prisoner; who was conducted Home last Night in Triumph, by an infinite Croud of People, who filled the Air with Shouts and Acclamations.

It is discoursed here, That the *Prince of Conde* will speedily return to *Paris*: From whom, both the *Court*, and the *Faction*, promise themselves new Grounds of Triumph.

During these Commotions, *Mahmut* fails not to act his Part, being at no small Expence, to maintain a certain Number of Strangers, whose whole Dependance is on me: These I instruct, to mix themselves with the *Rabble*, to insinuate into them hateful Notions of *Cardinal Maçarini*, and the *Court*. They buz up and down the City, like Flies in this hot Season, and sting the *Multitude* to Fury with their Stories. I spare no Cost, to procure the *Cardinal's* Ruine: That pernicious Wit comes not short of his Predecessor *Richieu*, being as active in embroyling Foreign States; witness, the *Revolutions* of *Portugal*, *Catalonia*, *England*, and *Naples*; (in all which he had a principal Hand) and is ever projecting, how to aggrandize his *Master*. And, the Universal Success of the *French* Arms in *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Italy* and *Spain*, has left him Nothing worth a Thought, but the Destruction of the *Osman Empire*.

*Eliachim* brings me News every Hour, how my *Myrmidons* succeed; for he acts abroad in the Streets, while I keep my Chamber, during the Tumults; being of *Demosthenes's* Mind, who,

who, when the *Athenians* were in an Uproar, took *Sanctuary* in the *Temple* of *Pallas*, and prostrating himself before the *Altar* of the *Goddeſs*, uttered theſe Words, O *Pallas*, I fly to thee for Protection; defend me from Ignorance, Envy, and Inconſtancy; for, I love not the Society of the Owl, the Dragon, and the People.

Yet, whether in my Chamber or Abroad, be aſſured, Illuſtrious Prefect of the Imperial City, that *Mahmut* divides his Time between the *Vows* he makes, and the *Services* he does for the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 3d. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1648.

## LETTER XVIII.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS Court is now in Mourning, for the Death of *Uladislaus*, late King of *Poland*: Whilst the *Politicians*, are canvassing the next Election. Those who Side with the *House of Austria*, favour the Succession of *Prince Charles*. But the *French*, are for *Casimir* their former Prisoner.

The *Duke of Bavaria*, is also dead. They say he died of Grief, to see his Country expos'd to the Insults of a *Victorious Enemy*: For, all his Forces were intirely defeated.

The *Prince of Conde*, has taken *Ipre* in *Flanders*; and, the *Arch-Duke of Austria*, has rendered himself Master of *Courtray*, without drawing a Sword, or firing a Gun: The *Mareschal de Rantzau*, has made an unhappy Attempt, to surprize *Ostend*, a Sea-Town in *Flanders*. For, carrying his Forces by Water as soon as he had Landed his Men, a Tempest rose, and drove all his Ships out to Sea: So that, being encompassed by a numerous Army of his Enemies, and having no Way to escape, he and all his Troops were made Prisoners.

From the Sea we have Advice, that there has been a Combat, between the *Duke of Richlieu*, Commander of the *Naval Forces* sent to assist the *Neapolitan Rebels*, and  
Don

*Don John of Austria*, Admiral of the *Spanish* Fleet on that Coast: But the Issue of the Battel is not yet known; though most People guess the Victory to be on the *French* Side, in regard *Cardinal Mazarini* had, by the Advice of an *Indian* Ship-Wright, caused all the *French* Ships to be plastered over with *Allom*, so that no Fire-Ships can hurt them. The *Spaniards* make great Use of these Fire-Ships in all their Sea-Fights, having learn'd, to their Cost, from the *English*, what Damage these Vessels do, when they formerly lost their whole *Armada*, which they before termed *Invincible*, and with which they failed to Conquer that Island.

From *Catalonia* the Posts bring News which pleases the Wives and Friends of the Soldiers in those Parts: For, the *Mareschal de Schomberg* has cut in pieces the *Spanish* Army, taken *Tortosa* by Assault, where the Soldiers found a Booty of above Fifteen hundred thousand *Livres*.

A *Courier* is come from *Suedeland*, who brings an Account of a late Formidable *Conspiracy* in *Russia* against the Life of the *Czar*. The greatest part of the *Moscovite* *Grandeess* were concern'd in this Plot; designing to Change the Form of Government, and divide that Mighty Empire into several *Principalities*, whereof every one of the *Conspirators* should have a Share. And, that they should be all subject to One Chief, who should be Elected by the Rest, after the Manner of *Germany*. To this

Purpose, they had made a *Private Treaty* with the *Tartars*. *Morofoph*, the *Prime Minister* of *State*, and the *Chancellor Nazari*, were of the *Conspiracy*. Perhaps, thou wilt lament the *Fate* of the *Latter*, having receiv'd extraordinary *Civilities* from him, when thou wert at that *Court*.

*Banaminoph*, Son of the *Patriarch* of *Mosco*, revealed the *Plot*, with the *Names* of the *Conspirators*, to the *Grand Duke*: Who sent for them next Day to his *Palace*, under divers *Pretences*; where he commanded them all to be *Kill'd*, and their *Bodies* to be thrown to the *Dogs* in the *Streets* of that *City*.

The *French* report strange Things of *Sultan Ibrahim*: I wish all go well at the *Sublime Port*. If thou hast the same *Desires*, reveal them to none but thy *Friend*; for at some times, a *Man's* best *Thoughts* will be interpreted for *Treason*. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1648.

LETTER



## LETTER XIX.

*To the Mufti.*

**T**HY Venerable Letters are come safe to my Hands, bringing Light and Consolation to the Faithful *Exile*. With profoundest Reverence, I kiss'd and unfolded the Papers, which contain the Sacred Instructions of the *Vicar of God*. I blessed my self, when I read the Charge of *Royal Enormities*, the exorbitant Passions of a *Mussulman Emperour*, and the Prophanation of the *Throne* founded on *Justice*. Thou hast prevented the Qualms of a too scrupulous Loyalty, by assuring me, That it is a *Fundamental Maxim* of our Law, That all Men in the World, without Respect of Birth or Quality, are obliged to appear before the Justice of God: And, That he who obeys not the Law, is no *Mussulman*: And, If the Emperer himself be in this Number, he ought to be *Deposed* forthwith.

This has abundantly satisfied my Conscience, coming from the Hands of him, from whose Sentence, there can be no Appeal on Earth. I shall therefore readily obey thy Orders; and, without Demur, put in Execution what thou hast commanded me.

Who

Who can blame the Just Indignation of *Sultan Morat's* Widow, who in defence of her Chastity, threatned to sheath her *Ponyard* in the Breast of her *Sovereign*? But, incomparably more Eminent, was thy Daughter's Vertue, who not being able to resist the Force of the Mighty *Ravisher*, after she was polluted, would, like another *Lucretia*, have stabb'd her self, had she not been prevented by the *Sultan*. How has he sully'd the Glory of the *Osman Race*, by these Effeminate Vices: What an Indignity has he committed against our *Holy Law*? Against the *Principal Patriarch* of the *Elect*? Much more noble, was the Continnence of the *African Scipio*, who, when at the Conquest of *New Carthage*, a Virgin of admirable Beauty, was chosen from among the Captives and presented to him, would by no Means defile her, but restor'd her again without Blemish to her Parents, saying withal to those that stood near him, *Were I a Private Man, I would gratifie my Passion, by the Enjoyment of this lovely Maid; but, it becomes not the Leader of an Army, to give so bad an Example; nor a Conquerour, to yield his Heart to the Charms of his Captive.*

But it seems, that *Sultan Ibrahim* was rather Ambitious of the Character of *Augustus* the *Roman Emperour*, of whom it is said, That he never spared any Woman in his Lust: but, if he cast his Eye on a Beautiful Lady, though her Husband were of the First Quality in the *Empire*, he would immediately send his Officers, to bring her to him by fair Means or by Force.

The

The *Philosopher Athenodorus*, who was very intimate with this *Monarch*, took a pretty Method to reform this Vice in his Master. For, when the *Emperour* one Day had sent a close Sedan or Chair, for a certain Noble-Woman, of the House of the *Camilli*; the *Philosopher* fearing some Disaster might ensue, (for, that Family was very Popular, and highly respected in Rome,) he goes before to the Ladies Palace, and acquainting her with it, she complain'd to her Husband of the Indignity was offer'd her. He boiling with Anger, threatned to stab the Messengers of the *Emperour*, when they came. But, the prudent *Philosopher* appeas'd them both, and only desir'd a Suit of the Ladies Apparel; which was granted him. He soon put it on, and hiding his Sword under his Robes, enter'd the Sedan, personating the Lady. The Messengers, who knew no other, carried him away to the *Emperour*. He heighten'd with Desire, made halt to open the Sedan himself. When *Athenodorus* suddenly drawing his Sword, leap'd forth upon him, saying, *Thus mightest Thou have been Murder'd: Wilt thou never quit the Vice, which is attended with so much Danger? Jealousie and Revenge might have substituted an Assassin thus disguis'd in my Room: But, I took Care of thy Life. Henceforth take Warning.* The *Emperor* pleas'd with the *Philosopher's* Stratagem, gave him Ten Talents of Gold, thanking him for this seasonable Correction: And, from that time, began to restrain Unlawful Pleasures, applying himself to a Vertuous Life.

Thon

Thou seest, Holy *Prelate*, that by perusing the *Histories* of the *Ancients*, a Man may furnish himself with useful Examples, and proper Observations. I always keep by me *Plutarch's* Works, and those of *Livy* a *Roman Historian*; as also *Tacitus*, who has left the *Annals* of that Formidable *Empire* to Posterity. It were a desirable thing, that the *Mussulman Scribes* were employ'd in Translating such Records as these, into the *Arabick* or *Turkish Languages*: That so the *True Faithful*, who are *Destin'd* by God to Conquer the *World*, may not be ignorant of the Memorable Transactions of Former Ages. Some of our *Sultans* have been curious, to have *Plutarch's Writings* render'd in the Familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*. There are other *Memoirs*, not less worth the Labour. If it shall enter into thy Heart, to encourage so profitable a Work, the whole *Empire* of the *Resign'd* to God, will be indebted to thee. But, who am I, that presume to direct the *Great Father* of the *Faithful*? Thou art enlight'ned with all Knowledge and Wisdom! Peradventure, thou hast Reasons to divert thee from such an Enterprize, which I cannot comprehend. Therefore, I cover my Mouth with Dust, and Acquiesce.

As to the late *Revolution*, I am not to dispute the *Will* of my *Superiours*. However, I receive the News of that *Tragedy* with less Discontent, in Regard, Thou thy self, who art the *Orac'e* of the *Mussulmans*, hast thought fit to Depole *Sultan Ibrahim*: Using herein, the Advice and Consent of his own *Mother*, and of *Mahomet Bassa*, with that of the *Fanizar Aga*; who,  
next

next to thy self, are Two the most Knowing Sages in the Empire.

What remains, but that I shall pray for the long Life of *Sultan Mahomet*? Desiring also, that Heaven may so direct his Counsels, that he may never do any thing to merit the Fate of his unhappy Father.

Paris, 13th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1648.

## LETTER XX.

To *Chiurgi Muhammad*, Bassa.

AT length the *Deputies* of the *Nazarene* Princes at *Munster*, have concluded a Peace: They have been these Six Years debating about *Trifles* and *Punctilio's*, as is the Manner of the *Christians*, even in the most Important Affairs. This Treaty was Sign'd the 24th. of the last Moon; when all farther Hostilities ceas'd on all Sides, except on the Parts of *France* and *Spain*; whose Quarrel could by no means be adjust'd, in this General Agreement of *Christendom*.

Thou hast by this time heard of the late Tumults and Emotions in this City; the Disaffection between the Court and Parliament, with the Short Siege of *Paris*. Now things seem to be compos'd, and in a Calm: But, it may only prove a Truce, while both Parties take Breath,

to

to rush upon each other with the greater Violence. The City is unmeasurably Rich and Populous, and can Arm an Hundred thousand Men at an Hour's Warning. The *Parliament* abets their Quarrel: this encourages them to vye with the Court: The *Merchants* live like *Petty Kings*; Abundance of Gold, fills them with Pride and Ambition. Whilst the Court, in the mean time, are Close and Reserv'd, projecting how to Destroy the *Faction*, and Assert the *Regal Authority*. The *Queen-Regent* is Resolute and Severe; yet suffers her self to be Mollify'd with the Milder Counsels of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the *Duke of Orleans*.

In the Beginning of this *Reign*, I gave an Account to the *Ministers* of the *Port*, of the *Duke of Beaufort's* Imprisonment in the Castle of the *Wood of Vinciennes*, which is one of the *King's Palaces*: This Prince is now escap'd from his Confinement, and come into the City: The *Factions* cry him up for a *Patriot*, and are resolv'd to protect him with their Lives and Fortunes.

If thou yet retainest thy Health and Vigor, thou art Happy. As for me, I feel continual Decays; yet am not troubled, perceiving at the same time, that I approach nearer to *Immortality*. Wherefore, I neither seek *Restoratives*, nor consult *Physitian*; but suffering my self to dissolve Gradually, I die with Pleasure, Plumbing and preparing my self daily, as one ready to take Wing for a more Happy Region.

Paris, 24th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

**I** AM not surpriz'd at the News of *Sultan Ibrahim's* being Depos'd and Strangled? 'Tis but what I have for a long time fear'd: These restless *Fanizaries*, will ruin the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither am I startled to hear, that his *Mother* was accessary to his Fall; having a Double Motive, Ambition and Revenge, to induce her Consent. She always affected to Rule; and therefore, could not brook the *Sultan's* resolute Management of Affairs without following her Advice. Besides, she could not easily forget her Disgrace and Confinement, on the Account of the *Armenian Lady's* Death.

But I am astonish'd and vex'd to hear, That the *Mufti* should be concern'd in so Black a Tragedy. How shall we have the Confidence hereafter, to reproach the *Christians*, with their frequent Treasons and Murd'ring of their Kings; since it will be easie for them to retort, that the *Supreme Patriarch* of Our *Lam*, has enter'd into the Secret of Rebels, Conspir'd the Death of his Sovereign, and caus'd him to be Depos'd and Strangled?

As for the *Aga* of the *Fanizaries*, I suppose him rather over-aw'd into the Conspiracy, by the Forceable Reasons and Elegant Parole of the *Mufti*, than any ways Voluntarily engaging himself in Crimes, to which he seems to have

no



no Inclination. Besides, he could not refuse to make one in the *Party*, after it had once been propos'd to him; unless he were resolv'd, to be the first *Victim* of their Jealousie, and be Murdered himself, to prevent the Discovery of the Rest. Yet, his Duty and Honor, ought to have superseded all other Considerations: And he should have chosen to Die in his Allegiance, rather than to live stain'd with so foul a Crime.

However it be, I cannot approve their Treason. For, whatever the *Vices* of the *Sultan* were, they had no Right to punish him. He was accountable to None but God: And, they invaded the *Prerogative* of Heaven, in Dethroning Him, whom the *Divine Providence* had invested with the *Imperial Diadem*.

Much less can I approve their Impiety, in Defaming him now he is dead. Neither can I in Conscience comply with the Injunctions of the *Mufti*; who has commanded me, in a Letter, to spread an Ill Character of *Sultan Ibrahim*, among the Christians, that so his own Proceedings may appear Just. 'Tis true, I owe Much to the Authority of this *Sovereign Guide* of *True Believers*; yet I must not, to pay this Debt, turn Bankrupt of my Reason: I owe Something to my Self, and to the *Distinguishing Character* of a *Man*. I promis'd him, indeed, to obey his Commands in this Point: But, he that has given me a *Dispensation* for all the Lyes and Perjuries I shall be guilty of in *Paris*: will, I hope, pardon me, if I turn my own Confessor, and Absolve my self, for not performing my Word to him in this Point.

I am



I am not often guilty of Aspersing the Living, but I abhor to Injure the Dead; lest I should incur the Fate of him, who being at Enmity with a Famous *Wrestler*, pursu'd him with Malice and Revenge, even in his Grave. For, envying the Honour that was due to this *Wrestler's* Memory, in that his *Statue* was set up in a *Publick Place*, he went privately, one Night, with design to throw the *Statue* down: But, after he had spightfully Disfigur'd it in several Parts with a Hammer, and was busie in working its Overthrow; the *Image*, on a sudden, fell on him, and crush'd him to Death: As if the Spirit of him whom it represented, had given it this Fall, to revenge the Malice of his Adversary.

Certainly, the *Ancients* were not ignorant what they said, when, among other Sage Counsels, they advis'd Mortals, *Not to speak Ill of the Dead, but to esteem them Sacred, who are gone into the Immortal State.* And *Plato's Ring* had this Motto on it; *It is easier to provoke the Dead, than to pacifie them, when once provok'd.* Intimating thereby, That the *Souls of the Departed*, are sensible of the Injuries that are done them by the *Living*.

Therefore I will shun Detraction, especially of the *Dead*: And, if I cannot say much in Praise of *Sultan Ibrabim's Vertues*, let his *Vices* be buried with him in *Eternal Oblivion*.

I run no Hazards in writing thus frankly to thee, being assur'd of thy Fidelity. Besides, Death (which is the worst Punishment can be inflicted on me, for what I have said, should it  
be

be known) would not be bitter, when given by  
a Friend. Dear Gnet, Adieu.

Paris, 20th. of the 1st. Moon,  
of the Year 1649.

## LETTER XXII.

To Danecmar Kefrou, Kadilesquer  
of Romania.

WHEN I informed thee how the Scots had  
Sold their *King* to the *English Rebe's*, it  
was easie to presage the Consequence, without  
a *Revelation*. When *Sovereign Monarchs* become  
the *Merchandise of Factions*, they commonly pay  
the *Price* with their own *Blood*: And there are  
few *Examples of Princes* that have been Imprison'd  
by their *Subjects*, and yet have escaped a  
Violent Death: For those who have once ad-  
vanc'd so far in their *Treason*, as to seize the  
*Person* of their *Sovereign*, can never retire with  
Safety to themselves; or, at least, their Own  
Guilt makes them think so. The Conscioufness  
of what they have already done, prompts them  
to proceed in their Wickedness; and, their  
Despair of saving their *own* Lives, makes them  
conclude it Necessary to take away *his*, whose  
Violated *Majesty*, they fear, will never pardon  
so Impudent an Essay of *Treason*.

— But the Method which the *English* have taken  
to

to Murther their *King*, has not a *Precedent* in History : These *Infidels* have outstrip'd all Former *Traytors*, in the Contrivance and Execution of their *Regicide* : They have even surpass'd Themselves, and their own First Designs.

It has been usual for *Traytors*, to take away the Life of a Depos'd *Monarch* Privately, by Poyson or *Affassin*, either in Respect to his *Royal Blood*, or to avoid the Possibility of a Rescue, from any of his Loyal Friends and Subjects. But, these *Barbarians* were resolv'd publicly to insult on *Majesty*, to brave the whole World in the Execution of their Villainy, and make a Pompous Conclusion of their *Treasons*. For, they Erected a New *Divan*, of Court of *Judicature*, compos'd of the most Infamous *Traytors* : There they formally Try'd their *Sovereign*, by a Law of their own making; Condemn'd him, as a Tyrant and a *Traytor* : And finally, cauled his Head to be chopt off with an *Axe*, by an *Executioner*, before the Gates of his own *Palace*, in the sight of Thousands of his *Subjects*; that so they might appear, not so much to Kill their *King*, as to Destroy the *Monarchy* it self, and Triumph in its Ruin.

Hast thou, O Venerable Judge of the Faithful, ever Read or Heard of such a Daring *Treason*? All *Europe* startles at the Monstrous Fact. And Cardinal *Maxarini* himself, who carried on that Private Web of Factionous Design in *England*, whose First Threads his Predecessor *Richlieu* had spun; yet expressed an Horror, at the News of this *Tragedy*. And, I look not on this to be an Artifice of Policy in him, to blind the World;  
but

but a real Discovery of his Sentiments: For he is too generous to approve so Barbarous a Proceeding, against a *Sovereign Monarch*, though his Enemy.

To other Day he was heard to say, *That in Revenge of the King's Murder, he would embarrass the Counsels of the English Rebels, more than he had done those of their Sovereign.*

This was not spoken so secretly, but *Mahmur* had Intelligence of it within an Hour: For, I have more Ears in *Paris*, than those in my Head, to hearken after the *Intrigues* of this Minister: And, it will be difficult for him hereafter, to speak, write or act any Thing; no, not even in his Private Closet, which will not be disclosed to me.

Yet, though I thus watch his Motions as an Enemy, and do my utmost, to render his Designs against the *Ottoman Port*, Ineffectual; I cannot in my Heart condemn this Minister, who all the while, acts but the Part of a Faithful Servant and an Able Statesman, in striving to aggrandize his Master.

His supporting also the *Factions* in *England*, and nourishing the Discontents of that Giddy-Headed People, were but the Result of his Zeal for his Country, and for the Church, whereof he is One of the Principal Pillars: It being Evident from his Grief at that *King's Murder*, That he bore no Malice against him, but only sought to humble him into Terms of Compliance with *France*.

When I say this, I suppose the Cardinal's Sorrow on that Account, to be free from Fiction:

But

But who knows, when the Actions of *Statesmen* are Undisguiz'd, and when not? For, I am well assur'd, that whilst his *Agents* were busie in Embroyling that *Nation*, he promised the Exil'd *English Queen*, to assist her Husband with Men and Mony against those very *Rebels*, with whom he held a Private Correspondence, and to whom his Coffers were really open.

Most of the *European Statesmen*, are corrupted with the *Maxims* of a certain Famous *Writer* whom they call *Machiavel*. This *State-Casuis*t has taught them, to boggle at no Crimes, which may advance the Ends they aim at; Every Thing, in his Opinion, being Honest, that is Successful. Thus, Policy among the *Nazarenes*, is Degenerated into Sordid-Craft: And, that which was once deservedly esteem'd a *Virtue*, necessary to the Governments of the *World*, is now turn'd into a *Vice*; of which the very Out-Laws, Free-Booters and Pirates, are asham'd.

God, who suffer'd the *Earth* to be Inhabited by *Angels*, for an Infinite Number of Ages before he Created *Adam*, and then Expelling them Hence for their Wickedness, and turning them to *Devils*, gave this *Globe* for a Dwelling-Place to *Men*; grant, that the Enormous Crimes of *Mortals*, may not provoke Him to Exterminate our *Human Race*, and restore the *Devils* to their *Ancient Habitations*.

Paris, 12th. of the 2d. Moon,  
of the Year 1649.

*The End of the Third Volume.*

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*The End of the Third Volume.*